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FROM

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1839.

VOL. II.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

M A Y, 1839.

ART. I.—*Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health.* By W. F. CUMMING, M.D. 2 Vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

DR. CUMMING has been a wanderer over many lands. The four Quarters have been visited, we may add, penetrated by him. It is needless to say that he is also a well-educated and accomplished man; but it is still more essential to have it demonstrated, as is done in these volumes, that sound sense, superior acuteness, and a discriminating liberality of opinions and construction on whatever subject may come under his notice, distinguish him. He is in fact one of the most complete cosmopolitans that we have met with. True, he does not pretend to, nor exhibit more knowledge and taste in classical matters, in the arts, or in regard to antiquities, than may be acquired by any gentleman whose education has been liberal, and who attaches himself to a learned profession; although Dr. Cumming's extensive observations, naturally sound judgment, and remarkable habits of eliciting information and interchanging ideas, are advantages which few can be said to possess in a higher degree.

Again, the space of eighteen months over which these volumes extend,—when we consider the great variety of places and countries visited, the consequent rapidity of the journeyings, the beaten track generally followed, the infirm state of health of the “Wanderer,” and the fact that we have merely the “Notes of a Diarist” necessarily speaking much of himself, the whole being in a familiar tone,—cannot be supposed to yield any extraordinary novelties. Still, as we have hinted, the author has the faculty and cherishes the habit of extracting information out of what others would deem barren fields, while he with equal frequency and liveliness throws every subject he touches into a framework of his own, which is rich and cheerfully lent; and thus we have a very agreeable as well as instructive Journal. He thinks for himself, and freely communicates; hence there is sometimes novelty together with abundance.

In one respect these volumes are more than usually valuable. The author's professional habits,—probably the state of his own health stimulating his views,—led him to inquire particularly into the hospital institutions wherever he went, whilst his knowledge in this department, of course, entitles his reports to no mean consideration. Certain countries and climates, in regard to salubrity and as resorts for invalids, also engaged his attention, especially Upper Egypt, on account of an atmosphere which he describes as being “eminently pure, and dry, and exhilarating;” and therefore, for certain pulmonary complaints, highly salutary. Upon this point, indeed, he lays claim to having supplied some new information, and to having laboured to excite attention to such an important matter as that of the cure of an order of diseases the most sweeping and fatal of any in many countries.

Our author, late of the “Bengal Medical Establishment,” and member of various learned and scientific societies, having suffered severely from inflammatory attacks of the chest, during the winter of 1835 6, in Paris, was induced to consult Mons. Andral, “whose reputation for a superior knowledge of thoracic diseases is well known throughout Europe.” The physician prescribed a summer's residence at Bonnes in the Pyrenees, with the use of waters, and named Italy for the winter. Dr. Cumming, however, had a mind of his own, or rather was induced by the pressing invitation of an old and intimate friend to join him on a summer tour through Italy. Accordingly, quitting Paris towards the end of May 1836, he reached Avignon, having descended the Saone and the Rhone. He then took land to Marseilles, and thence by steam to Italy.

A tour through Italy and Switzerland does not appear to have materially benefitted our invalid's state of health. But being on the wing, accustomed and devoted to travelling, and cherishing a fancy to visit the land of the Pharaohs, he sailed once more from France for Alexandria. He ascended the Nile to the second Cataract, finding an advantage from the Egyptian air, which must have served to produce the decided opinion he has expressed in praise of it for consumptive persons. From Egypt he directed his course to Greece, visiting Malta in the way. After Greece, Turkey attracted him, returning homewards by the Danube, Vienna, and the Rhine. Having thus outlined his wanderings, it remains for us to start anew, and halt with him at a few of his stages.

If the reader of these “Notes” wishes to test the style and character of the information contained in them, which we have already attempted to describe, he cannot do better than begin at the beginning of the first volume, or turn to any part where the Doctor treats of France or the French people. Take him up at Lyons, and on a visit to the *Hôtel Dieu*, an establishment of vast extent. He says,—

"The wards are lofty and spacious, and nearly all the beds were occupied. Several of the physicians were making their rounds, dressed in black silk gowns; but there was no crowd of pupils following them as in the hospitals of the capital. The Chirurgical Major lives in the establishment. His appointment is for ten years, during which time he is not permitted to marry. The whole duties of the hospital are performed gratuitously, by 300 'Freres et Soeurs de la Charité.' The yearly revenue is two millions of francs; according to the porter, who was my guide throughout the building, a sum appearing almost incredible. Some of the attendants were young girls of twenty. It was strange to see them in the sombre garb of the order of La Charité. They receive no pay, being merely clothed and fed; make no vows on entering, and are not obliged to remain longer than they choose. The 'administration' can dismiss them at a moment's warning; but after fifteen years of service, they obtain a black cross, which entitles them to a perpetual asylum, from which they cannot be removed without some grave misdemeanour.

"There is certainly something very striking in some of the effects of the Catholic faith. In what other religion, for instance, do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here are three hundred persons, male and female, voluntarily submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. That many of them betake themselves to the office to secure the means of living, I do not doubt. Others by way of atoning for past sins, and many from a disgust at the world, or from disappointed hopes; but unquestionably there must be some who act from higher motives than these. A man may go into the splendid churches of the Catholic faith—he may witness the gorgeous processions and the rich ceremonial of its worship, and exclaim that all is vanity and empty pomp, that there is nothing betokening the influence of religion in the heart; but when he beholds the practical working, if I may so speak, of the creed, especially as it is to be seen in the great hospitals and other charitable institutions, he certainly must acknowledge that, if a sentiment of piety prevail less generally in France than elsewhere, there is no nation on earth where, among a portion at least of its inhabitants, the visible fruits of religion are so zealously cultivated and so richly developed. I can hardly conceive an office more irksome (unless to a mind overflowing with benevolence) than that of an hospital nurse. In England, it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, and, so far as my observation has extended, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick, not elsewhere to be found. Indeed this is not to be wondered at, for in every relation of life, what we do voluntarily is done with a better and readier grace than services rendered for gain. In the one case, it is the heart that prompts—the love of money in the other."

What a contrast, he adds, does the life of the *Sœur de la Charité* offer when compared with the useless and drone-like existence of the nun! We find him soon after saying that there is

much less stiffness and aristocratic morgue in France, than is to be found in society in England. "In France, the genius of the people is essentially republican: the gradations of rank are lost in a general amalgamation; and yet there is none of the *brusquerie* of the lower class of Yankees to be met with. All are polite without being servile."

This last is one of the passages in which our author appears to us to sketch accurately the characteristic manners of Englishmen and foreigners. If we go forward to a much later part of these "Notes," we shall find a fuller detail of national peculiarities. For example, speaking of one period in his wanderings, of meeting after the lapse of many months with a large assemblage of his countrymen, where he found himself less at home than if he had been among foreigner, he adds,—

"John Bull is certainly a strange specimen of humanity, when contrasted with other nations. It is impossible for one moment to mistake him: he has an air and manner peculiar to himself; he enters the saloon of the hotel with a sturdy step and straightforward look, taking no notice of the salutation that foreigners usually make when a stranger enters. John says to himself, 'don't know the fellows, then why should they bow to me? or if they choose to do so, that is no reason why I should bow to them.' You can read his supreme contempt for foreigners and everything foreign, on his brow. He has an unconquerable antipathy to taking off his hat, either in saluting in the street, or entering a public room. Hence, from a neglect of this easily adopted custom of the Continent, he gets the credit of being a mannerless cub. In England, a gentleman never thinks of taking off his hat, except it be to salute a lady; whereas all over the Continent, the custom prevails from the highest to the lowest rank. I recollect one day walking with the Baron de Würzburg in the gardens of Schœnbrun, and being in doubt as to the direction we ought to take, the Baron addressed himself for information to a private soldier who was standing sentry, at the time taking off his hat. An English sentinel would have thought he was insulted by such a mark of respect; and yet it is in despotic countries that these observances are attended to, and perhaps it is a wise policy. The lower orders are flattered by the tokens of respect from their superiors, and being thus treated to the *shadow*, are content, perhaps, to forego the *substance* of power. How an English barmaid would stare, if my Lord this or that were to take off his hat, and make her a profound salutation, in walking past her little realm! Yet so it is throughout the Continent; and the Englishman who, from ignorance, or more likely from thinking it humbug, neglects this formality, is at once set down as entirely deficient in the breeding of a gentleman."

In another chapter we find the following observations:—

"It has often been matter of wonder to me, that in England,—the freest country on the face of the earth, America not excepted, there should be the greatest number of gradations in society, and the most im-

passable gulf between the two extremes, and even the intermediate links of the social chain. It might almost be set down as a rule, that in proportion as the power of the state is absolute, so is the distance between master and servant, or in other words, the upper and lower classes, diminished. In Turkey, for example, there is not half the servility in the manners of the people that there is in Britain. Nay, the very slave from Ethiopia is on a much more familiar footing in his master's house than the chief domestic in England. In the absolute governments of Germany and Italy, the servant and master are on comparatively equal and companionable terms. I lived once in a house in Paris kept by two old maids, where the two man servants were Negroes from the Isle of Bourbon, and I have often been struck and pleased with the perfect ease and familiarity of the said grinning Negroes in the presence of their mistresses. In the island of Martinique I had the opportunity of witnessing the much greater kindness of manner with which the French masters treated their slaves; and yet the political servitude was far more severe in the French than the English colonies; and probably too the treatment, as far as regarded food and clothing, was better under us."

We think that in the statement of his case, Dr. Cumming has here touched upon one or two of the very facts which go a good way to explain the contradictions or anomalies alluded to. The circumstance of England being the freest country in the world, and where persons of mean birth may rise to the highest stations in the realm, excepting royalty, has produced a jealousy of inferiors on the part of superiors, whatever may be the respective distances between them, or whatever may be the points of their stations in the social scale. All are entitled and habituated to look upwards, to aspire, and therefore regard the grades immediately below with especial hauteur. We believe that an English lord is far more generally on familiar terms with his footman, than a millionaire of the city, who has risen from the desk or the shop, is with his clerks or apprentices. There is far less likelihood of an approximation or equality in the one case than there is in the other, and therefore far less fear of amalgamation. Just so was it during the feudal ages in this country. The *salt* alone divided at table the lord from his vassals and retainers.

We must also attribute something to the stanch English character, whether as exemplified on the part of master or of servant, or of any other distinct grades, cherishing a despite of the mere formality of companionship and kindness when the more solid and substantial matters of "food and clothing," and real political freedom, are more or less denied. No man understands the meaning of "humbug" better than John Bull. That he is servile, is not to be denied; but it is in the pursuit of wealth that he may equal those he serves, not the servility of sycophancy to the mere tinsel of lordlings. On all occasions, whether poor or rich, whether

at his own fireside or on the footpath, and whenever business does not bind him by its conventional rules, he is as independent in speech and deed as a monarch.

John feels what he is, and is proud of what he enjoys ; exhibiting his self-importance when at home by grumbling at everything about him, when abroad by despising everything that is not English. Nationally speaking he is the most active, the most wealthy, and the most honourable of men. But the various features and facts which we have now noticed, have produced a corresponding sort of contradiction among his foreign critics. To use Dr. Cumming's ideas, he is *respected* on the Continent above all other men on account of his integrity, and the power and honour of his country, but he is not *liked* on account of his manners. Both views, however, must unite to make him a noticed personage. But we are told that other circumstances conspire to distinguish him than any yet mentioned. He has a greater freshness of complexion, is more stoutly built, and displays more attention to cleanliness than the people of other countries. The portrait, upon the whole, which our author draws of his countrymen as compared with foreigners, in the most civilized of the Continental nations, is highly flattering. It is also gratifying to hear that in France there is almost universally, according to the Doctor's extended means of forming a judgment, a growing appreciation of the best English qualities, and a rapidly increasing desire to become more closely bound to us internationally, and on the terms of amity.

Let it not be thought that our author, either from prolonged absence from his native land, from the circumstance of having had much enjoyment among foreigners and in many distant countries, or from any want of patriotic feeling, is destitute of those emotions that the most honourable, amiable, and enlightened minds experience and cherish when from home, whenever the cause or name of that home is put to the touchstone. Take a proof of his tenderness and spirit on any such point :—

“It is an inexpressible satisfaction to an Englishman that he may travel from one end of France to the other, and see no trophy erected by the vanity of the nation at the expense of his country's honour. Almost every other people of Europe see monuments to remind them that they were once under the iron grasp of Bonaparte. Every stranger who visits Paris has these ‘tristes souvenirs’ before his eyes. There is the Pont de Jena, the Pont d’Austerlitz, for the Prussian and Austrian; triumphal monuments to commemorate the battles of Borodino, Madrid, the Pyramids, and a hundred besides; but nowhere is to be seen one solitary memento of a victory gained over Great Britain. While England can boast of her Trafalgar Square and Bridge of Waterloo, France must be content with the bitter recollections which those names inspire. Nothing would wound me more, or more effectually take from the enjoyment of

foreign travel, than the sight of objects that would for ever remind me of my country's defeat ; but, happily for every Englishman, he may wander from the rising to the setting sun, without fear of these unwelcome intruders on his peace."

Hence we may conjecture without any probable risk of being in error, that even the cosmopolitan John Bull now before us (is it a *bull* so to designate a member of one of the Scottish Highland Clans ?) has at times exhibited, while in *La Belle France*, that very bearing of conscious superiority which, on minor occasions, less travelled, prudent, and polite Englishmen care not to disguise. And yet we should have been disappointed, if we had not, from such a communicative and agreeable person, met with many such proofs of natural and good sentiment.

We must not tarry for any considerable time in Italy, and shall only climb with him to the summit of the Leaning Tower at Pisa, which is in height 193 French feet. Having stated that the slope is very manifest, and almost alarming ; and that the guide asserted it had been built *designedly* with a slope, a *bizarrerie* of the architect, he proceeds to notice the opinion of a better authority, we presume, than he who so succinctly disposed of the irregularity. " Sir John Leslie," says the Doctor, " in his lectures, on giving an account of this tower, used to attribute its stability to the cohesion of the mortar, which was sufficient to maintain it erect in spite of its being out of the condition required by physics, to wit, that ' in order that a column shall stand, a perpendicular let fall from the centre of gravity must fall within the base.' " Sir John described the column of Pisa to be in violation of this principle, but our author states that according to a design shown him on the spot, " the perpendicular *does* fall within the base."

From this anomalous tower, concerning which there exist such different opinions, we jump to the *Hotel de Bergues* in Geneva, the largest establishment of the kind which the writer had seen in Europe, containing 180 bed-rooms, beside servants' apartments, there being fifty servants. Here the company at the time is described as having been of the most select description of persons, the Americans mustering the strongest, next to the English. At the *table d'hote*, our author was set down by the Americans, from some very slight circumstances, as the author of " Cyril Thornton." This mistake was soon rectified ; but it serves to usher in some remarks which we copy:—

" It is a curious feature in the American character," says Dr. Cumming, " that they never tire of speaking of their own country. No matter where you meet a Yankee, the burden of his conversation is still America."

Again,

"That the Americans have every right to be proud of their country, and its intelligent and enterprising population, I most fully admit. A tour of several thousand miles in their flourishing States, gave me abundance of practical ground both for wonder and admiration; nevertheless, I think they would gain more consideration in Europe, by showing a desire to inform themselves of the political and social state of the countries they may be visiting, than by eternally obtruding the natural beauties and political advantages of their own favoured country."

How wise would it be in another writer and extensive traveller, Cooper we mean, were he to make use of this hint. And yet do not the majority of Englishmen who visit the United States, help to encourage the weakness mentioned, by publishing on their return to Europe such accounts as require a war, offensive as well as defensive, on the part of the disparaged and ridiculed Americans? They know that they have to struggle against many prejudices existing in the Old World. They feel that they are great and strong; they would be greater and stronger at an unprecedented, an unreasonable speed; and therefore they are the egotists complained of. Before leaving the Hotel in Geneva, our readers will be pleased to hear that the Doctor there met the nephew of Washington Irving, who is the author of two interesting volumes, entitled "*Indian Sketches*," Mr. I. having derived the materials for his stories and sketches while residing for several months among the Red men. We noticed the work when it appeared, and are glad to have the very favourable account of this American which the competent judge before us gives.

We are now in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, where our stay must also be short. First of all we quote a few paragraphs upon a subject, to some of which our preliminary remarks referred.

"It has often occurred to me," observes the Doctor, "that few speculations would be more likely to succeed than the establishment of a Sanatorium at Thebes, for the accommodation of Indian and European invalids.

"Now that the facilities of navigating the Red Sea and the Mediterranean are so great, (and with a certainty of their daily increasing), what would be more feasible than the erection of a large wooden edifice, with twenty or twenty-five chambers, capable of accommodating thirty or forty persons! In such a climate, few comforts are required, and no other articles of furniture than bed, table, chair, and chest of drawers, would be necessary for each apartment.—Supposing such an establishment to exist, the invalid would leave Bombay on the 1st, arrive on the 12th at Cosseir, and in three days more, would find himself in the Sanatorium at Thebes, where he might either remain for the winter, studying its ancient treasures, and amusing himself with his gun, (there is abundance of hares, and I believe also of partridges), or make an excursion to the cataracts, or even to Cairo.

"During his absence from the Company's dominions, he would retain his staff-appointment, and draw his full pay, and the time would reckon

as actual service in India,—all which advantages he must sacrifice by returning to England.

“The invalid embarking at Falmouth on the 1st, would reach Alexandria on the 20th, and in twenty days more, by using dispatch, he might be at Thebes.—But it is not the invalid only who would benefit by such an establishment. What more delightful than for two friends, the one from India, the other from Europe, to meet at Thibet, renew their intercourse, and rekindle their affections, and all this to be effected at so small a sacrifice of time and comfort! To officers returning to and from India, the advantages would be great.”

Young artists from Europe are also mentioned as being a likely class to repair to Egypt were such facilities afforded as proposed. Mr. Waghorn, to some of whose pamphlets we have called the attention of our readers, and who takes an extraordinary interest in the schemes for establishing a regular line of communication between England and India, *via* the Red Sea, is mentioned as the enterprising person, were he to adopt the author's suggestions, that might or would bring them to maturity. Let us listen to the Doctor's account of this gentleman's services and energies:—

“Dined yesterday with Mr. Waghorn, to meet Lord and Lady Brudenell. His lordship is on his way to Cosseir *via* Thebes, where he hopes to embark on the H. Lindsay steam-boat early next month for Bombay. After dinner, we had a long and animated discussion on steam communication with India. Mr. Waghorn is a very singular character, and were his zeal and enthusiasm only tempered by a little more judgment and discretion, is precisely the man to be the successful apostle of a new system. Of iron frame and ceaseless activity of mind (the latter at *high pressure*), he spares neither time, labour, nor expense—hurrying night and day through sun, and sand, and bog—to forward and expedite his despatches. Although having no official situation under the Crown or the Company, he derives a handsome revenue from letters addressed to his especial care. Great Britain and British India are both much indebted to Waghorn, for it cannot be denied that his zealous advocacy of the Red Sea route to Bombay has been mainly instrumental in rousing the attention of the Indian and home authorities to the subject. To the Company's officers travelling to and from Bombay, he is ever ready with his assistance and advice. Indeed, every English traveller in Egypt finds a willing counsellor in Waghorn. I speak from experience.”

Our author's views relative to the excellence of the air of parts of Egypt for consumptive persons, it is not for us to impugn or doubt. But still, admitting all that he advances on this head, it does not appear to us that there is any immediate prospect of delicately reared persons, especially if on the invalid list, finding in navigating the Nile, or in the accommodations of Egypt, that security and those comforts which are not less necessary to pleasure and recovery, than a climate and an atmosphere which are positively

medicinal. He himself, though an old stager, and accustomed to all sorts of vicissitudes, in the course of his many diversified travels, met with a sufficient number of annoyances to try his patience, and call forth his stratagies. To be sure he considers that his life has been lengthened one year at least by his visit to the cataracts; but we may rest assured that comparatively few pulmonary patients would have skill to know in similar circumstances when or how to apply the *suaviter in modo*, and the *fortiter in re*. There are Scotchmen as well as Englishmen, we suspect, even though in a sound state of health, that would be puzzled on occasions; nor need we go farther than the second of the volumes before us for proof to this effect. We read that—

“ A Scotch lawyer who went up the Nile this year, asked me at Cairo what he was to do if his men were rebellious; I advised him to punish them severely on the first transgression. His reply was sufficiently characteristic: ‘I have no *right* to punish the men.’ Accordingly he started, and instead of reaching the second cataract as he had intended, he got only to Assouan, from which I met him returning in great disgust, and even apprehension. He assured me that he had not had a day’s peace since leaving Cairo; that his men were utterly unmanageable, and laughed at his orders. At length after patiently submitting for three weeks to their unruly conduct, he mustered resolution (in defiance of the law) to attack the Raïs; but the fellow retorted, struck his master on the face, and even drew a knife upon him. His servant at length interposed to save him. Had he ‘killed the cat the first night,’ or in other words, made use of the *argumentum baculinum* on the first transgression, instead of appealing to their feelings, and quoting Blackstone’s Commentaries, (which this eccentric limb of the law was very fond of doing,) he would never have experienced an instance of the *lex talionis* in his own person.”

Pretty encouragement for the Doctor to offer to invalids!—Most people, however, we imagine, would rather have the assurance of the English government’s influence, power, and protection having been systematically established, first in the neighbourhood of Thebes and Cairo; and then any just and rational *argumentum ad hominem* urged would have a better chance of convincing and overruling an opponent.

We find that we can neither follow our author to Malta, Greece, nor Constantinople. We shall alight upon him merely once more, and in the vicinity of Presburg. Here, he says,—

“ Among the passengers I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a Hungarian, (Loyola D’Orassy by name,) with whom I had a great deal of conversation in French. I found him a most enlightened man, and perfectly acquainted with the past history and present political condition of England. He told me there was no nation of Europe which his

countrymen respected so much as England; and that no stranger was so heartily welcomed in Hungary as the Englishman. Of the celebrated British statesmen, Earl Grey was his especial favourite. I never heard a more glowing, and, in my opinion, juster eulogium, than he passed on the high and consistent character of that distinguished nobleman, whom he pronounced 'homme sans pareil dans l'histoire d'Angleterre.' He then discussed Lord Brougham, for whose genius and eloquence he expressed a high admiration; but he regretted deeply, in common with myself and many others, I believe, that his elevation to the Peerage had removed him from the floor of the House of Commons, where alone he was calculated to shine. Indeed, he remarked, that he considered Brougham's star to be on the wane, from the day he quitted the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

"The heads of the Tory party were next brought on the tapis, but now the language of praise was exchanged for that of censure. I was really quite surprised at the intimate knowledge he displayed even of the most trivial political transactions of my country. Although he does not speak English, he reads it with facility, and says he always looks with impatience for the arrival of the 'Edinburgh Review' at the Casino."

After all the wanderings described in these volumes, "in search of health," our readers will be sorry to hear, that Dr. Cumming returned to England not much mended, and that he describes his constitution as being completely shattered. He speaks in the latter pages not despondingly but resignedly, yet most touchingly of his condition, of the past and of the future. It is evident from every part of the "Notes" that he is a man to make friends, and to reciprocate friendship wherever he goes; and when he dies many will mourn the loss. But his book will always yield gratification, amusement and instruction combined, whenever it is opened, whatever may be the section.

ART. II.

1. *Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," &c. 3 Vols. London: Bentley.
2. *Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour.* By LADY LYTTON BULWER. 3 Vols. London: Bull.
3. *Deerbroke; A Novel.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU, 3. Vols. London: Moxon: 1839.

THERE is something too remarkable about the three novels above named, especially the second and third, to be left unnoticed by us. If, however, we were inclined to keep pace with all the works of the class that are almost daily issuing from the press, and which are for the most part but of a spurious breed or mushroom growth, doomed instantly to fade, because they have no life in them, a whole page would not hold the titles of one month's fertility. Another of

the most recent of these publications, it is true, might have been added to our list, not only on account of the well-earned fame of its author, but its own individual merits. We allude to Capt. Marryat's "Phantom Ship." But as a great portion of that fiction has become popular in the course of its piece-meal appearance in a London periodical, it may be said to have gone out of our way; or at least not to come within the compass of the present month or season. We shall merely say that the "Phantom Ship" presents the characteristic blemishes and beauties of its gallant author; that is to say, the usual variety and crowding of a multiplicity of incidents, hostile in his case to unity of design, or powerful development of plot, distracting the reader, and sending his fancy upon every sort of wild goose chase; there is also the same breadth and vitality of humour; and the same over-abundance of nautical adventure and dialogue. At the same time along with these characteristic features, the author's aim seems to have been of a higher order than in most of his earlier productions; supernatural machinery being in a very effective manner frequently interwoven with familiar scenes and oft-experienced vicissitudes in human life. There are valuable lessons, too, conveyed in regard to the woeful consequences of religious ignorance, fanaticism, superstition, and persecution, that must strongly affect the reader; thus proving the aim and the success of the writer to be eminent.

In coming now to Theodore Hook's "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," we have also to remark that he has departed considerably from his accustomed line of characters and method of grouping incidents. This author's celebrity has been chiefly built upon the broad humour of his sketches, and the skill with which he has ridiculed, by means of caricature very generally, the pretensions of upstarts, or of those who attempt to ape the manners of their superiors in station. Here, however, suffering, sorrow, and sentimentality prevail; deep commiseration for some of the characters, and disgust towards others, alternately affecting the reader, and painfully wringing the heart; and hence a feeling of absurdity frequently mars the intended moral.

We shall not divulge the plot; but merely intimate, that its purpose is to picture the folly, and the distressing results of ill-assorted marriages; no new idea, but still one which requires to be reiterated aloud daily, and illustrated in every possible shape. Here a *roué*, Colonel Mortimer, a man well advanced in years, but polished, and wealthy, weds a beautiful, confiding, but penniless young girl, Helen Batley. He, for reasons far from creditable in his earlier days, conceals many things from his wife; so that the consequence is, that from the want of a congeniality of temper, of an equal purity of heart and life, misunderstandings and jealousies arise, which illustrate not only the evils and dangers that attach to such an incongruous union,

but also that the maxim which has too extensively gained acceptance, viz., that a reformed rake makes the best husband, is unsound and false.

Among the other characters, we shall only make particular mention of the two brothers, Jacob and John Batley, and a radical pettifogger. Of the brothers, John, Helen's father, who manoeuvres to catch the Colonel, is a man with natural affections, but he is also a temporizer and schemer of the first water, which his dependence and occasional sincerity render touching; while Jacob, the uncle, is all for himself, proving by deeds as well as words, that he is as cunning, shrewd, and opinionative as he is heartless, or thoughtful only of saving and accumulating wealth. Upon these two characters Mr. Hook has bestowed a good deal of his usual manner; as also upon the law-agent, who is an impudent scoundrel, having wormed himself into some notice on the part of individuals in the piece, who would not have spoken to him if they could have helped it. We shall now introduce to our readers some specimens. And first, we give a portion of a dialogue in an early stage of the story between the Brothers:—

“ ‘My dear brother,’ said Jack, ‘you speak of female affections as if they were as easily transferred as so much stock.’ ‘Stock John!’ said Jacob; ‘no, no: you don’t catch me comparing the fly-away fancies of a giddy girl with the four per cents, or the three-and-a-half reduced.’ ‘But the sentiment, the feeling!’ said John. ‘Sentiment! my eye!’ said Jacob; ‘I don’t understand what it means; I never knew what it was to be in love—never shall, now. I admit that I once took a fancy to a widow at Wapping, in regard of sundry ships, Class A, lying in the London Docks, of which she was mistress; but I found it wasn’t all clear and above-board; and that she had a nephew, and there was a will to be disputed; so I left the widow and the craft: but as for sentiment,—Lord bless your heart! she was old enough to be my grandmother, and so big that one of her own puncheons would have made her a tight pair of stays.’ ‘That’s it,’ said Jack; ‘you have never felt the sort of passion to which I refer, and, therefore, cannot appreciate its power.’ ‘I suppose I haven’t!’ said Jacob: ‘no matter; I shall never want for any body to love as long as I live—always sure, too, of what you call a return—I love myself. As I say, of all the houses in the street give me Number One—eh?—that’s my maxim.’ ‘You say so,’ said John. ‘Never say what I don’t mean,’ replied Jacob; ‘and another thing I never do—never try to jump higher than my legs will carry me: d’ye mark me, Jack? There isn’t a man, woman, or child to whom I owe tenpence on my private account: I never drink my port till it’s paid for:—no running over head and ears in debt, as you do, Jack:—however, as I’ve said a hundred times before, it’s nothing to me.’ ‘Only, as a brother,’ said Jack, ‘you might perhaps take some interest.’ ‘Not I,’ said Jacob: ‘I never take any interest—except for my money;—and as for a brother, why, we are all brothers, if you come to that:—and hang me if

I know one of the family, large as the world is, who would stoop to pick up a pin to save my life: I'm sure I wouldn't, to save any one of theirs.' 'But, surely,' said Jack, 'Helen deserves some of your affection: she is truly attached to you, and'—'Fudge, Jack!' said Jacob, rattling all the shillings in his breeches-pocket—'attached to me!—no, I'm not after her fashion—I don't live in the world,—hey? She may be attached to me as Peter Post-Obit in the play is attached to his friends, in the hopes of what she may catch at my death: but it won't do: I'm not to be had! No,—if she were a staid, sensible sort of body, and would marry Haddock, I should say something to her: but, no—the alderman, like myself, is not a man of 'the world'—not that I care three dumps for him, if you come to that.' 'Why,' said Jack, 'Helen's habits and manners are different from those of the alderman; and an accomplished girl'—'Accomplished fiddle-stick!' said the merchant. 'What are accomplishments? You over-educate your girls—teach them the learned languages—make them dance like figure-girls,—what d'ye call 'em there?—all up and down the sides of the stage at the playhouse, with a fringe to their stays which they call petticoats—make them play and sing till their hearts ache; and what for? to catch husbands: that's it, isn't it? And more fools they who are to be so trapped.' 'I don't see that,' said Jack. 'Accomplishments in which amateurs now excel the professors of twenty years since, are'—'Accomplishments!' said the merchant, 'stuff! What are the accomplishments? all very fine as baits—lures—temptations: but once let the accomplished girl be married—see, then, what happens. The husband is gained; a family is coming; and she thinks just as much of twanging her harp, tinkling her guitar, rattling her piano-forte, or collywobbling with her voice, as she does of flying: it's all pretence—fighting under false colours. If Helen married Haddock'—'My dear Jacob,' again interrupted Batley, junior—'And my dear Jack,' said Jacob, 'If you come to that. I say, even if she married this Mortimer, which, in course, she won't now, she would never sing or play afterwards; nor would he ask her. Everything is very fine till you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bullfinch; great fun for your friends,—deuced tiresome to yourself.'

It will be allowed that the above is according to Mr. Hook's ordinary vein; but these ludicrous parts are the exception to the sentiment of the bulk of the work, a specimen of which we now copy:—

"The entire change of character effected by the ceremony which had so recently been performed, the entire alteration of the duties of life produced by that sacred rite, the vast futurity opening to her view, so different in its nature from the days that were passed; the entire surrender of herself to an authority which the day before she did not acknowledge, and the abandonment, to a certain extent, of that exclusive obedience which a few hours previously she implicitly yielded to her father; the whole combination of circumstances, the balance between perfect happiness and something less than happiness, the apprehension, the doubt, the dread, the joy, the sorrow,—for they all mingle in the heart of a bride as

the moment when she hears the carriage-door close upon herself and her husband, and finds herself, for the first time in her life, confided to the care, the protection, and the love of an alien to her blood, Helen deeply and intensely felt; and the pang which rent her heart as she received her fond father's parting kiss, the last of those kisses of devoted affection which were hers while she alone was all his care, and while she had none other to look to or love but him, was one of the bitterest she had ever endured. It seemed like the tearing asunder of a thousand tender ties, the abandonment of home, and all its associations."

There is propriety, force, and affecting beauty in these reflections, drawn from observation as well as meditation, no doubt; but when Helen's feelings, and those also of her husband come to be expanded in action, we do not find such truthfulness; an effort to work out a deeply touching catastrophe having apparently occasioned frequent inconsistencies.

Of Cheveley, we must speak as every respectable literary journal, and scandal-hooting person must do, in the strongest terms of reprobation. Not that the writer is devoid of a knowledge of the world; not that her mind has not had the culture which science, literature, and art (presuming that Lady Bulwer is the sole author of "The Man of Honour"); not that her satire is not keen; but that she has descended to employ fiction, or a web of fiction and truth, the former inextricable by the public from the latter, as a vehicle for exposing domestic irritations, jealousies, and malignant bitterness; that domestic abode, which must or ought to have been at one time the sanctuary of her own peace, love and happiness. Nor is it one or two obscure individuals, or persons to whom the public cannot instantly point, that she hath laboured to scathe. Why, it would appear that whoever has ever intimately associated in private with, and publicly honoured or attached themselves to him who ought at one time to have been most dear to the writer, have, for no other fault than friendship, admiration, or political union, laid themselves open to the present form of unmitigable hostility and rancorous detestation. What would be the consequences, if all wives or mothers, if all *litterateurs* that have been wedded and have partaken widely of the ways of social life, were, whenever an alleged or really experienced serious grievance was felt, to rush, not to a court of law, where the whole truth on both sides might be confronted, but into print, and that print a series of fictions, innuendoes, and distorted facts? Better would it be that the art of writing and the scope for publication did not exist, than the hot-house of strife that such perversions and indulged revenges would inevitably beget.

But we hasten to escape from these prurient volumes, and will do so after presenting two samples of its sentiment. The first attempts to portray a state of domestic life which we believe is rare in the respectable classes and circles of England:—

"It is in England alone that there is a dark and jesuitical hypocrisy in the systematically unjust conduct of men towards women; and those gentlemen who write the most liberally and lachrymosely about the errors of female education, which tends to stultify their intellect, warp their judgment, weaken the moral tone of their natures, and in every way unfit them to be the friends and companions of men, are the very first practically to labour for this state of things, which they affect to deprecate. As most husbands appear to think, that if their wives have a second idea, the world cannot be large enough for them both, any more than two suns can shine in one hemisphere. But the manner of evincing this opinion is even more offensive than the opinion itself, as they never cease to 'affiche' the veto that women have no right even to mental free will, and are as much surprised at their daring to express an opinion different to that they have been commanded to entertain, as if the ground on which they walked were suddenly to exclaim, 'Don't trample on me so hardly!' Then come the *ex parte* judgments of how far things ought to annoy or please others—a matter perfectly impossible to be decided upon, but by self; so true is the assertion of Epictetus, 'that men are more tormented by the opinion of things, than by the things themselves.'"

To us the tone of this passage is exceedingly distasteful. But what will our readers think of the extravagance to which the revenge of some families will go, when told that the heroine Julia, who is represented as all amiable, innocent and perfect, but heartlessly and cruelly used,—that Julia, a wife, and a mother, is made to be passionately in love with another man than her husband and her child's father, and, as far as the sentiments of her heart are concerned, therefore unfaithful and guilty?

"The night was soft and balmy in the extreme, and the moon shone as brightly as any that had ever lit that Adrian sea; ever and anon fairy sounds floated on the air, of soft mandolins and softer voices, which, in their turn, were echoed by the ripple of the oars in the silver waters of those genius-haunted waves. 'I never see the sea by moonlight,' said Julia to Mowbray, as they sat together at the head of the gondola, 'without wishing I was Undine, that I might plunge in, and see all the bright treasures beneath.' 'What an exquisite tale that is!' replied he. 'Yes; and if she was supernatural, Huldbrand was, at least, a true man, because a false one,' replied Julia, with a smile that was not seen, and a sigh that was heard, and felt too, at least by Mowbray. 'I fear,' said he, 'that his character is, indeed, but too true to nature; but the beauty of the story consists in the beauty of the allegory; for, surely,' he continued, in his lowest and most musical voice, as the gondola stopped at the steps of the Silver Lion—'surely you must admit, that we never have a soul—at least, that we never feel that we have one, till we love.' 'I admit,' said Julia, trembling violently as she leant on his arm to ascend the steps—'I admit, that we are never in danger of losing it till we love.'"

Lady Bulwer may rest assured, that this ill-advised publication will damage her in the estimation of every one whose good opinion

is worth securing or preserving. Were we merely to speak of *Cheveley* as a tale or a novel meant to be illustrative of modern fashionable life, and without any idea that it was intended to be taken as a story of certain living characters and a record of real occurrences, we should pronounce it to be a disagreeable work, mainly because its author evinces throughout a bitter, intemperate spirit, which must always be repulsive in fiction, especially when the writer is a female. Perhaps, however, if she threw herself upon a less irritating subject, and allowed the talent and accomplishments which unquestionably are apparent in these offensive volumes, a more kindly range, the result might be an appreciation by novel readers that would place her on a level with her husband. To that sort of level or rivalry we advise her to confine her literary ambition; to the secrecy of her own bosom, or that of the most affectionate and discreet friends, the history of her real or imagined wrongs.

To pass from "*Cheveley*" to "*Deerbrook*" affords no small measure of relief; for no two works, ostensibly of the novel class, can be more unlike, whether we regard their purposes, their matter, or their manner.

Miss Martineau's work may be called a novel, but it contains the fruit of an original thinker, a moralist of no ordinary attainments, and a heart teeming with tender and matured principles, as well as details of pure and ardent affection towards her species. Those who are familiar with her tales, illustrative of "*Political Economy*," or with the cast of her mind as mirrored in any of her works, whether the scenes, characters, and delineations belong to England or America, will readily believe that when she, as in the present instance, transports herself to a country town of no great magnitude, and paints the personages and scenes characteristic of such limited spheres, the best scope is allowed for the earnestness, sincerity, and powers of her sympathies; and for the introduction of strongly marked actors upon whom to build her habitual modes of speculation, and from whom to extract forcible lessons for the instruction of the classes who most prominently figure in such localities. Indeed the faults of this very clever work, considering it as a novel, are no doubt attributable to the natural and cherished manner with which the writer overloads her facts, and forces them to become the starting posts of moral harangues, lofty or refined sentimentalities, and ingenious speculations. The dialogue in *Deerbrook* is felt to be particularly affected on the accounts now noticed. The speakers are persons who pursue and subtilize reflection like Miss Martineau herself, and are wonderfully given to explain the discoveries they have made in the recesses of thought and the sources of action. They are even at pains to express and criticize their emotions. Now this is not the manner of ordinary, simple, and serene charac-

ters, unless when occasionally under the reign of such sincerity as takes pleasure in revealing the tenderest and most indwelling things. On the other hand, the tendencies and habits now mentioned save the sensible reader from that infliction of merely smart conversation and melo-dramatic colouring, which depends upon the flimsy transient conventionalities so observable in fashionable and romantic fictions ; so that the fairest way to test "*Deerbrook*," is not to think of it merely as a novel, but a work that employs assumed names and scenes, by means of which the springs of human action, in certain situations, are developed, and impressive lessons, somewhat dramatically, sent home to persons in many conceivable states of society.

We, as is our wont, avoid assisting our readers even to an understanding of the outline of the story. We merely announce that the heroine is Margaret, that she has a friend, Maria, the decrepid governess, and sundry other well-wishers, as well as enemies. There is also a worthy and intelligent medical practitioner, Hester, &c. &c. We now quote a long passage, which will much better explain what we have intended to communicate in our general observations than any extent of criticism could do. We observe that this very specimen has been particularly noticed in a contemporary journal ; and certainly it is worthy of being warmly recommended and extensively read :—

" ' You are surprised,' said he, ' that I am come from a dying patient to play with the children in the fields. Come, acknowledge that this is in your minds.' ' If it is, it is an unreasonable thought,' said Margaret. ' You must see so many dying people, it would be hard that in every case you should be put out of the reach of pleasure.' ' Never mind the hardship, if it be fitting,' said Hope : ' hard or not hard, is it natural,—is it possible?' ' I suppose witnessing death so often does lessen the feelings about it,' observed Hester ; ' yet I cannot fancy that one's mind could be at liberty for small concerns immediately after leaving a house full of mourners, and the sight of one in pain. There must be something distasteful in every thing that meets one's eyes,—in the sunshine itself.' ' True. That is the feeling in such cases : but such cases seldom occur. Yes : I mean what I say. Such cases are very rare. The dying person is commonly old, or so worn out by illness as to make death at last no evil. When the illness is shorter, it is usually found that a few hours in the sick-room do the work of months of common life in reconciling the mind of survivors.' ' I am sure that is true,' observed Margaret. ' It is so generally the case that I know no set of circumstances in which I should more confidently reckon on the calmness, forethought, and composure of the persons I have to deal with, than in the family of a dying person. The news comes suddenly to the neighbours : all the circumstances rush at once into their imaginations : all their recollections and feelings about the sufferer agitate them in quick succession ; and they naturally suppose the near friends must be more agitated, in proportion

to their nearness.' 'The watchers, meanwhile,' said Hester; 'have had time in the long night to go over the past and the future, again and again; and by morning all seems so familiar, that they think they can never be surprised into grief again.' 'So familiar,' said Mr. Hope, 'that their minds are at liberty for the smallest particulars of their duty. I usually find them ready for the minutest directions I may have to give.' 'Yes; the time for surprise,—for consternation,—is long afterwards,' said Hester, with some emotion. 'When the whole has become settled and finished in other minds, the nearest mourners begin to wake up to their mourning.' 'And thus,' said Margaret, 'the strongest agitation is happily not witnessed.' 'Happily not,' said Mr. Hope. 'I doubt whether any body's strongest agitations ever are witnessed. I doubt whether the sufferer himself is often aware of what are really his greatest sufferings; and he is so ashamed of them that he hides them from himself, when it is possible. I cannot but think that any grief which reveals itself is very endurable.' 'Is not that rather hard?' asked Margaret. 'How does it seem to you hard? Is it not merciful that we can keep our worst sorrows—that we are disposed, as it were, forced, to keep them from afflicting our friends?' 'But is it not saying that bereavement of friends is not the greatest of sorrows, while all seem to agree that it is?' 'Is it, generally speaking, the greatest of sorrows? I think not, for my own part. There are cases in which the loss is too heavy to bear being the subject of any speculation, almost of observation; for instance, when the happiest married people are separated, or when a first only child dies: but I think there are many sorrows greater than a separation by death of those who have faith enough to live independently of each other, and mutual love enough to deserve, as they hope, to meet again hereafter. I assure you I have sometimes come away from houses unvisited, and unlikely to be visited by death, with a heart so heavy as I have rarely or never brought from a death-bed.' 'I should have thought that would be left for the rector to say,' observed Hester. 'I should have supposed you meant cases of guilt or remorse.' 'Cases of guilt or remorse,' continued Mr. Hope, 'and also of infirmity. People may say what they will, but I am persuaded that there is immeasurably more suffering endured, both in paroxysms and for a continuance, from infirmity, tendency to a particular fault, or the privation of a sense, than from the loss of any friend upon earth, except the very nearest and dearest; and even that case is no exception, when there is the faith of meeting again—which almost every mourner has, so natural and welcome as it is.' 'Do you tell your infirm friends the high opinion you have of their sufferings?' asked Margaret. 'Why, not exactly; that would not be the kindest thing to do: would it? What they want is, to have their trouble lightened to them, not made the worst of; lightened, not by using any deceit, of course, but by simply treating their case as a matter of fact.' 'Then surely you should make light of the case of the dying too: make light of it even to the survivors. Do you do this?' 'In one sense I do; in another sense, no one can do it. Not regarding death as a misfortune, I cannot affect to consider it so. Regarding the change of existence as a very serious one, I cannot, of course, make light of it.' 'That way of looking at it regards only the dying person; you have not said how you speak of it to survivors.' 'As

I speak of it to you now, or to myself when I see any one die ; with the added consideration of what the survivors are about to lose. That is a large consideration certainly ; but should not one give them credit for viewing death as it is, and for being willing to bear their own loss cheerfully, as they would desire to bear any other kind of loss ? especially if, as they say, they believe it to be only for a time.' ' This is looking on the bright side,' observed Hester, in a low voice ; but she was overheard by Mr. Hope. ' I trust you do not object to the bright side of things,' said he, smiling, ' as long as there is so much about us that is really very dark.' ' What can religion be for,' said Margaret, ' or reason, or philosophy, whichever name you may call your faith by, but to shew us the bright side of everything—of death among the rest ? I have often wondered why we seem to try to make the most of that evil (if evil it be), while we think it a duty to make the least of every other. I had some such feeling, I suppose, when I was surprised to hear that you had come hither straight from a death-bed ; I do not wonder at all now.' "

Here is another and much shorter illustration of Miss Martineau's mannerism, if we may be allowed the use of the term. It has been pointed out to us as very striking ; but we suspect that which it pictures is not likely ever to be realized, unless in some searching and contemplative mind resembling the author's closely. And yet it is but the beginning of a conversation, and of a number of scenes ; some of them becoming more elevated still as to their tone and matter :—

" Here we will not talk at all, unless we like ; and we will each groan as much as we please.'—' I am sorry to hear you speak so,' said Margaret tenderly. ' Not that I do not agree with you. I think it is a terrible mistake to fancy that it is religious to charm away grief, which, after all, is rejecting it before it has done its work ; and, as for concealing it, there must be very good reasons indeed for that, to save it from being hypocrisy. But the more I agree with you, the more sorry I am to hear you say just what I was thinking. I am afraid you must be very unhappy, Maria.' "

There is no writing for an ephemeral purpose in the work, as even these extracts must testify ; nor will its popularity be that merely of a month or a short season's endurance.

ART. III.—*Insurrection of Poland in 1830-1 ; and the Russian Rule preceding it since 1815.* By S. B. GNOROWSKI, London : Ridgway. 1839.

THE first thing that we remarked as extraordinary in the present work was this, that a Pole should write in English with the freedom and general accuracy of a well-educated native of our country. The second thing was, that the enthusiasm, often verging upon rhodomontade, which has characterized the Polish nation has found a clever

and apt representative in M. Gnorowski. The third was, that the Liberals throughout Europe appear to have been sometimes inclined to lend too ready an ear to the wholesale abuse that has been thrown upon England and France for not having embroiled themselves with Russia during the Insurrection of 1830-1. That the Poles are a brave people is not more true than that they have shown themselves to be reckless, inconsistent, incapable of a preconcerted system or dextrously ramified national union in behalf of complete independence, and even apt to adopt treacherous measures when legitimate methods would have a far better chance of success. The insurrection of which our author has so much to say, ought rather to be called a conspiracy on the part of the military cadets under Constantine in Warsaw, guided or misled as these enthusiastic youths were by certain ambitious officers who had not at the time of the rising formed any distinct plan of proceeding, or been in the habit of contemplating any positive and tangible result of national moment. Factions have long been rife amongst the nobles of Poland, to the internal destruction of the country. But why should the nobles consider themselves the only people of the nation, and treat their serfs as the most degraded slaves? If they desire to establish complete independence for themselves upon rational grounds, why do they not endeavour to enlighten the peasantry and to set them free, instead of regarding them as a distinct race, and themselves as forming alone the state? Yet such has been the jealous policy of the privileged class to one another and the great body of the people, that though their valorous deeds and their sufferings have outstripped the creations of poetry and romance, they have yet been so wanting in regard to the higher moral claims of society as to have fallen short of the true sublime of patriotism. The passages we are about to extract will show that, in the heat of indiscriminating enthusiasm, the author overlooks the contradictions to which we have alluded, and mistakes, to, rashness, disorganized attempts, and contempt of death in the course of Quixotic and romantic undertakings, for true magnanimity. There is too frequently a waste of theatrical display in the pictures, as drawn by our author, to doubt of its being a national tendency. The Poles are great boasters as well as great warriors; and what is more, they seem, from the specimen before us, to brag mightily from the spur of the moment, without bearing in mind that those who tell many wonderful stories run the risk of sometimes forgetting what was the purport of a former vaunt.

We are far from thinking that M. Gnorowski intentionally exaggerates, or expecting from one of his country, who seems to have been actively engaged in the troubles and exploits which he describes, a tame narration. The heroism of friends and comrades, when the grinding rule of Russian despots are the themes, may well awaken a

style somewhat florid, indignant, and predictive. But still there ought to be a limit to figures of speech, a certain sobriety of manner, to prevent any one who reads a work of such pretensions as the present, from suspecting tissues of gaseonade. We shall cite two or three specimens of these apparent exaggerations, and then call attention to one or two characteristic scenes. Speaking of a particular general, it is said, "Had he marched from Boremel into the middle of the country, he would have found thousands of willing hearts and hands, and his incomparable cavalry would have increased to 30,000 men, mounted on chargers, swift as the winds of the Ukraina Steppes." Again, when Chlopicki, at an early stage of the insurrection, was appointed, or rather took upon himself the office of Dictator, there was a play to celebrate the event; and we read—

"The national theatre was opened for the first time since the insurrection. The audience was immense. At the sight of the Polish and Lithuanian banners, the enthusiasm was unbounded. They were hailed as a symbol of the Dictatorship, promising the reunion of the sister countries. The performers clustering round them, chanted a solemn national hymn. The public joined in the chorus, and sang with the performers the concluding words of the strophe—'To arms, Poles!' A patriotic play long since prohibited, 'The Cracovians and Highlanders,' followed; after which the orchestra revived the hitherto forgotten melodies, the stately polonaise of Kosciuszko, the solemn march of Dombrowski, and the famous mazourka of the Polish legions in Italy. Just then the curtain fell, and the performers advancing to dance the mazourka, the sight inspired the pit, and in an instant everybody joined. All distinctions were laid aside; patriotism equalized all. Two grave senators gave the example; and officers, soldiers, ensigns, academical guards, professors, deputies, high-bred ladies, all partook in the rejoicing, continuing the air with their voices, when the orchestra gave over from fatigue. With such expansion of feeling did the citizens of Warsaw welcome the Dictatorship."

We shall afterwards see that this ebullition of national feeling was not authorized by any concerted and extensive preparation to sustain it, unless we are to take our author's method of interpreting independence, and his spheres of action for such valorous displays; these spheres being considerably further from the centre of the country than the theatre of Warsaw. He says,—

"Since the last partition of Poland in 1795, her independence has never been entirely annihilated. Until 1806 it survived in the legions of Dombrowski and Kniaziewicz, fighting for the French in Italy, Egypt, Germany, and St. Domingo, where no less than 30,000 Poles perished."

This method of preserving independence appears to involve a sort of Irish bull.

We were at first tempted to smile at the following, considering the manner in which the author has connected certain over sanguine anticipations with *sublime simplicity*. But the events alluded to were too awful and arousing to allow of levity attaching to any peculiarity in the method of detail ; and therefore we repress the irreverent tendency :—

“ The national government took the soldier's wives under its protection, and the diet voted ten millions of florins, to be distributed in money or land amongst the troops, after the campaign should be over ; but they, when made acquainted with this liberal measure, feeling that their task was not yet accomplished, answered with sublime simplicity, ‘ Provide us with bread and brandy, and keep the money for more urgent purposes.’ ”

It is due to the Poles to state, that when something like an energetic government was organised to direct and to countenance the nation in its bold attempt, there was no sacrifice too great for the people to submit to. The soldiers, when the supply of powder was deficient, even prayed to be permitted to fight with the cold bayonet, or if muskets could not be procured they were ready to wield scythes. But we cannot compliment our author in reference to his style of recording such intrepidity and patriotism, when he asserts, for example, that many Russian veterans laid down their arms “ at the sight of lancers, waving the flags embroidered in secret by Polish ladies, and yet warm with their sighs and tears.”

We shall now go back to an early period of the insurrection, and after merely mentioning that the first rising of a few cadets was in danger two or three times of being entirely frustrated on account of the most clumsy arrangements, nothing but reckless and random daring appearing to have served them, and appalled the Russian party, shall quote some specimens of the manner in which the conspiracy was conducted :—

“ After this extraordinary achievement, the young heroes marched unresisted into the city, through the New World Street. Meeting with General Stanislaus Potocki, they entreated him to put himself at their head. On his refusal they allowed him to pass on, not being aware that it was he who had sent to Constantine the six companies of infantry, and thus endangered the success of the insurrection. As a deep stillness prevailed in the city as though nothing had occurred ; the very houses seemed asleep : the brave youths began to suspect that they had risen alone. To break the appalling silence they shouted again and again ; ‘ To arms ! ’ In vain ; despair was already creeping into their hearts. Would death alone arouse the capital ? must blood stain their virgin laurels ? Some steps further they met their commander, General Trembicki, one of Constantine's aides-de-camp, and him they entreated, as they had done Potocki, to lead them on. He reprimanded them, and advised them to submit to

the Grand Duke's mercy. Professing their respect for his military acquirements, they still urged their request; and on his persisting in his refusal, forced him to join them. Trembicki, a haughty man, reluctantly accompanied them, still continuing his reprimands, when they unexpectedly came upon three Polish generals, avowed partisans of Russia, who were immediately stretched dead. Once more they addressed Trembicki, 'General, you have witnessed the fate of traitors; we conjure you to join the nation.' He still answered, with perfect coolness, 'No, I will not command you; you are wretches—you are murderers.' They were still unwilling to part with their tutor, and again telling him, 'We allow you time for reflection,' they conducted him through two long streets, and paused at the Bielanski Street. He then resolutely said, 'You may take away my life, but cannot force me to break my oath of allegiance.' He fell, and would have deserved a better fate, had not his heroism been that of a slave."

There was now disunion among the conspirators. There were Moderates and Terrorists, the latter ready to enact again the horrors of the French Revolution, to which party the youths, who had taken the initiative, were very nearly made subservient. Mochnecki, who was a member of the government, was the fire-brand who would have led these striplings to acts of bloodshed, to which, as described in the last-quoted passage, they proved themselves to be no way adverse:—

"The return of the troops and Constantine's flight had removed all fear of the enemy, and all suspicion of the patriots in power. Concord, unity, were the watchword; and wo to him who should dare to doubt. Mochnecki mistook the temper of the assembly, when he thus addressed them: 'Gentlemen, I bring you ill news. Your demands have been ineffectual. It is true the Council is dissolved; but I think the new government will prove no better. The Czarewitch retires unmolested. Men, acknowledged patriots, do not arrest their march. Friends of liberty have allied themselves with our enemies. Let us not trust men for their historic names. Let us not trust in fame or reputed merit. General Chlopicki does not fulfil his duty.' After a pause, occasioned by loud and general hisses, the speaker continued—'Gentlemen, Chlopicki betrays the insurrection. I came here to announce that I have refused to take any part in a government which hurls the nation into the abyss of destruction. Let us complete what we have begun. Let us go again: let us all go with arms in our hands, and proclaim a revolutionary power.' At these words the indignation of the assembly burst forth. Threats of death were vociferated against Mochnecki from every quarter. Still he did not lose courage. Again jumping upon the table, and shaking his musket, he strove to silence the hisses and clashing of arms, and to vindicate his treasonable words. But in vain. He was dragged down, and many swords pointed at his breast. Tranquillity being restored for a moment, the Vice-President, Bronikowski, who was also a member of the Council, was called upon to declare, upon his honour, whether the government acted in the spirit of the insurrection. His answer decided Moch-

nacki's fate. All present rose against him; and he would have been cut to pieces but for the exertion of his friends, who facilitated his escape. 'Slanderer, terrorist, the Polish Robespierre,' were the opprobrious epithets lavished upon him. Other clubbists were then expelled, and an end was thus put to the existence of the society, amidst remonstrances and threats against the exaltados. Still Mochnacki could not believe himself vanquished. Early in the morning, December 4th, he betook himself to the ensigns, and represented to them that their first glorious effort would but bring ruin on the country if they should persist in not taking the power into their own hands; that Chlopicki was betraying the hopes of the nation; that Lubecki employed the credit of Czartoryski and Niemcewicz to the prejudice of the insurrection, and that to avert so much evil they must follow him to the Bank. The young warriors loaded their muskets and set off with him. On their way, Mochnacki reiterated his previous argument, 'that not only dead men could no longer make deceiving speeches, but more important still, they could make no blunders, nor precipitate their country into a political grave.' The bloody theory was about to be acted upon. They were already near the Bank, when they met Wysocki, their beloved chief. He endeavoured to dissuade them from their meditated violence. 'Whom,' he asked, 'shall we esteem, if not those who acted with Lubecki? I know that all has not been well done; the fault is ours, and now we cannot repair it without much bloodshed.' The ensigns professed the highest respect for Wysocki, yet they hesitated between him and Mochnacki, and looked anxiously towards the Bank. The latter then whispered to Wysocki—'Let us but blow out the brains of one financier, and the others will be less stubborn.' At these words, Wysocki knelt before his pupils, exclaiming, 'Only over my lifeless body shall you march to the Bank.' His firmness prevailed, and they returned to their post."

Fortunately Mochnacki was denounced and his power thereafter at an end. One other passage will illustrate scenes in Polish warfare, as well as M. Gnorowski's manner of description:—

"The rush of the fugitives disordered the first squadron of Kolysko's column, which fell back on the second, and thus successively all the seventeen were thrown into utter confusion. The venerable general tore his grey locks in despair, and other chiefs endeavoured, but without success, to rally their men. 'Shall it be said that Polish nobles fled before the enemy?' thought the few (about fifty in number), who vainly opposed the fatal flight, and drawing themselves up at the entrance of Daszow, they awaited unmoved the advancing foe. They were a noble band. Their names are amongst the most illustrious in the heraldic annals of Poland. Possessed of many thousand miles of territory, lords over many thousand subjects, a single tomb may now contain these willing martyrs for the freedom and welfare of all. 'Forward,' they shouted, and fell like the thunder-bolt upon the hostile columns. Each was opposed to many, each dealt his deadly blows. They took the enemy's cannon, and killed hundreds of Russians. They were entirely surrounded, but, Decius-like, they hewed a passage with their swords, and effected their retreat. Awed

by such valour, the Russians retired four miles from Daszow, yet General Rott afterwards reported that he had vanquished many thousands, and that, notwithstanding the desperate resistance, he had lost only 200 men. The insurgents lost only their single piece of cannon and six men killed.'

Our author's feelings towards Russia and her Autocrats, we cannot expect to be of a very friendly sort. His pictures, accordingly, of her internal condition are far from flattering. He says,—

"The czars may in safety erect scaffolds for princes, or banish them to Siberia, but dare not take cognizance of the mal-administration of their officers, lest the very scarf with which they gird themselves should serve to teach them by what physiologic law mortals may perish in a critical moment. They know it; and in consonance with this unyielding law, Nicholas has issued a ukase, threatening equal punishment to the briber and the bribed, in order at once to crush all prosecution of legal venality. The system is so familiar to the Russians, that they have embodied it in a kind of proverbial idyl:—'The buck robs the sallow—the wolf robs the buck—the shepherd robs the wolf—the landlords robs the shepherd—the attorney robs the landlord—the czar robs the attorney—and the devil himself robs the czar.'"

If all that M. Gnorowski has to detail concerning the Emperor Nicholas be true, he is more brutal in his disposition than one is led to infer from sundry accounts by travellers who have lately visited his dominions. Take the following specimen:—

"The following anecdote, given to the writer of these pages by a party concerned in it, may serve to illustrate the character of Nicholas. Whilst yet czarewitch, he had a pregnant bitch, one of whose puppies he had promised to Count A. P. (since dead), at that time grand master of the ceremonies at the court of St. Petersburg. The count happening to call upon him on a winter's morning, found his imperial highness employed in throwing the puppies one by one upon the chimney fire, and burning them to death, out of pity to the poor animal which had given birth to six young ones. What were the pastimes of Nero in comparison with those of Nicholas? No doubt it is from similar motives of commiseration for Polish mothers that he destroys their children."

We have now only to add, that we wish the author of a volume devoted to such an interesting and important subject as the condition of Poland under Russian despotism and during the sanguinary struggle of 1830-1, had maintained a calmer and more dignified manner; and then we should have entertained a higher opinion of the chivalrous race of nobles and aristocrats whose heroic deeds he has undertaken to celebrate; and especially should we have been gratified had he made it apparent that this race was now intent on ameliorating the state of those under them, who hitherto have had no cause to boast of more valuable privileges or advanced civilization than the serfs of Russia.

ART. IV.—*The Journal of the English Agricultural Society.* Volume First. Part First. London: Murray. 1839.

It is a matter of wonder that in England, a country so celebrated for the enterprise of its people, in regard to every branch of science that bears upon the interests of commerce, and the advancement of her manufactures, that there should not until very recently have been established any widely ramified society for the promotion of an enlightened system of agriculture and husbandry,—that is to say, a system supported by recorded experiments, and by the application of chemistry, botany, geology, meteorology, and all the other sciences with which the farmer's business is so vitally concerned, directed to every corner of the country. The fact is, that, speaking generally, no class of men, at least previous to the commencement of the present century, were ever more firmly wedded to old forms, or more prejudiced than English farmers. Nor can there exist a better proof of this, than that the most unquestionable and very profitable improvements that may have been in operation for many years in one part of the island, have continued to be overlooked or despised in other, even in neighbouring parts, where the same, or it may be superior capabilities and advantages are to be found. Science as applied to agriculture has, by this class, been held ignorantly in the utmost contempt; and books written even by practical men have, with every other source of knowledge which did not happen to fall within the old-fashioned ways of the individual or of the district, been sneered at with provoking pertinacity. England, generally, has been far more backward on this subject than her sister Scotland. This backwardness must be attributed in a great measure to the want of uniform and constant channels of knowledge pervading the country, supported by the countenance, in every quarter, of large proprietors of land, and enforced by their experiments. In the northern kingdom, so far back as 1723, "The Society of Improvers in the knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland" was instituted, "which was the germ of the "Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland," which has had the most manifest and salutary effect on that portion of the empire. Other efforts upon a national or very broad basis have also long been operating in the same country; the "Statistical Account" of every parish being the most complete and serviceable. But we must refer to a paper in the publication before us, by Mr. John Dudgeon, of Skylaw, near Kelso, for a clear and able sketch of Scottish agriculture, since the formation of the Highland Society, and for the illustration of the immense strides which the sister kingdom has made during the last half century in this most interesting branch of economy.

But although England has been tardy in regard to measures or

institutions by means of which one of the principal sources of national prosperity and happiness might be benefitted, we have at last evidence before us of the existence and construction of a society that promises to produce the most extensive and enlightened changes, not only over England but every other part of the empire, in this department. Already the committees, principal and provincial, the patrons and subscribers, are so numerous, respectable, and from their wealth so influential, as to promise all the good that in the nature of things can be derived from the riches and capabilities of the soil, and the artificial efforts of man. We shall not enumerate the various arrangements set forward for the promotion of the objects in question, but proceed to give an abstract of some parts of the journal, especially of the paper first read before the Society, March 13th, 1839, on the "Present State of the Science of Agriculture in England." The first paragraph of this paper aptly introduces the subject which we quote:—

"Though the national importance of husbandry will be at once admitted by every one, it may be well at the outset of our undertaking not to content ourselves with a general notion of that importance, but to look for a moment at some of the items which constitute its annual value. The wheat produced in England and Wales is estimated by Mr. Mac Culloch, one year with another, at 12,350,000 quarters. This single head of produce, therefore, at an average price of 50s., will amount to nearly 31 million pounds sterling, yearly. The oats and beans have been reckoned at 13,500,000 quarters, and will give another head of 17½ millions sterling per annum. The grass lands, again, are supposed to yield, year by year, produce worth nearly 60 millions sterling (59,500,000). The practical inference to be drawn from these large numbers is obviously this,—that, if by any improved process it be possible to add even in a small proportion to the average acreable produce either of arable or pasture land, this increase, small as it may seem, may be in fact a very large addition to our national wealth. The average produce of wheat, for instance, is stated at 26 bushels per acre: if, by a better selection of seed, we could raise this amount to 27 bushels only, a supposition by no means unlikely, we should by this apparently small improvement have added to the nation's annual income 475,000 quarters of wheat, worth, at 50s., about 1,200,000*l.* yearly, which would be equal to a capital of 24 millions sterling gained for ever to the country by this trifling increase in the growth of one article alone, and that in England and Wales only."

Now this supposition of an improved process having the result above stated, is moderate considering the still backward state of agriculture in many parts of the kingdom, and the undeniable improvements to which every part may still be subjected,—improvements by the application of scientific discoveries in all the branches of natural history, mechanics, &c. By having recourse to some statement in Mr. Dudgeon's article already named, we shall find arguments which are perfectly satisfactory on this head.

It is a notorious fact, that the state of agriculture in Scotland before the termination of the late war, at least in the Lothians and some other counties, had reached a systematic eminence that was considered not only marvellous, but to be almost the climax of all that could ever be accomplished in these districts. The rents had attained a very high and unnatural elevation, from the confidence inspired by so long a continuance of high prices. But a great fall took place about the period mentioned, in consequence of the relaxation of the artificial system, and severe distress was the lot of the farming interest. A heavy blow was then given to agricultural energy, especially in those very quarters where operations had been carried on according to the most improved system. But though for several years the embarrassment alluded to was alarming, yet improvement again has been going on at such a steady and positive rate, that the farmers in these districts have, in spite of a much lower range of prices compared with rents, at length been able generally to bear up against a course of circumstances which otherwise must have overwhelmed them; so as to be able, Mr. Dudgeon thinks, to pay in 1837 as good rents as they did in 1810; the price of wheat having averaged from 1800 to 1810, 8*l*s. 2*d*. per quarter, and barley, 4*l*s. 5*d*.; whereas from 1826 to 1837, the averages were, for wheat 55*s*. 8*d*., and for barley 3*l*s. 4*d*. Butchers' meat and wool, there is reason to believe, were also considerably higher during the former period; so that, assuming agricultural capital to have yielded an equal return at the two periods, we are compelled to the conclusion, that in productiveness our fields have nearly doubled since the beginning of the century. "Now," continues Mr. Dudgeon, "we know that, though this preliminary assumption is far from the truth, it would be much more incorrect to suppose that the whole apparent difference which this article of price exhibits found its way into the pocket of the farmer of the former period; on the very contrary, we believe that the great proportion of this difference of price is made up to the farmer of the present day, by increased productiveness, perhaps to the amount at least 70 per cent."

One of the great steps of improvement has been the amelioration of the soil, and even of the climate, by a system of draining; and yet this system, there are good grounds for asserting, is to be carried much further, to a still greater productiveness of particular soils. Take a sketch of these improvements:—

"Furrow-draining has also been extensively applied on the flat alluvial and thin clay districts of Scotland within this period, particularly in the districts of Stirling, Perth, and Ayrshire, where the liberality of proprietors has been, in many instances, very properly called into exercise to assist in an operation which can only be properly effected through

such instrumentality. These drains have been generally applied to every furrow where the ridges are wide, and their common depth is from 24 to 30 inches. Tiles have been extensively used as the medium of carrying off the water in such drains; and, of late, from the greater cheapness with which they can be furnished—since the application of machinery in their manufacture by that eminent friend to agriculture, the Marquis of Tweeddale, and some other ingenious individuals—their use has been very generally extended. More particularly we ought to mention, that, within these very few years, numerous tile-works have been brought into operation, with this view, in East Lothian, where this system of draining, and that to be immediately noticed, have been very extensively practised, and are in daily-growing repute.

“The system to which we allude, and which has latterly found much favour, is an improvement upon this last, perfected and first extensively practised in Scotland by the ingenious Mr. Smith, of Deanston in Stirlingshire. This intelligent and enterprising gentleman has, by means of this system of draining, and the free use of the subsoil-plough—of which useful implement he is also the inventor—converted a formerly barren, cold, and impervious soil into useful turnip-land. His example has been laudably followed by others; and, although the system has not yet had time to be very extensively applied, it is now happily in a fair way of quickly working a revolution in many parts of Scotland, rendering land, which was scarcely worth 10s. an acre, equal to double and treble its former value. The object of this effectual method of draining may be said, in comparison with that first noticed, to be rather to prevent the pernicious effects of superabundant moisture than to remove the cause of it; and the principle of the system has been described by its author as ‘the providing of frequent opportunities for the water rising from below, or falling on the surface, to pass freely and completely off;’ and therefore he has appropriately designated it ‘the frequent drain system.’ However desirable it would be here to give a full detail of the mode of operating so important an improvement, it would be inconsistent with the design of this essay, and occupy too much space, to enter upon it with such minuteness as would be available for practice. We must therefore be contented with referring to the very clear and intelligent description of the system by its author, as published in a cheap form by Messrs. Drummond, of Stirling. It may be enough at present to say, as descriptive generally of the manner of executing the work, that after main covered drains of greater depth have been carried along the hollow parts of a field, into these are conducted narrower and shallower parallel drains, filled with small stones, at regular distances, varying from 10 to 40 feet apart, according to the nature of the soil. These are directed to be carried ‘*thoroughout the whole field, without reference to the wet or dry appearance of distinct portions;*’ and it is recommended to lay out the ground, after the operation is concluded, without ridges.”

Now, there are very many other points to which improvement may be directed, and where a small alteration for the better upon parts, will, when the total of the branch is shown by numbers, produce an astonishing increase. How great, for example, would

be the permanent advantage to the nation, if one pound sterling per acre were laid out on each acre of land, already in course of cultivation. It is calculated that there are 48 millions of cultivated acres in Great Britain and Ireland ; therefore a demand for country labour amounting to 48 millions sterling would thus be created ; a demand, as mentioned in the pages before us, exceeding that which the railroad bills professed to create in the session before last, and far more advantageous in its effects on the labourers, inasmuch as the demand would be a gradual one, without severing them from their homes, and would necessarily be in the winter months, when other labour is scarce.

Again, observe how much service a system of draining must in future derive from the spirited, the indefatigable manner in which geological science is pursued in this country, of which a notice in our present number affords a remarkable example. Upon this point we quote a passage :—

“ It would be an inquiry of much importance to investigate in detail the manner in which this permanent improvement of the soil might be conducted in the various districts of England, but the subject is so extensive that it requires to be handled separately ; or, rather, it must be a leading object of our members’ future inquiries, to collect such facts and make such trials as may give a solid answer to so extensive a question. Great assistance may doubtless be derived from the knowledge which geological maps have lately afforded us as to the general outlines of the various subsoils which lie immediately under the surface of our fields, and powerfully affect, as every practical farmer knows, the produce of the upper soil through which alone the plough usually passes. These beds of sand, stone, or clay cross England, in irregular courses, from south-west to north-east : the blue lias, for instance, from Charmouth in Dorsetshire, to Whitby in Yorkshire ; and thus, by the help of a geological map, it might be known that a mode of improvement which had been well tested on a farm in Dorsetshire, would be applicable, due allowance being made for difference of climate, to another in Yorkshire. Manifest, however, as is the assistance that might long since have been derived by agriculture from geology, we know no book which has endeavoured until very recently to secure that kindred aid for the science which is the immediate object of our Society’s labours.”

The book referred to is by Mr. John Morton, on the application of geology to agriculture, and was published in 1837.

Still to abide by the subject of draining, or rather the improvements concomitant with the hopes held out by Mr. Smith’s subsoil ploughing, we quote the following observations :—

“ The practical farmer who has this year won the first medal of the Society states Mr. Smith’s process to be the greatest improvement effected in agriculture since the introduction of turnip-culture, (that is, for the last century,) it is impossible to pass it over, although, of course, its in-

roduction is too new to be placed already altogether beyond the risk of disappointment. Mr. Smith's mode of dealing with a clayey subsoil, which holds up in the soil the water that has fallen in rain, and thus exerts some unexplained evil influence on plants fitted for the food of man or of cattle, is as follows:—That gentleman invented a heavy iron plough, resembling the common plough, but differing in this respect, that, having no mould-board, it splits the ground, but does not turn it over; and he uses it thus: at the same time that an ordinary plough goes along and turns over the surface of the wet land, the share of the sub-soil plough following, passes through and splits the whole of the subsoil to the depth of 18 or 20 inches, and the rain-water, sinks, of course, so much lower. Mr. Smith, however, does not allow the rain to lodge here: he has previously dug covered drains about 3 feet deep, made thus deep in order that his underground-plough may have room to pass over the covered channel which is left for the water to flow along in the lower part of these drains after they have been filled in above; and he states, that in this way he can not only produce, artificially, a porous subsoil instead of a close one, but that this clayey subsoil, having been so subdivided, becomes mellowed by the action of air and of water, and that thus, after a few years, a portion of it may be safely brought up by deep or trench-ploughing, and turned over upon the surface, so that the cultivated soil, by this third process, is to the same extent deepened. To whatever extent the Deanston system may be found applicable to the clay-lands of England, a revolution will be at the same time effected in their mode of culture by the introduction of the turnip upon them.

With regard to that portion of England which lies on a stratum that may be called rocky, much of it will be found to have the immediate subsoil of clay, and to fall therefore properly under the last head; and even where the subsoil is of stone, the stone may be so interspersed with clay, that thorough draining may be equally requisite. Where that stone is a dry gravel, it may be worth the trial whether the roots of some plants cannot be enabled to descend into it by means of the subsoil plough. Such an experiment appears, by a communication from one of our members, to have succeeded at Heckfield. A considerable portion of the stony soils belongs to the great chalk formation which, resting on the basis of Hampshire, flings its arms widely, in four directions, as far as the sea, through Dorsetshire, Sussex, Kent, and Yorkshire. On this extensive tract another, and singular, mode of permanently improving the texture of the soil, by blending with it a part of the subsoil, has been long and successfully, though very partially, practised. Pits, like wells, are sunk in the field, by workmen used to the business, and from the bottom of these the best sort of chalk is brought up with a windlass, to be afterwards spread over the surface; which thus, in the winter months, when the operation should take place, that the lumps of stone may be shaken to pieces by the frost, presents at a distance the aspect of a field covered with snow. The benefit of this rather expensive operation has been long acknowledged, though its mode of action has not been explained. It is less surprising, indeed, where the upper soil of the chalk formation consists of a thin layer of reddish clay, left behind by the plastic clay formation; but even where that soil is a shallow sheet of earth, that appears to be

made up of fragments of the stone upon which it rests, this ancient practice of laying on a fresh coat of that very stone is stated to be equally advantageous. Enough, however, has now been said to prove how much remains to be done for the permanent improvement of the English soil. Indeed, while it may with truth be affirmed that our husbandry, on the large scale, stands in the first rank as far as the surface of the ground is concerned, it must equally be admitted, as regards the subsoil, to be yet in its infancy. There is scarcely a situation where, however wet, or dry, or stony may be the natural ground, a kitchen garden, with a bed of mould two spades deep, may not gradually be formed by the constant, long-continued care of the gardener. While the sand is stiffened, and the clay mellowed, and both deepened, the very stone is probably, by length of cultivation, worn down into soil. Nor can British husbandry be considered complete in this department until all the farms of this country, like those of Flanders, are brought into the same condition of garden-like temper and depth."

We have hitherto confined ourselves, for the illustration of how much yet remains to be done in agriculture, and how much it may become indebted to science as applied to the process of draining and bringing up new as well as the mixing of soils. We might go into some details upon many other operations and branches. How much scope is there for improvement in the matter of breeding stock, on the selection and culture of seeds, on the subject of implements, &c. &c. And here the following passage comes aptly to our hands:—

"The power of improvement does not cease when the corn is placed in the rickyard; and here we have not to enquire or to guess, but simply to look at the practice of the practical farmer in the Lothians and in Northumberland. There, instead of the thresher and his flail, may be seen the machine, not driven however by horses, for then the advantage might be more doubtful, seeing that the labour is distressing to the animals, and withdraws them, moreover, from the work of the fields, but impelled by wind, or water, or steam, and that on almost every farm. In France, too, it appears that not only travelling threshing-machines are employed, as is the case here, but that it is proposed to work these by steam-engines carried with them. It may be objected, indeed, by the farmer, that if he gave up his hand-threshing, he would be at a loss to find employment for his men in the winter. The objection, however, shows a want of confidence in the power of permanent improvement judiciously applied on the soil to bring back its cost with interest, nor can this objection be allowed any weight as long as a single acre of the farm is stagnant with water, or dry because the soil is shallow, while there is possibility of its being deepened. Indeed, if you once establish a moving power on your farm, whether steam, water, or wind, it is not the labour only of threshing that may be saved to men or horses, but the winnowing, the dressing, the chaff-cutting; even the turnip-slicing machine, when the turnip is consumed at home, may be grafted on to the

principal wheels, and thus borrow their motion. The more labour is thus set free from mere work of routine, the more will be applied to the further improvement of the parent of all agricultural labour, the soil. Having mentioned the turnip-slicer, we cannot but say that, while we would willingly rest the necessity for increased intercourse among the agricultural body, upon the varying practices which prevail in different parts of England with regard to the turnip alone, a strong argument may be drawn for it from the limited use even of this implement only. It consists in some simple machinery of knives, turned by a handle, enclosed within a box, above which is a trough into which the whole turnips are placed, and below which the slices fall into another receptacle: the whole may be placed on a wheel and two legs, and moved about the field like a wheelbarrow. The advantage is two-fold, saving the teeth of the old ewes, for which the Swedish turnips, especially, are too hard: saving the waste of this valuable root, which, when partially scooped out by the sheep, is rotted and trampled about with great waste. The economy effected by this simple machine, which costs but 6 or £.7, has been stated to us by an authority which would at once be admitted as very high, to be no less than one-third of the whole produce. If it be taken, however, only at a fourth or a fifth, why, it may be asked, has not every farm in the country been long since furnished with this cheap apparatus? If a contrivance were discovered in Manchester which should save one-fifth of the cotton consumed in a manufacture (were such a saving possible) not a year would pass before most of the old machinery would be replaced by the new, and such changes are constantly taking place there, at the expense of many thousand pounds; but the turnip is the raw material of the farmer's stock, and the farmer is of the same enterprising race with the manufacturer: why, then, but on account of the separate and secluded scene of his industry, is the spread of agricultural inventions so slow—the extension of those which concern manufactures, so rapid; and what but a central connection of the cultivators of the soil can diminish the distance and remove the obstruction?"

These few passages ought to convince the most prejudiced that scientific knowledge and mechanical powers can with the greatest advantage be applied to the art of agriculture. But how are the great body of farmers to obtain in common the best practical knowledge which men of science, and who have time, means, and taste for prosecuting those experiments that develop the soundest methods, without the energy and the publicity which such a society as the one whose first report is before us, is calculated to establish? And here, again, a passage presents itself which is entirely to our purpose; it is an extract from a Report of the Harleston Farmers:—

"Your committee, in common with every member of the club, was astonished to find that, amongst a body of farmers, all residing within four or five miles of the place of meeting, all using a similar breed of cart-horses, and cultivating a similar description of land, such an asto-

nishing difference in the expense of maintaining their cart-horses should exist, amounting, in authenticated statements, to upwards of 50 per cent., whether estimated at per head for each cart-horse, or per acre for the arable land.' That is to say, not only, with an equal number of acres to plough, the horses of one farmer cost twice as much as those of another; in which case the difference might arise partly from the different number of working cattle maintained; upon which a second question would arise,—which farmer had too many, or which had too few?—but also the very same number of horses stood in to one farmer at double the expense which they did to the other. 'What greater proof,' the Harleston Committee very properly ask, 'could be required of the necessity for discussion?—and if no other subject had ever been brought before your club, we are of opinion, that by debating this question alone it would have rendered incalculable benefit to the neighbourhood; for what member, who now learned for the first time that his neighbour was cultivating his land at much less cost than himself in one of the heaviest items in a farmer's expenses, but would go home and improve on his farm management?' "

We shall pursue the subject no further, having sufficiently indicated what are the improvements which may yet be produced in one of the most interesting and important branches of national wealth and economy, and also noticed the new energy which the "English Agricultural Society" cannot fail to infuse among the proprietors and cultivators of the soil. The numerous prizes to be periodically distributed for the best essays on every subject connected with the science and art in question, and the publication of such as are deemed suitable, must usher in a new era in the history of English husbandry. A few paragraphs from the Committee's Report before us, convey some details that we have pleasure in copying.

"Being desirous, as early as possible, to enlist talent in the investigation of those subjects which involve matters of deep interest to the practical farmer, prizes for essays upon a variety of topics have been offered, some of which will be awarded this day, some at the meeting at Oxford next year, and others at the country meeting to be held in the year 1840. The majority of those prizes are upon subjects directly calculated to improve the cultivation of the soil, an object regarded with special interest by the English Agricultural Society. The prizes for cattle to be given at the Oxford meeting, and through which improvement in the *breeding* of stock is mainly contemplated, will be publicly announced in a few days; and your Committee trust that the owners and occupiers of land in Oxfordshire and the neighbouring counties will co-operate in rendering the first meeting of this Society efficient for the objects for which it was instituted.

"Aware of the immense loss sustained in consequence of the want of better knowledge in the treatment of the diseases of cattle, sheep, and pigs, the attention of the Committee has been turned to this subject, in

order, if possible, to devise means for supplying the deficiency. A veterinary school has been long established in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and it has been most useful in teaching the scientific and successful treatment of the diseases by which thousands of horses used to be destroyed; but its attention has been almost exclusively devoted to the horse; and it was considered that, if its labours could be directed with the same success to the management, in health and disease, of our cattle and sheep, it would be of inestimable advantage to the British farmer.

“ Application has been made to the Governors of the Veterinary College, stating the anxious wish of the English Agricultural Society that this most important extension of its inquiries and its benefits should take place, this Society not interfering with the arrangements and proceedings of the governors of the college, but contributing from its funds to the accomplishment of this purpose.

“ A most favourable answer has been received from some of the governors; and a meeting will soon take place between them and a delegation of your Committee, from which the happiest results may be anticipated,

“ Correspondence with agricultural, horticultural, and other scientific societies, both at home and abroad, being one of the means proposed whereby useful information may be obtained, a proposition has been made for opening a correspondence with several societies at home; from most of which, but most especially from the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, your Committee has received the strongest assurances of a desire to establish a friendly communication with your Institution.

“ Through the assistance of an able member of your Society, who has recently been travelling on the continent of Europe, arrangements have been made for opening a correspondence with the Royal and Central Agricultural Society at Paris, the Royal Agricultural Society at Lyons, the Agricultural Society at Geneva, and the Agricultural Society at Lille.”

There are several able papers in the present publication, which we need not particularly specify. We therefore conclude, hailing this recently established Society as offering a pleasing and promising subject, especially when contrasted with the bitterness and the opposite doctrines that prevail upon the Corn Laws. Whatever may be the fate of these laws, it is quite clear that peaceful and vast means for rendering this country more than ever independent of foreign lands, in regard to a supply of food, are yet to be developed.

ART. V. *On the Language and Literature of Italy.* By PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI. London: Taylor and Walton, 1838.

This is the Inaugural Lecture delivered in the University College, London, on the 6th of November, 1838, by Count Pepoli, who has lately been appointed to a professorship in that institution.

The Count is one of the most eminent Philologists and Italian scholars of the age; and at one time was a highly esteemed and admired professor in the University of Bologna, an ornament of that very ancient school, and an honour to his country. He also filled several other exalted and responsible offices. In 1831, he was a member of the Provisional Government of Bologna, that city being one of the united provinces of central Italy: subsequently, he tells us, he was high commissioner of the government, and governor of two provinces, viz. Pesaro and Urbino. But eight years ago, "the toga and stole of the University were then exchanged for the prisoner's garb, and subsequently for the mantle of the wandering exile." "Eight years," says he, "have completed their course since I last addressed the University of Bologna. That was, I fear, indeed the last time." Such has been the reward in his native country, of a learned, an honourable, magnanimous, and patriotic man. He has, however, found a hospitable land; which he calls his "adopted, second country;" the University College having wisely invited him to occupy a chair, from which we trust and believe a pure and brilliant light will be shed amongst us not only upon and around the whole compass of Italian literature, but, to judge from the promise of this Inaugural Lecture, upon the subject of the province, scope, capacities, and achievements of literature, taking the term in its most comprehensive sense, as also of its symbolic character in relation to civilization, to all the elements and modifications of a state, social and political. Indeed, we anticipate, from hints thrown out in the few pages before us, and from the grasp indicated by the Professor, that there will be novelty in his conceptions and illustrations, and that he will pursue a path that has not been trodden by any one else.

One cannot but be forcibly struck, and indignantly moved, when beholding a man of the character which has long distinguished Professor Pepoli, driven from his home, and obliged to throw himself upon the hospitality of strangers; when regarding the advocate of humanity, knowledge, and rational liberty, and learning that tyranny and oppression have conspired with ignorance to send him forth as a wanderer. Yes, with ignorance; for how blind is the policy, how short-sighted the despotism, that imagined that the light of Italy was by such methods to be for ever quenched; or that it was not to find a sanctuary in another land, where the very struggles to which it was to be subjected would communicate new fervour, purity, and more piercing, inextinguishable qualities! Indeed, it is with a feeling not altogether unallied to gratification, that we reflect on events that have sent to our shores so many spirits, as our annals can name, who have brought with them the most precious and beautiful gifts, constituting England the custodian and the nurse of humanity and civilization. Not that we wish

to see rivalries among nations fomented, but rather, while not insensible to homebred feelings of national superiority, that this very superiority should become the means of a more speedy and effectual fraternization of mankind; an object which our Professor affectionately recognises, regarding literature in its enlarged sense as a most potent minister in this benign enterprise.

Considering the circumstances to which we have alluded, viz. the personal history of Professor Pepoli, his literary celebrity, and the comprehensive plans contemplated in his lectures, it is our earnest desire, whilst we rejoice in the opportunity, not only to give all the publicity that we can to an appointment that will once more enable him to discourse within the walls of a University, but to allow him to be in part heard as he expresses himself in the present few pages.

It is clearly not the mere knowledge and mastery of a language, not merely the having read all that is classical or worth reading of the books which it fills, not merely the having written a masterpiece in its purest dialect, and thereby exhibiting the finest sense of its beauties and powers, that can constitute an adequate lecturer upon its literature. As the Professor eloquently enforces, literature and its history cannot be understood without being possessed of a knowledge of concomitant social and political history, and of a philosophizing spirit to apply the light of that history to the progress of language, and the specimens of art that distinguish a nation and country. He explains himself thus, in one passage :—

“ It is only through a vista of struggles, banishment, and persecution, that I can exhibit to your view the halo of glory which encircles the head of the founders and the chiefs of the language, literature, and science of Italy. History, Mistress of the Past, Prophetess of the Future, will substantiate what I now advance; and from History I shall never depart. The literature of a nation is a result which becomes the real or modifying symbol of its social condition. Consequently, in my attempt to point out the origin of the Italian language, it will be necessary to enter into an examination of the conflicting philosophical and philological hypotheses which derive it from such contrary elements,—from the Greek, the Latin, the Celtic, and many others; and, pausing at the very commencement, it will be requisite to pass in review the various people who seized, and, amid blood, burnings, and devastation, worked the ruin or improvement of my most beautiful country. Pursuing thus my plan of conducting Language and Literature side by side with History, I shall secure a wide field for the demonstration of all that requires proof; including an immense variety, which, comprehending the progress of religion, philosophy, politics, in fact, the whole objective and subjective progress of Italy, will nevertheless exhibit distinctly that unity of conception, expressed in the term *Literature*, which I purpose showing you to be the summary, the symbol, the physiognomy of a nation in all its phases. My subject will be the PHILOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE; but History will always be the light and guide of my course.”

Italy, he says, is now for the most part the wreck of human grandeur ; in science, literature, and the arts it has passed through many stages. The wreck we know is of the most diversified things, marvellously rich and impressive ; and therefore requiring the most recondite research, and a soul finely attuned to all that is beautiful, tender, and solemn. The Professor combats the opinion that has become more or less current in countries where his language is but very partially studied and its treasures little explored, that it is defective in regard to some of the walks to which other languages have attained. He declares that it is " adapted to every kind of style, but not all writers are able to exhibit its powers." His intention, therefore, is to go to an early stage in its history, and to examine philosophically its successive phases, by an analysis of its distinct typical writers or cultivators ; passing in review its periods " of grandeur, or delirium, of decay, and again of lofty conception ;" —grandeur not only as displayed in literature and art, but greatness of moral principle, as exemplified by wisdom and love of country, —suffering and firmness under a vengeful despotism.

But where are we to obtain the minute pages of history of very remote times, in old countries and nations that have undergone many violent revolutions ? Parchments will decay, mental darkness may intervene, the chronicles of minor and also great events may be lost ; but see how kind and serviceable a handmaid is Art, for,—

" If Time has an arm powerful thus to destroy recollections entrusted to writing, nations have still the means of preserving their names on obelisks, on pyramids, arches, monuments. Centuries have passed, no page of history remains ; but the deeds of Sesostriis, and the renown of Egypt, live in a history constructed by millions of arms ! A people of artists raises its monuments of granite, and defies the power of time.

" Monuments are the seal of history : with this view, therefore, it appears we should investigate not only history written, but history painted, history sculptured. Painting, architecture, sculpture,—these are history ; these are poetry ; these, the highest literature. We cannot become priests of literature ; we cannot be even adepts, without a capacity to feel the Beautiful in all its forms, in all the streams which Art has poured forth in Paintings, in Marbles, and the harmonies of Sound ! Our hearts thrill equally at the description of the disasters of Francesca, of the misfortunes of Ugolino, in Dante, as at the sight of the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido. The painting of the Transfiguration by the hand of Sanzio, and the thoughts expressed by the Bard of Vacluse, seize us with equal force, and with like rapture transport us to heaven. I will add, that among our sculptors, painters, and poets, there is so strong a spirit of fraternity, that their souls seem often transfused into each other. The poem of Dante, and the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, appear to be the conception of the same mind. The charms of Laura, described by Petrarca, are exhibited in all the female figures painted by

Raffael. The imagination of Ariosto appears the same with that of Paul Veronese and Tintorello. In force of description, richness of imagery, simplicity and elevation of style, Tasso has been called the rival of Homer and Virgil: Voltaire has even asserted that he surpasses them in the perfect unity of his poem, and in the philosophy of his characters. Leonardo da Vinci, in his painting of the Last Supper, resembles the genius of Tasso!"

The Professor goes on to show that the essential principles of Art and Literature are similar, and the results analagous; and at the same time that history is conveyed in painting and sculpture as well as in writing. He instances under the former of these views, the fact of Michael Angelo having acquired the art of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture in the study of Dante. Leonardo da Vinci said that music and song inspired him with the love of Philosophy and Painting; and, adds the Professor, the peculiar character of the fabulous muse of antiquity had its origin in the analogy of such elements. On the subject of monumental criticism, and the discovery of its principles, he is to follow a plan of *local* observation. This method is to lead him through all the different portions of Italy, from Sicily to Corsica. "Wherever the Italian language is spoken, there is Italy?—and all the diplomatic subtleties in the world will not be able to destroy this truth;" although various modifications are to be noted, resulting from the different centralizations of the ancient republics.

The course indicated in the plan alluded to, may be understood from the following specimen:—

"Beginning with Sicily, we shall contemplate the hereditary mathematical power of calculation which has continued among this people, from Archimedes down to Zuccherò and Mangiamele. There we shall hear the pastorals of Bion and Theocritus sweetly echoed by Meli. Then from smoking Etna we shall hear an echo more tremendous,—the cry of Giovanni da Procida, the warsong of the people, through the instrumentality of whom the Almighty sometimes brings oppression to the dust.

"The ancient Sicilian poets and other authors, with the contemporaneous romance writers, who point out the sources and phases of our language, and depict the calamities of this people, will furnish interesting topics for our literary disquisitions.

"From Sicily to Naples the distance is short: there we shall find a literature at once grand and varied, and shall discover the influences which she has alternately felt and exerted; with her courts, her Roberts, her Charleses, her fatal Janes and Carolines, and with all her wars and festivities. And while examining there, and pursuing our reflections upon the works of many great men, we shall meet the half-naked Masaniello, a modern Spartacus; Vico, the new Plato; Giovanni Porta, the precursor of Lavater and Gall. Then, among other philosophers, literati,

and eminent men of every class, we shall hear the satirical laugh of the profound Salvator Rosa; the groans of the prisoner Cimaroza; the cries for revenge continually uttered by the bleeding shades of the great Cirillo, and the philosopher and poet Mario Pagano. But we must not quit Naples without laying a wreath of laurel upon the recently closed tomb of General Coletta, skilled equally in the use of the sword or the pen, a great historian, a man of spotless character, worthy of another age. Eternal peace to his ashes!—Eternal honour to his memory!

“ Leaving Naples, we pass over a dry, yellowish soil, with here and there a tomb, and a long interminable line of aqueducts; and after a short space arrive at Rome. Here philosopher, archæologist, artist, all stop, bewildered by the vastness of surrounding objects and ideas. Here, at one view, is seen ancient Rome, modern Rome; Paganism, Christianity; the false, the true; fable, history; the sword, the tiara; splendour, ruin; realities, imaginations; materialities and things of the spirit! In one part, kings, consuls, tribunes, emperors; in another, popes, authors, poets, artists: in another, a Rienzi, misunderstood, ill seconded by his contemporaries; misjudged by posterity: the despotic feudal baron face to face before the last tribune of the republic: Orsini, Colonna, and that model of papal barons, the Duke Valentino Borgia: Popes Innocent, Alexander the Sixth, Leo the Tenth, and Casa, Caro, Raffaello, and Giulio:—in fact, an infinity of names and works of every kind; empire and slavery; vice and virtue; fame and infamy.”

In the pursuit and fulfilment of such a method, there will naturally fall to be considered “ the reaction of the artist upon the people, and of the people upon the artist;” so that “ we shall study the man in monuments, and monuments in the man.”

It appears that the Professor is not to be confined to the stores which he in past times has collected for the materials he is to make use of or have at his command, as we gather from the passage we now quote:—

“ Although this is not the moment to present you with a detailed prospectus of my lectures, still it affords me pleasure to be able to communicate to you that, it being known in Italy that I am about to have the honour of delivering such a course from this chair, I shall receive numerous new works and comments from eminent literati in my own country, who will continue to supply me with materials of the deepest interest, and hitherto unknown in England. But, while proud of such an evidence of friendship, and of such means of enriching my course, I wish to declare that I submit to the sway of no particular class of opinions, but shall examine all, and adopt those which bear the strongest impress of truth; it being my constant custom to repeat, ‘ *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*’ This is the principle I adopt with all,—with the Schlegels, with Wite, Roscoe, Lerminier, Fourier, Michelet, and all others. We shall seek for truth, and truth alone, when by the light of monumental criticism we contemplate what constitutes the material body of Italy, the sad but glorious vicissitudes forming its life, and the great men who are its soul. It is only from the combination of these three that there arises an incense, which is *Literature.*”

Having named Roscoe and some other foreigners who have devoted many of their investigations to Italian history, antiquities, and literature, he avows himself opposed to the opinion held by our countryman, that the illustrious men of Italy abounded principally amid opulence, and under the protection of the monarchs and princes of the country; for he asserts that, in his country, genius was impeded by the aristocratic principle, and persecuted by the despotic; while, on the other hand, it was much assisted by the democratic. Dante was condemned to the stake, and died in exile. Campanella passed twenty-seven-years within the walls of a prison, and was seven times subjected to torture. Leonardo da Vinci wanted clothing to protect him against the severities of winter, and these are but some of the instructive examples of men of first-rate genius and deathless renown in Italy, who "by their nobleness of character have been able to convert prisons, chains, the stake, and the block, into rostra of sacred truth."

It is most natural that Count Pepoli should experience the warmest enthusiasm on all those subjects which he particularly connects with the oppression that has reached himself personally and so poignantly. We have seen how he has purposed to ally the social and political history of his country with the vicissitudes of literature and the progress or reverses of art. May we not conclude, therefore, that his lectures at the University College will be full of life as well as of sound and enlightened criticism; and that he will do justice to the state not only of ancient but modern Italian literature? He is to bring down the history to the most recent times; and the feelings and principles that are to guide the latest portion of his labours are thus indicated:—

"Here we enter the precincts of the modern Italian Literature. I cannot deny that it is not so rich as might be desired; but neither is it so poor as many assert. The modern Literature of Italy must be contemplated with reference to the political condition of the country. Many bring charges against it without comprehending it; and others repeat these charges without verifying them. Other declaimers against the modern Italian Literature impudently accuse, judge, and condemn, lacking the while the little qualification of understanding a single word of the language. Heaven enlighten and pardon them! 'Il en coûte si peu d'accabler les malheureux, qu'on est presque toujours disposé à leur faire un crime de leur malheur.' This sentiment of J. J. Rousseau may, I think, be applied to the too hasty detractors of the modern Italian literature. I shall with all calmness, and with proofs in hand, take up its defence, and reply in the words of Chenier to Voltaire:—

' . . . N'en déplaie au pouvoir ;

La défense est un droit, souvent même un devoir.'

And I shall undoubtedly be able to show clearly that knowledge, that the intellectual movement, though impeded and checked, has struggled to release itself from its fetters, from the multiplied hostile political combi-

nations, and from the numberless censorships purposely established by despotism. I could place before your eyes many books defiled with seven Imprimaturs: and whoever looks on these will see in them (if the comparison be not too old) the seven heads of the Hydra of Despotism endeavouring to oppose the intellectual development and social progress of Italy, and to prevent its assuming its proper rank among nations.

"Besides the books with these seven imprimaturs, I could show you some, printed in the Dukedom of Modena, which have the stamp of the police as well as that of the ecclesiastical censor on the title-page, and again at the end; and there exists a law by which it is prohibited to lend books (even thus stamped!) to any person. Permission must be obtained from the Government! It happens sometimes in Italy, that a book sanctioned in a particular state is forbidden twenty miles off!

"I have still in my possession one of those books, which are the torment of the poor poet or other writer, because he is obliged to conform the expression of his ideas to the exigencies of the music. I allude to a lyrical drama, a *libretto*, the libretto of *I Puritani* which I wrote for my beloved friend Bellini, and which, with a translation into French, English, German, and Spanish, has been printed in various parts of Europe, at New York in America, and Algiers in Africa, without blemish or mutilation.

In Italy, however, in my own country, my innocent *libretto* was printed indeed; but with so many mutilations and changes, and in so barbarous a guise, that even I, who composed it, did not know it again.

"The reverend office of the Holy Inquisition, or the non-reverend Commissary of Police, expunged the word *libertà*, and substituted (Heaven knows with what good sense!) the word *allargità* or *lealtà*. Nor was this enough! The word *Patria*, Fatherland, also has been stupidly, or rather sacrilegiously, removed from every verse in which it occurred.

"These and other examples of the same kind would only move to laughter, if grief and indignation were not roused by the consideration of the debased condition of a people whose nation is divided, and who are forbidden to pronounce the word *Patria*, Fatherland.

"If any one born in Italy, calling himself an Italian, commits an offence against one of the reigning powers of that country; and if among these sovereigns there happens to be one like the Duke of Modena, who, by his senseless ferocity, seems not to belong to the human race, and would puzzle Buffon himself to declare to what species of animals he really belongs, —he will understand what difficulties and what merit those Italian authors have, who, defying persecution, advance boldly to accomplish, to the best of their power, the high mission which Heaven confides to the man of letters."

Under such a censorship and opposed to such barbarous jealousies, it can only be the unreflecting, the irrational, or the unfeeling that look for Italy's halcyon days. She is distracted and prostrate in the dust. But who dare predict that the embers of freedom and unsurpassed glory are forever distinguished in her bosom? One, at least, (and there are many thousands besides) still lives, and is now amongst us to fan these embers into a generous flame. To

conclude in the Professor's own words—"Possibly the vast light and heat which illumine and warm so many Italian minds and limbs, may yet be seen to cause an explosion, fusing all into one mind and one body, that will spring up with the might of a Samson, and scatter the Phillistines; and Italy may rise again; physically to a life of peace, and intellectually to a life of glorious independence."

ART. VI.—*An Introductory Lecture on the Study of English Law.*

By P. STAFFORD CAREY, M.A. London: Taylor and Walton. 1839.

It forms a remarkable exception to the modes pursued, we believe, in every country in Europe, that there is no established or even recognized general method of studying the body of English law. One recommends that which he himself may have followed, or conceived in the course of his experience to be the best; which most likely after all is but partial, and merely adapted to one particular branch, or one particular turn of mind. Supposing it to be towards the highest department of practice, viz. that at the bar, that the student turns his eyes, one will advise him to resort for a time to an attorney's office that he may become conversant with certain forms which no reading or reasoning can master; then a special pleader's chambers may be pointed out to him, as also the necessity of attending courts and of patiently perusing reports. Another will insist on a preliminary course of reading; it may be, selecting a particular branch, and naming the very authors and books, and the order in which they are to be perused. Very probably the necessity of beginning with conveyancing and real property may be urged, because no class of practitioners, not even *nisi prius* advocates, can expect to be exempt from the conducting of cases which involve this abstruse branch of learning, the very technicalities of which must remain nearly a dead letter to him who trusts merely to professional forms. Take, for example, the ancient system of tenures, which goes to the very soul and foundation of the whole subject mentioned, and see how mysterious appear the rules, and jargon-like the phraseology which characterize the laws here laid down, or the deeds, documents, and pleadings that may therefrom arise. A passage from the work of an American writer who has lately treated of "a course of legal study" will serve our purpose of illustration. He says, "It would be no difficult undertaking to enumerate many hundred rules of law, as much in force at present as they ever were, which in the abstract appear unaccountable, if not absurd, until inquiry into their feudal origin dispels the difficulty, removes the aspersion, and imparts that life and dignity which philosophy and science never fail to afford to subjects apparently the most abstruse and arbitrary. The student, for instance, is in-

formed that a *freehold* cannot commence *in futuro* ; that it cannot be put in *abeyance*, but that the inheritance may ; that a *contingent* remainder of freehold cannot be limited on a particular estate for *years* ; that a *particular estate* and *remainder* must have a contemporaneous inception ; that an estate to A. for years, remainder to B. for life, remainder to the right heirs of C., is good ; that an estate for *life* to the ancestor, and a limitation of the *inheritance* to his heirs, coalesce and constitute him tenant in fee, &c."

Think of a highly accomplished classical scholar, a proficient in the mathematics, an acute logician, or no mean cultivator of some of the most engaging sciences, coming fresh from the university and aspiring to enter upon the law,—that profession which, above all others, offers to the civilian the most distinguished rewards in the state,—think of him being put to read, understand, or interpret the passage we have now quoted. Such rules, indeed, as the above, and which are so numerous in English law, can make but little useful impression, unless the principles in which they originated be well understood, and the periods of history at which they were dictated be clearly pointed out. These are not to be found out of the *Liber Feudorum*.

But it may be said, that by an assiduous attendance upon the courts of law, by listening to the pleading of barristers and the decisions of judges, the code must be found to be embodied, and its most salient points brought to light in a living, most impressive and interesting manner ; while the earnest and habitual examination of reports at home will kindly and largely add to, and even mature the knowledge acquired in the course of rudimental reading and court attendance. We have only to look to the very satisfactory Lecture of Mr. Carey, the Professor of English Law in the University College, London, for views to set us right on this and some other points to which we shall call attention.

If it be said, that the law of England has been developed to its present form chiefly by the practice of the courts, the answer is, that its most important rules are frequently conveyed in the language of the courts, and are thus absolutely unintelligible to persons at the commencement of the study, and to mere noviciates. An instance in proof of this unintelligibleness is cited by Mr. Carey, which we quote. The case was recently decided:—

"A man having a writ of execution against the goods of another, seizes them : he seizes them, however, not in execution of the writ, but for other purposes, and converts them to his own use, employing the writ merely as a contrivance to get possession of them. Is this seizure justified by the writ, or is it a trespass ? This is a question of considerable importance in its bearing on the execution of legal process ; and as there was great difference of opinion among the judges, the cause in which it was involved was ultimately carried to the highest court of appeal. The

point was raised upon a question as to the admissibility of certain evidence, and the decision turned upon a technical rule of pleading. The House of Lords decided that the evidence was admissible ; and the ground of the decision was, that, *when mixed with fact, a virtute cuius is traversable*. This decision expresses no principle relating to the execution of process, but a principle is involved in it ; and it is because it is the character of our law not to assert principles in terms, but to involve them in the expression of technical rules, that it is almost impossible for the student to advance until he has mastered its technical language. A knowledge of the language of pleading, in particular, is as necessary to the study of law as a knowledge of the language of logic to the study of metaphysics."

But what hinders the student from making himself perfectly conversant with technicalities and the genius of the law, by consulting and digesting those institutional works which contain its elements and rudiments ? The fact is, as Mr. Carey intimates, there are no plain, serviceable, elementary or rudimental works, in the sense at present employed, in the whole range and library of English law books. The language and composition of the commentary on Littleton, it will not be alleged, can ever be attractive, nor even intelligible to beginners. Then as to Blackstone, not to instance critically some of the oft-repeated objections to his celebrated work, if a complete and systematic institutional authority is there sought ; the answer is, that the eminently historical character of our code, and the continual changes, (many of them since Blackstone's time remarkable) to which it is subject, always accommodating itself to the developments of society, require on the part of the student a new preceptor at the starting. Not only the details, but the form and relative positions of the several branches, have been in very modern times wonderfully altered ; nor can we specify a more striking proof of this fact, than the station and importance which the law of commerce now holds in the code and in the practice of the land, as compared with the laws affecting real property, when the Commentaries were written.

What then is to be done by the tyro, who looks alone for elementary instruction, for anything like a general apprehension of the genius and spirit of English law, or who longs to systematize and methodize his reading ? With which one of the innumerable law-books shall he begin ? What number upon any one branch would a judicious and competent adviser recommend ? Now these questions are calculated to puzzle old practitioners as well as young inquirers ; for the law of England is so practical, that the books written and the opinion till lately universal, go upon this ground, that anything like a systematic study of it, as if philosophy could find a science in its compass, is ridiculous and positively pernicious. Accordingly,—

“ The characteristic of an education merely practical is, that it throws the beginner at once upon matters of detail, and leads him to deal with principles, only in their application to individual cases. The effect which is produced by this training on the mind of the student may, in after-life, be clearly traced in the habits and language of the practitioner. Ask an English lawyer for the definition of a right, and you will generally find that he is embarrassed in his answer; but lay before him a statement of facts, in which the right in question is involved, and no man will be more prompt to advise whether an action will lie. Nay, so entirely are the members of the legal profession in this country absorbed in the consideration of details, that they do not even aspire to any higher reputation. Willingly conceding to foreign jurists the palm of superior science, it is enough for them to attain the less exalted praise of superior skill.

“ This circumstance may, no doubt, in part be attributed to the character of the English turn of mind, of which it has justly been observed, that, as in other subjects, so likewise in jurisprudence, it exhibits a fact of a twofold nature—on one side good sense and practical ability; on the other, the absence of general ideas and elevation of mind on theoretical questions.

“ This peculiarity of the professional character, whatever may be the cause on which it originally depends, is no doubt confirmed and perpetuated by being at so early a period impressed upon the mind of the student.”

Mr. Carey nevertheless is of opinion, and we think soundly, that elementary instruction is peculiarly well suited to the study of English law; an opinion which has with great success been reduced to practice and proof in the United States of America; for even supposing, he says,—

“ That all higher views are beyond the scope of a practical lawyer, and supposing that there is, in truth, no object to be sought for in legal education beyond that of training up a skilful advocate, still I think it will require but little consideration to perceive that even this object would not only be more easily, but more effectually attained by the help of elementary instruction.

“ One of the faculties most important to the formation even of a practical lawyer, is the power of systematic arrangement. By this faculty it is that when a question is proposed, he is enabled to view it, not merely as an isolated point, but also in all its various and complicated relations. His mind thus lights, as if by intuition, on the perception of real analogies, rejecting all such as are false, accidental, or merely apparent. The way in which this faculty assists the practitioner in the exercise of his profession, is by enabling him to form his opinion with superior strength and correctness of judgment, and to support this opinion, when formed, with a combination of arguments at the same time so various in detail, and so harmonious in principle, as to present a general consistent view of the relations between the point in question and the other portions of the system, and to determine at once the place to be assigned to it in that system, considered as a whole. The effect that this mode of treating

a subject will produce on the minds of those to whom it is addressed will, I believe, be almost invariably found to be, beyond all measure, greater than any that can be brought about by the most consummate skill and astuteness in the employment of desultory topics."

It is admitted that, although some branches of the English code of laws are eminently systematic, and others have gradually been assuming a systematic form, yet that, considered as a whole, it has not yet had any systematic arrangement impressed upon it by scientific analysis. But in these respects it is not without a precedent, which at length was subjected to the process contemplated by Mr. Carey. As regards want of system, he says English law—

"In this, as in many other respects, bears a strong resemblance to the law of Rome, as it existed at the end of the republic and during the first age of the empire. You will recollect the complaint which Cicero had put into the mouth of Crassus, in referring to the history of the earlier laws:—'Nulli fuerunt qui illa artificiose digesta, generatim, component.' The law was, however, at that time in rapid progress towards a high state of practical efficiency, and those who pursued it as a profession had already attained a high degree of practical skill; but their knowledge was chiefly of an empiric character, and, what is perhaps more important to our present purpose, legal education had not yet made any advances towards a systematic form.

"The manner in which Cicero himself pursued his legal studies is strikingly analogous to the way in which the first knowledge of English law is still gleaned in the chambers of the practitioner: 'Ego autem. says he, 'juris civilis studio multum operæ dabam Q. Scævola P. F. qui quanquam nemini se ad docendam dabat, tamen consulentibus respondendo studiosos audiendi docebat.' This appears to have been the only kind of legal education which existed at Rome, until the more scientific jurists of the Empire, by introducing arrangement into the hitherto undigested mass, rendered it a fit subject for elementary instruction. Then is presented to our view a new epoch in the history of Roman jurisprudence, then began to arise that long series of distinguished men by whom the ancient law was reduced into a system, which was for many ages only partially preserved in the compilations of Justinian, but which Continental jurists, by diligently studying the remaining fragments of earlier authorities, have long been endeavouring to reconstruct."

Then what is to be done for the tyro, seeing that so many obstacles beset his path at the very threshold, and so much, owing to a chaos of facts apparently unconnected with each other, as may disgust the aspirant? The thing recommended in these circumstances by Mr. Carey, and which has recently been gradually obtaining new advocates, is to establish branches of academical education, where the elements of the law shall be orally taught, according to some method; not by any means with the intent to supersede practical education, but to be an introduction and a companion to it, instead

of leaving the student to a desultory mode, which may and most likely will be one merely of a hap-hazard character, its cumbrous or inverted order only becoming gradually and the longer more painfully manifest. Surely nothing but weak and ridiculous prejudice can oppose this view, which, as already stated, has been adopted in many other enlightened countries. Is it saying much for the dignity or the exigencies of the law, that philosophy cannot trace kindred and inseparable principles in its various branches; or that these principles cannot be brought out by a lecturer in a connected and intelligible form? True, he may be obliged, as in other cases where to the tyro there appears to exist an indistinguishable mass of confusion, and only a host of disjointed statutes and decisions, to deal in generalities, or with principles that at first seem to be so remote from individual cases, as to be little better than the indulgence of fanciful and extravagant theory? But how would Botany or Mineralogy stand, if the feelings of the beginner, or of him who has a prejudice against the now accepted mode of studying these sciences, were to be adopted and acted upon? True, those who attend lectures upon the principles of law, of botany, or of mineralogy, may not carry away in their heads one tithe of what they have heard; nor fully digest one tithe of that which they remember or place in their note-books. But can it be supposed that no general notion of principles can be acquired, belonging to the first of these studies as well as to the other two, nor of the conventional and indispensable technical phrases? Why should not the same advantages result, arising from the infection of oral discourse, and all the other circumstances, associations, and sympathies of the lecture-room, such as the commingling of young men devoted to the same pursuit, be witnessed when law is the subject, that are notorious in any other case?—the same stimulating interchange of speculation and opinion that is witnessed, for example, among the law students in Edinburgh; sending each that has forethought and is in earnest, with redoubled spirit to his books, to the courts, or to the office? We may indeed lay it down as a point that cannot be successfully combatted, that the theory and practice of law, above all other branches of a secular nature, admit of the subtlest yet closest and strongest illustration and enforcement reciprocally; and therefore that nothing can be more wise than to imbibe a competent knowledge of its institutes at the first starting. Some of these as well as some other views connected with Mr. Carey's undertaking, as a Professor, are noticed thus at the conclusion of the lecture before us:—

“The view which I have taken of the past history and present condition of the law of England, appears to me to confer at this day a peculiar importance on the establishment of instruction in law as a branch of academical education. The beneficial results to which such an institu-

tion may lead are not limited to its direct and immediate effects. Were the class of the professor reduced to a solitary pupil, the amount of instruction afforded him might be far from inconsiderable, but the advantage he derived would, in no material respect, differ from what might have been as effectually secured by the perusal of published treatises. But when the class consists of a number of students, nearly of the same age, and engaged in the same pursuits,—who are thus made to travel together over the same ground, keeping pace with one another, and having their attention directed at the same time to the same objects,—the effect produced by the lectures does not lie merely in the information they contain, but in the spirit with which they animate the student, and the control which they exercise over his labours.

“Thus it is that the professor, by giving a peculiar direction to the studies of his pupils, and leading them to the cultivation of a particular turn of mind, may be enabled ultimately to exercise an extensive influence over the interests of society at large. Never has there been a period in the history of England, since the great movement which led to the dethronement of the Stuarts, when an influence of this kind was so likely to be attended with important results as that in which we are now placed. The practical defects of our law are every day attracting more strongly the public attention—a spirit of change is already extensively at work. How are these defects so likely to be remedied—how is the spirit of change capable of being so beneficially governed and directed, as by creating a body of lawyers, in whom the knowledge of practical details is subordinate to a general comprehension of the whole system?”

It remains only for us to notice the plan to be followed:—

“The first main division which I propose, is that which distinguishes private law from public law: *Jus Publicum*,—quod ad statum reipublicæ spectat; *Jus Privatum*,—quod ad singulorum utilitatem pertinet. The terms and the definitions are taken from the Roman jurists: the idea is, however, not foreign to our own law. It may be distinctly traced in the division of legal proceedings into Common Pleas and Pleas of the Crown.”

But, says he,—

“I wish it to be understood that I do not intend to go through the whole of this extensive subject in a single course of lectures, either in the present or any subsequent year; on the contrary, one great advantage which I propose to myself from distributing the law under a variety of distinct heads, is, that I shall thus be enabled to select any one of them as the subject of a course of lectures of limited extent: thus presenting it to the mind of the student as a whole, and concentrating his attention upon it, and at the same time keeping in his view the precise place which it holds in the general system.”

Then as to the subdivisions, public law will fall into the order now to be cited,—

“I. International Law.

- II. Constitutional Law.
- III. Colonial Law.
- IV. Administrative Law.
- V. Ecclesiastical Law.
- VI. Criminal Law."

And private law into this,—

- " I. The Law of Property.
- II. The Law of Torts.
- III. The Law of Contracts.
- IV. Commercial Law.
- V. The Law of Persons.
- VI. The administration of justice in Courts of Equity.
- VII. The administration of justice in Courts of Common Law."

ART. VII.—*The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis*, Author of
"The Monk," &c. &c. 2 Vols. London: Colburn. 1839.

INSTEAD of two stout octavos, there is not stamina here for one moderately-sized duodecimo. Lewis himself was but a thin subject, his real merits as a writer contrasting remarkably with his temporary fame; and his personal character being no ways distinguished, unless we instance the kind, charitable, and amiable traits which shone conspicuously throughout his life. His writings can at the present day have but few readers; they never deserved, even as the creations of a romantic fancy, a hundredth part of the wonder bestowed on them. The horrors he loved to picture are distortions; the end they serve has neither a moral nor intellectual character. Then as to the biographer, and the editor of the present "many pieces in prose and verse, never before published," there is fully as much flimsiness as there was about his hero. He seems to have raked together, without any clearly understood purpose, all that he could find to pertain to the family; and to have served up a mess of anecdotes, the majority of which could never be worth recording, and which at this day can inspire no general interest whatever; unless it be on the part of some giddy and poorly informed person who has a taste for prating about melodramatic theatricals and music, or some superficialist, whom a meagre list of works, their dates, the extent of their ephemeral popularity, or most commonplace notices journalized by Lewis himself, may satisfy. By the exercise of patience, however, and the process of winnowing, the reader may collect a few morsels that, when thrown together, afford as much interest as will repay the time spent in the perusal of such a selection. Accordingly for the benefit of those who choose to consult our pages, we perform the drudgery.

Mat. was born in the year 1775. His father was Deputy Secre-

tary at War, and a man of property both in England and the West Indies. His mother was the daughter of Sir T. Sewell, Master of the Rolls. There were other children, but the author of the *Monk* was the eldest. And here it may be observed, that "*The Life*" is encumbered with so much detail about all the members of the family alluded to, as to serve the purpose of bookmaking according to the most approved principles of diffusion, when there is neither unity or distinctness of purpose, nor the power to digest, arrange, and turn to the best account the little that may be scattered over a large space. At school, at Oxford, and in early life, we do not find that Lewis was distinguished for anything beyond a prejudicial facility in the art of composition. "*The East Indian*," a comedy, for instance, was written when he was only sixteen. "*The Monk*," we are told, was the offspring of ten weeks labour, when the author was twenty; no great wonder after all. Very probably, its untruthfulness, its false colouring, its puerile combinations, would have been grosser, if the writer's vitiated taste and morbid imagination had been allowed longer time to conjure up extravagant visions. The artificial tawdriness of the piece would in that case have still more predominated over the natural and the healthy.

Lewis was unfortunately situated between his parents, who, before he completed his academical studies, had separated. There appear to have been some indiscretions on the part of the lady, and the father seems to have had an affair with a Mrs. R——. Yet it is relative to these family imprudences, and the distresses and jealousies accompanying them, that Mathew's character is seen to the best advantage; his generous and sensitive nature being not more conspicuous practically, than his sound sober sense, and considerate feeling. We present a specimen, written amid most perplexing and painful circumstances:—

"My dear Mother,—I was not conscious of shewing any coolness or reserve when I saw you. Believe that my affection is still as warm for you as ever; but since you desire me to tell you my thoughts, I will openly confess to you that I feel many very different sensations upon your subject. I feel for you the greatest regard, the most eager desire to do anything that can give you even the most trifling satisfaction; and, at the same time, I cannot help recollecting the pain and anxiety you have occasioned to my dear, my worthy father; and that it is owing to your conduct that my sisters are deprived of maternal care and attention, and of receiving the benefit of those little instructions and observations, so necessary to make young women accomplished, and which are in the power of a mother alone to point out to them with success. You ask me how much I know of your difference with my father, and whether I could publicly make allowances for you. You suppose my father has been giving me instructions. You accuse him unjustly: he has never said a syllable to me with regard to you and my behaviour is entirely such as

is dictated by my own heart. If that is good, as yourself has often told me, my conduct must be the same; if my conduct is wrong, my heart is the same; and it will be worth no one's while to seek to have a share of it. No: I will own to you openly, I could not declare in public that I can make allowances for you. In my heart I can excuse you, and believe that your own innocence, and the deceit of others, may have been the occasion of your errors. But these are arguments never received by the world, which is always eager to believe the worst side of everything. But, saying I have arguments to bring against your adversaries (though I swear to you, on my soul, I know of no adversaries that you have), I never could bear to talk coolly upon the subject. But let me put a case to you, and make you remember a circumstance which must speak to your own feelings. My sisters are now at the age when their minds are most capable of receiving lasting impressions: they have been taught to regard me almost as attentively as their father; and from my being more with them, and entering into their amusements with more vivacity than people who are not so near their own age can do, they readily adopt any sentiments they hear me declare. Can you then openly confess that you wish your conduct to be followed by your daughters?"

We presume that the mother's imprudences were not unconnected with expensive habits. Indeed, there is evidence before us that she was the patroness of a very promiscuous system of visiting, and of very frequent musical parties. We now quote a few more sentences of the document we have already drawn from:—

"There are many reasons which make Oxford an improper abode for you. It is an uncommon thing to see a lady arrive there by herself; and as there are people who have a right to enquire into my actions, I should be subject to many unpleasant questions; and what answer would you have me give them? You wish to spend the ten pounds I offer you at Oxford, and you tell me your difficulties are over; but they may recur, and I imagine you would not wish positively to throw away ten pounds. I must now beg you to have done with this subject. Never let me again be obliged to write such a letter—so embarrassing, so distressing. I really think it unkind to tax me with coolness and reserve of conduct. I am not conscious of having failed to you in any one point of affection. The way, also, and manner in which you put it, was not a fair one. You must have been conscious that I could not decide in your favour; and to decide against you would give me infinite pain. But I have now done with this painful subject."

We did not expect such plain, sensible, and really tender things from Monk Lewis; and as it is an agreeable surprise, we shall be excused for giving further proofs of his judgment and delicate feeling. It would appear that his mother had it in contemplation to publish a version of domestic misunderstandings in the shape of a novel, and thereby have her revenge. But the son interposes in the following manner:—

"I do most earnestly and urgently supplicate you, whatever may be its merits, not to publish your novel. It would be useless to say that it should be published without your name. Everything is known in time, and it would be the bookseller's interest to have your name known, in order that people may read it from curiosity. He would not fail to insert in the newspapers that 'It is whispered, that such a novel is written by Mrs. Lewis,' and then would follow paragraph after paragraph, with all our family affairs ripped up, till every one of us would be ready to go mad with vexation. I cannot express to you in language sufficiently strong how disagreeable and painful my sensations would be, were you to publish any work of any kind, and thus hold yourself out as an object of newspaper animadversion and impertinence. I am sure every such paragraph would be like the stab of a dagger to my father's heart. It would do a material injury to Sophia; and although Maria has found an asylum from the world's malevolence, her mother's turning novel-writer would (I am convinced) not only severely hurt her feelings, but raise the greatest prejudice against her in her husband's family. As for myself, I really think I should go to the Continent immediately upon your taking such a step. Pray write me a line immediately, to assure me that you have laid aside your intention of publishing; and that, even if you have already made a bargain for your novel, you will break it; for I will not suppose that after what I have said you will refuse my request."

How much is it to be regretted that Lady Bulwer had not a friend to address and counsel her effectively in similar terms.

From Lewis, had he known "how to observe," or had he turned the capacities and sound sense which we now perceive he possessed to a close observation of mankind, we should certainly have had descriptions and criticisms in his journals and correspondence going beneath the surface, of which we have hardly a specimen in these volumes; and something more sterling than all the dramas and spectral stories which he concocted. His intercourse with the great and the fashionable was upon a large scale; he was welcomed and courted in many a splendid drawing-room. His visits to foreign parts were frequent; and he was not always a mere tourist. He was, for example, at one time attached to the British embassy at the Hague; and yet it is hardly possible to alight upon one striking observation in any of his letters on any occasion; the mere outside of things, and anecdotes reaching no deeper, constituting the style of his correspondence. We cannot give a higher specimen than that which we now quote:—

"As for me, the Hague and the Dutch are as insufferable as ever. But of late I have cut the society of the place, and got into a very agreeable coterie, which assembles every other night at the house of one of the cleverest women I ever met with, a Madame de Matignon. She is the daughter of the celebrated Baron de Breteuil, who lives with her. We have also the Marquise de Bebrance, the Princess de Leon, the Princesse de Montmorencie, the Vicomte de Bouille, the Duke de Polignac, the beau

Dillon (of whom you must certainly have heard), and, in short, the very best society of Paris. This, you must suppose, is pleasant; everybody is at their ease; some play at tric-trac; others work; others '*font la belle conversation*,' and so well, with such wit and novelty of thought, that I am much entertained by it. You will easily conceive that, after such a society, the Dutch assemblies must be dreadful. I, therefore, seldom go near them; and, indeed, a late proof of their stupidity would have terrified a man possessed of more courage than myself. An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty; and, consequently, must have been frequently *ennuied* before. But such peculiar *ennui* was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact. There is a Duchesse de la Force here, a sort of idiot, whom I wish you could see. She would entertain you much. Her conversation is composed of the same set of phrases, which she vents upon all occasions. One of them is '*Et les détails?*' She said, the other day, without minding her question or his reply, '*Eh bien! M. Dillon, y a-t-il quelques nouvelles?*'—'*Il n'y en a pas, Madame.*'—'*Vraiment! et les détails?*' When they told her that the Queen of France was dead, she asked for the *détails?* She would make an excellent character in a comedy."

However meagre the letters may be, or the notices selected by the biographer from the journals, we may very reasonably presume that the society of such an amiable and warm-hearted creature, and one too whose brain and pen were so fertile of fruit, though not of the richest flavour or heaviest species, would be agreeable, and found even by persons of the highest genius and acquirements to be, in their moments of relaxation, delightful. We introduce our next extract in connection with this supposition:—

"Among the visitors at Oatlands, during the period to which Lewis alludes in the foregoing letter, were Lord Erskine, and the witty and accomplished Lady Anne Cullen Smith, with both of whom he was on terms of intimacy and friendship; and one evening, after dinner, these three amused themselves in writing what is not inaptly called, 'thread paper rhymes.' It was commenced by the following impromptu of Lord Erskine, on returning Lewis's pencil:

" 'Your pencil I send you, with thanks for the loan;
Yet writing for fame now and then,
My wants I must still be content to bemoan,
Unless I could borrow—your *pen*!'

His lordship having indulged in a not very complimentary comparison at the expense of the ladies, was thus answered by Lewis:

" 'Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Says, wives are tin canisters tied to one's tail;

While fair Lady Anne, as the subject he carries on,
 Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
 Yet wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
 A canister's useful, and polish'd, and bright;
 And should dirt its original purity hide,
 That's the fault of the *puppy* to whom it is tied!

To which Lord Erskine immediately rejoined:

“ ‘ When smitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
 If marriage should not be your lot,
 A ball from a pistol will end your despair—
 It's safer than *canister-shot* !’ ”

Had the present biographer been a person competent to supply the want which uniformly marks Lewis's sketches of individuals, we must have found, instead of the mass of matter in these volumes, which possesses no sort of public interest, portraits of many distinguished characters, no longer moving on the world's stage, and notices of the early days of others, who are still amongst us, that might have satisfied a laudable curiosity. It is quite manifest that when introducing the eccentric Lady Cork, and an account of some of her vagaries, there was room for harmless yet piquant sketches. The scene, however, to which these sketches might have been attached is good so far as it goes, and therefore we introduce it:—

“ Her ladyship took a great fancy to Mr. Thomas Moore, then in the zenith of popularity and the darling of the day; and one evening took it into her head to gratify her guests with some passages of dramatic reading. Mr. Moore was the fascinating medium selected for this ‘flow of soul,’ upon which it seemed the lady had set her heart, but against which it proved the gentleman had set his face: he was exceedingly sorry—was particularly engaged—had besides a very bad cold—a terribly obstinate hoarseness; and declared all this with an exceedingly ‘good evening’ expression of countenance. Her ladyship was puzzled how to act, until Lewis came to her relief; and in a short time she made her appearance with a large Burgundy pitch plaster, with which she followed the wandering melodist about the room, who in his endeavours to evade his well-meaning pursuer and her formidable recipe, was at length fairly hemmed into a corner. Whether he there exerted his eloquence in protestations of gratitude, or in prayers for assistance we never heard, but as they say of the heroes of romance, ‘he at length effected his escape.’ Having one day taken into her head to have a ‘raffle,’ or lottery, for a charitable purpose, she mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that everybody was to *win something*, Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to their owners. Accordingly, on the evening appointed (for the raffle took place at a *soirée*), the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms burdened

with the most out-of-the-way articles the eccentric hostess could procure ; while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke of their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction, running about with teapots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner, in which to deposit their prizes ; while young ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or the shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat-iron. Guinea-pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchmen's rattles, and Dutch-ovens, were perplexing their fortunate, or, as perhaps they considered themselves, unfortunate proprietors ; and Lady Cork's raffle was long remembered by those who were present as a scene of laughter and confusion."

Had Lord Brougham been apprized of the following anecdote, we think he would have made use of it in his dialogue with Lord Althorp, concerning the instincts and intelligence of the brute creation. The Highlands of Scotland is the locality alluded to :—

" About ten days ago, one of the farm-keepers' wives was going homewards through the woods when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed ; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together. Now, this is really a matter of fact ; and if all matters of fact were as pretty, I should think it quite superfluous to read romances, and much more to write them."

Before leaving the Highlands, we may as well take a glimpse of another visitor as drawn by a master hand :—

" Mrs. T. Sheridan is also here at present, very pretty, very sensible, amiable, and gentle : indeed, so gentle, that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving trouble (he says), it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that, when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says, ' Oh ! pray don't get dinner on purpose for me ; I'll take a dish of tea instead : ' and he declares himself certain, that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant, with great gentleness and composure, ' Pray, William, is there any water in the house ? ' ' No madam ; but I can soon get some. ' ' Oh ! dear no ; it does not signify ; I dare say the fire will go out of itself ! ' "

We have not thought it necessary to trace chronologically, or even to mention the titles of the works written by Lewis ; much less to quote any specimens of the pieces that now appear for the first time in print. In connection with his productions and temporary popularity, we rather present an anecdote. "The Castle Spectre" is the piece alluded to :—

"The terrors inspired by the spectre were not confined to Drury Lane ; but, as the following anecdote shows, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played Evelina—having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character—one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawing-room, and throwing herself into a seat, exclaimed, 'Oh, this ghost ! this ghost ! Heavens ! how the ghost torments me !' 'Ma'am !' uttered a tremulous voice, from the other side of the table. Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. 'Sir !' she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite. 'What—what was it you said, madam ?' 'Really, sir,' replied the astonished actress, 'I have not the pleasure of—Why, good heavens, what have they been about in the room ?' 'Madam !' continued the gentleman, 'the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain—' 'Yours !' screamed Mrs. Powell ; surely, sir, this is Number 1.' 'No, indeed, madam,' he replied : this is Number 2 and, really, your language is so very extraordinary, that—' Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. 'Ten thousand pardons !' she said. The coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane, and have just come from performing the 'Castle Spectre.' Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you.' It is almost needless to add, that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visiter, as he politely escorted her to the street-door. 'Good night,' said the still laughing actress ; and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to *number one*."

It has been noted that persons of the most cheerful temperament have written the most melancholy and pathetic stories, and that Cowper, for example, on the other hand, beguiled despair by sending his fancy upon the most laughter moving excursions. From passages in the volume before us, it is with pleasure that we see demonstrated, that although Lewis appears from his works to have gloated over horrors and revolting crimes, yet that virtue, poverty, and frail humanity attracted his active and real sympathies. There was here no licentiousness of fancy or extravagance of wordy zeal. Behold him on his way to a fashionable watering-place, and for a short time in a small country town, where a company of strolling players happened to be located for the time :—

“ Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk Lewis*, waited upon him at the inn, to request the very trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called ‘*The Hindoo Bride*,’ in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude, at being requested to call for the MS. the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, ‘*The Bride*’ was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B———. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster’s shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment: from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity:—‘ There now, mother, always that old story—When I’ve just brought such good news too;—after I’ve had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!’ —‘ I hope not, Jane,’ replied the feeble voice, ‘ only don’t do these things again without consulting me; for you don’t know the world, and it may be thought—’ The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathizing author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses and despatched a porter to the young actress, with the epistle.

“ Madam,—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my ‘*Hindoo Bride*’ has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don’t at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene, in which you lately sustained the character of ‘*The Daughter!*’ Brides, of all denominations, but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public, and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider

myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the enclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same,

" I remain, Madam,
(With sentiments of respect and admiration),
" Your sincere wellwisher,

" M. G. LEWIS."

" To Miss——, at Mr. Green's, &c."

And now for the last scene of all in which the sensitive and amiable Lewis acted.

The account is by a lady who was a passenger along with him, as he was returning homewards from the West Indies :—

" ' I last saw Mr. Lewis about nine on the same evening, before I retired for the night, and promised to call out, to those who were watching, in the outward cabin, the half-hours when he was to have a medicine given him. I did so. At two o'clock I heard him say, ' Thank you, thank you ! ' All that night his groans were dreadful ; I could only lie in my berth and listen to them, for illness rendered me powerless. By degrees, his moanings subsided into low convulsive sobs ; they grew fainter and fainter, and became calmed into a breathing, as though the sufferer slept. I was worn out, and lost all consciousness. From this state of stupor (for I can hardly call it sleep), I was roused by the steward, at a little past four on the morning of the 14th of May, calling me by my name. He came to inform me that ' Mr. Lewis was no more.' It seemed he had requested to be left undisturbed, and appeared inclined to sleep when the last dose of medicine was administered, and the watchers remained in the outward cabin, leaving the door of his berth ajar. All continued still for some time : at four o'clock the steward approached, and thought he slept ; he described him as lying with his head a little thrown back on the pillow, his arms crossed upon his breast, as though attempting to suppress some internal convulsive feeling. The man approached his ear to the sleeper's lips to listen to his breathing, but that sleep was death ; and, in a slumber, gentle as the rest of childhood, the worn-out spirit had passed away for ever ! "

" We commit our brother to the deep," was soon after literally fulfilled, and the account proceeds thus :—

" Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as for an instant, the ingulfing wave closed over his remains !

' Oh ! that sound did knock
Against my very heart.'

The coffin, encased in his shroudlike hammock, rose again almost immediately : the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvass acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica. I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend ; till, nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel and the object of my gaze, it became as a speck upon the waters, and—I saw it no more."

ART. VIII.—*Odious Comparisons; or, The Cosmopolite in England.*

By J. RICHARD BEST, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Saunders and Otley.

MR. BEST has spent a great part of his life on the continent. He is known as the author of "Transalpine Memoirs," and some other works, in which he proves himself skilled in foreign languages, and not an inattentive observer of men, manners, and scenery, which to homebred and untravelled Englishmen present novelty and matter for speculation. In the publication before us, we have many sketches of a similar kind, though the pervading purpose is to bring forward the parallelisms as they appear to him to exist in England and to compare them with the foreign; for though a native of England, so much of his training occurred abroad, and so much of his time was there passed, that on his return to our shores, he viewed all that came in his way, and everything that was done differently, as he supposes, from every one else, whether native or foreigner; the impressions, the changes to which his mode of judging were subject, and his later convictions being candidly described.

We hardly think, however, that the title "Cosmopolite" can be legitimately adopted by our author. For the most part the sketches in these volumes are superficial and unoriginal. The tone, too, of satire that pervades the work, and something that frequently looks like an affectation of style and sentiment, scarcely accords with the appellation. Besides, Mr. Best displays a very strong and zealous adherence to certain creeds, political and religious, which are neither generally entertained among some of the most enlightened nations and classes, nor altogether tolerant, as the reader is obliged to discover rather from the spirit than the actual expression of the writer. His zeal as a Catholic, and his opinions about the ballot, might have been more agreeably indicated. Then there is a concomitant trait of egotism, while the occasions of its exhibition are not always of the most dignified order, as witness the details of eating and drinking belonging to different countries. In each and all of the respects now referred to, we find Mr. Best but half a cosmopolitan when compared with Dr. Cumming. He is neither such a discerning, considerate, nor liberal man of the world. His experience has been much more limited; his grounds of decision were much more shallow. The Scotchman is the more catholic of the two.

Still there are striking points in these volumes, some of which Mr. Best has turned to good account; although, the reflecting and philosophic reader will more frequently find himself induced to pursue a train of speculation upon a bare or inadequately handled text, than be satisfied with the author's use of it. A few specimens may enable our readers to test our criticism. But first of all we are

bound to let the author be heard, as he wishes to be understood, and as he modestly professes to speak. He says, "I do not pretend to justify opinions resulting from the superficial glance of a stranger; and if I take upon myself to praise or to blame, it is in the character of one unacquainted with the origin and object of the custom to which he alludes. I do nothing but compare;"—that is, he professes merely to compare superficialities; which processes are sure to be often remarkably incomplete, inconclusive, and odious.

We have alluded to Mr. Best's frequent comparisons, when the manners merely at table, and his personal feelings on such occasions, are the subject. His very first dinner after setting foot upon English ground, on his return to the land of his birth, furnishes a text for one of these disquisitions. But even in London the cookery, the manner of serving up the several dishes, and the general demeanour of the parties at the table, set all his preconceived notions at odds. We allude particularly to a feast, which must have been given by a wealthy rural squire, not much accustomed to fashionable life in the metropolis. Neither alderman nor courtier, nor any of the Bull race aspiring to such distinctions, could have a hand in any such vulgarities:—

"The repast began with a soup, the whole flavour of which was derived from the pepper with which it abounded: this seems to be the usual and only English method of seasoning a dish. As at Dover, we had helped ourselves to pieces of heavy bread, cut into small notches and carried round in a tray. Is the English climate unable to ripen your wheat, or is it solely to adulteration that we must attribute the heaviness and universal badness of your bread? This, however, sufficiently accounts for the comparatively little quantity eaten by my countrymen. The soup was removed, and four dishes with covers—as in France—were set upon the table. The mistress of the house informed us what was under each cover, and what would follow in the second course. In France, the lady of the house would have known nothing of the matter. According to the custom of the country, we first partook of the fried fish placed at the head of the table: in France and Italy, the master and mistress of the house are seated at the opposite sides of the table, whence they are able to pay more general attention to the whole of their guests. The servant brought round the stand of sauces: in France it would have been taken for a *plateau à liqueurs*: and, following the example of the others, I helped myself from one or two phials; mixing the contents with the melted butter and anchovy sauce contained in a separate vase. Another servant then handed round a deep octangular dish; at one end of which were potatoes, at the other cauliflowers: to me, this mixture of two vegetables on the same dish appeared far from inviting. Each helped himself to some of each sort, and then taking his silver fork—for each was provided with both steel and silver, the steel instrument being, it seems, destined for the meat—we at length tasted this long-preparing fish! The sauce mixture was very good; but a deal of time would have been saved had it

been cooked up in the kitchen, and served on the same dish as the fish. I could not eat without bread; and yet found it difficult to manage at the same time the fish, sauces, potatoes, cauliflower, and bread, amongst which my appetite lost itself. However, in this *embarras des richesses*, I got on as well as I could; wishing to conform as much as possible to the customs of those amongst whom I was thrown. In the midst of the difficulty of distinguishing amongst the many and various articles which then covered my plate, the master of the house invited me to 'take a glass of wine with him.'

• Though I scarce understood

What he wished me to do, I said, Thank him, I would.'

The butler brought us a couple of glasses of white wine, and, following the movements of my adversary—for I had no will of my own, and, in true simplicity of heart, might have been led to do anything under the idea that it was English—I put on a grave look, and then, with a dismal, solemn, and important mien, returned the nod of my friend. The servants carried off the glasses as soon as empty. Having recovered from this interruption, all proceeded well again. A couple of dishes were uncovered; one contained a joint of roast mutton, the other a plain boiled fowl; for curiosity sake, I desired to taste the latter. I was helped to a wing, and a servant offered me melted butter with parsley: this I thought as odd a sauce as the dish for which it was intended. The bird had no flavour; that, of course, had been boiled away; and the butter was little able to replace it. I refused to join to this insipid meat, potatoes and boiled cauliflowers, equally insipid; and I thought with a sigh of the cookery of Very's and the Café de Paris."

We presume that by this time Mr. Best prefers some of these solids and unadulterated dishes of portly John, to the made and vitiously seasoned contrarieties of French cookery. At any rate, we shall see, that he has retracted other opinions, hastily formed respecting the comparative merits and attractions of England and the Continent. But how came it that he had so much to learn about his native country,—that its scenery, its houses, the streets of its towns, the manners and character of the people were so strange to him? He must surely have often mixed with Englishmen when abroad; at any rate he would, we presume, meet with English books, such as the journals of travellers, who had been at pains to describe what he himself had forgotten, or never seen at home. Can we suppose that he was so incurious and so unthoughtful of the country in which he was born as not to peruse its newspapers? And yet the following passage seems to intimate that these fast and far-travelling messengers of information about everything, were, on his arrival in England, strange to him, even to the very circumstance of size. He says,—

"My arms were at full stretch, endeavouring to manage a morning paper—so much larger than our foreign journals. Yet those I have met with in England do not seem to contain more readable matter. Two

sides of the sheet I was now trying to wield were exclusively devoted to advertisements, which, though they may be profitable to the editor, have little interest for most readers. After a small portion of an English newspaper has been given up to one leading article on the most interesting subject of the day, and to one short extract from a French journal, which is sufficient to satisfy those interested in foreign news and politics,—the rest of this enormous extent of paper seems to be generally devoted to reporting the movements of great personages; the proceedings at county or party meetings; a long list of births, marriages, and deaths; dreadful accidents; shocking murders; coroners' inquests; curious occurrences; the state of the weather; the particularly early appearance of different vegetables; the exact dimensions of wonderfully large potatoes; and other articles equally interesting; although to my mind they appeared insulting to the judgment of a British public. Nevertheless, they are certainly as harmless, and, perhaps, as useful, as the violent, coarse, and ungentlemanly political squabbles which, I admit, swell the unrestrained columns of a French newspaper."

We do not look upon advertisements as being generally uninteresting to a people who are generally devoted to business, trade, and traffic. What class is there that may not find much that nearly concerns it in the advertising pages of the Times? There is even amusement as well as profit to be derived from many of the entries. Certainly there is a vast amount of information not only of a practical kind, but such as cannot fail to set the mind upon a wide sphere of speculation. Even Mr. Best appears to have apprehended some of the points to which we refer; for in the very passage in which we have found our last extract, he proceeds to say—

"I once lighted upon a journal entitled 'Lloyd's List:' the existence of such a paper as this speaks volumes, of which an Englishman, nay, the whole world, may be justly proud. How must not the admiration of the most classical enthusiast be diminished by a single glance over these modern mercantile pages!"

A considerable number of years has elapsed since Mr. Best returned to England, in the course of which he has sojourned for a second time in France, Clermont, the capital of Auvergne, being the scene of his residence; one of the many old-fashioned and characteristic places, so interesting to the antiquary, and all who have an eye alive to the picturesque. Nor has our author overlooked the external significances of such provincial scenes, having also satisfactorily traced certain conventional manners and prevailing distinctions witnessed in such places to their source. Take a favourable example:—

"Most towns in France contain garrisons; but it is only those situated in a corn or forage country that are suited for cavalry. Perhaps you are not aware of the difference which, as far as society and drawing-rooms

are concerned, exists between the French infantry and cavalry. At the beginning of the Revolution, the people—to avenge themselves on the nobility, who had given the rank of officer to none but those of their own caste—declared all nobles unable to hold any command in the army. They were subsequently placed on the same footing as others, and commissions were indiscriminately given to all who had distinguished themselves as privates. The ranks were, nevertheless, the common nursery of all officers who had not been regularly educated in the military academies; and admission to these was not obtained without difficulty.

“ This state of things could not but be grating to the aristocratic pride of the nobles : and the reëstablished government of the Bourbons was not unwilling to restore to them as many as possible of the lost privileges of their birth. The pay of a cavalry officer is scarcely sufficient to maintain, with credit, himself and his horses ; that of an officer in the regiments of foot is enough to enable him to meet, without difficulty, all the expenses incumbent on his situation. These reasons, and the secret influence of public opinion, have caused the command of the cavalry to be abandoned more exclusively to the nobles and to those to whom personal property compensates the deficiency of pay ; and thus the infantry regiments are either exclusively commanded by officers raised from the ranks, or by some few nobles whom their small fortunes prevent from entering into the other service.”

If it be desired to meet our author on English ground, and when the subject is of a nature to engage his earnest observation, and is in itself important, having a high and extensive bearing upon national manners, Mr. Best will then appear to best advantage, although in such a case of personal earnestness he is apt to become keen and opinionative. The text to the passage we now cite is this,—“ England appears to me to be the most priest-ridden country in Europe.” Then comes the illustrations :—

“ I pretend not to affirm that the influence of which I speak is exercised by the clergy over the *consciences* of the people ; far from it. Their power is derived from the wealth of the whole body, and from the connexions of each individual ; and, by these means, is extended over society in general. When I declare to my friends here, that in Catholic countries we never, unless we send for him, meet a priest out of his church—that he never mingles in society—and that, beyond his own sphere and what regards his own duties, he has not the least influence even with his own parishioners—I am scarcely believed. Some Catholic priests there doubtless are who would wish to extend the political influence of the church ; but in the society of private life a priest is never seen.

“ Here, on the contrary, I never go to a dinner-party without finding at least half of the company composed of the clergy of the neighbourhood. If I go to an evening party, I find that three-fourths of the young ladies are daughters of clergymen ; and the remainder of the fair group is made up of wives, sisters, cousins, or nieces of the servants of the church. Not a family but has some living at its disposal, some son looking out for

church preferment, or some relation handsomely endowed with it. Not a family but is, in some way or other, interested in the support of the wealthiest church establishment in Europe—in the assertion of a politico-religious monopoly of loyalty and faith. All this it is which gives the Anglican clergy their amazing influence in society—particularly in the society of the country. They themselves may affect, or even feel liberality; but wo to the man who there incurs the displeasure of their wives and daughters by being indisposed towards anything in church or state which they may fancy it to be the interest of their corporation to maintain! I think I may justly call the Anglican Church a corporation, and a political corporation to boot; for how often do we not hear the clergy declare that the support of the State is essential to the prosperity of their religion? How often do we not hear them cry out, whenever they fancy that the State is inclined to withdraw any portion of its exclusive support or favour, that the Church is in danger? One accustomed to see religion dependent upon itself for the influence which it may exercise, is greatly astonished by this avowed necessity for the earthly patronage of a heavenly object.”

We fear there is less truth in the following unqualified criticism, that is to say, if we limit the preceding remarks to certain corners or localities in the land, although in both passages certain prepossessions may have been at work in the author's brain. Quoth Mr. Best,—

“Of landscape painting I must venture to say that my countrymen, at least the generality of those who have exposed their works, have not the most distant idea: their attempts to render the foliage of trees are, for the greater part, most completely unsuccessful, and shew an apparently insurmountable stiffness of manipulation. They do not attempt to mark the leaves of their trees, however near; but lay on dabs of yellow or green paint which they seem too idle to subdivide or to restrict to any outline. I was surprised to find them equally at a loss to represent clouds; in that department, I should have anticipated a different result.”

But Mr. B. does not humble us on all occasions by his comparisons, nor leave us dissatisfied with our country, with its climate, its scenery, and its domestic peculiarities. If, when he returned to us, he at first felt the landscapes, though beautiful, yet contracted as to scale, our atmosphere heavy and gloomy, our very coaches so handsome and neat as to inspire a species of doubt and timidity, he afterwards states:—

“I retract all former opinions on the alleged tameness of English scenery. In fact, having now journeyed over a great part of the island, I often ask myself what Continental country of equal extent may compete with it for the admiration of the traveller? We have not, I admit, the varied and ever-glowing tints of a Southern sun—the only object for which I would again wish to travel; but we have green fields and woodland scenery, which the South of Europe never offers; we have, more-

over, bold mountainous passes, and even districts, recurring more frequently than they are to be met with on the Continent. France, the ugliest country in the world in the eyes of every foreigner, will, I am aware, proclaim itself super-eminently beautiful. But, in the mind of a Frenchman, a beautiful country and a rich country are synonymous terms: he has no conception of the beauty of any landscape that does not flow with milk and honey. Hence his admiration for his drearily-expanding districts of arable land. With few exceptions, the picturesque scenery of France is restricted to the South of the Garonne and of the Isere, including also Auvergne.

"Germany offers even less to the admiration of a Dr. Syntax; for, excepting the land included between the Tyrolian Alps and the Danube, we recollect little that might not vie with the most monotonous, dreary, and uninteresting corn regions of France; while the immense plain of Bavaria, corresponding with that of Lombardy on the opposite side of the Alps, has not even the rice swamps and the straggling vines of the latter country to arouse the sleepy traveller."

The Netherlands, Holland, Prussia, even Poland, and the Lombard-Venetian territory, are also condemned, when brought into comparison with the aspect, natural, cultivated, and adorned of England. Then as to other attractions, after he had seen, and after he had experienced what his native country contained, and on his second visit to France, he has told us,—

"At Dover, I had entered what is known in every English inn as the 'traveller's room,' or the coffee-room: I was now in the French *salle-à-manger* of the Calais hotel; and, comparing it with the room at Dover, I, for the first time, understood the external meaning of the English word comfort, apart from its moral sense. The one room was carpeted, and fitted up like a private sitting-room; while it was evident that chairs and tables were thought to constitute the only furniture that could be requisite in the other. Such had once been my notion; but England *had spoiled me*."

This was in January. There was snow three inches thick in France on the morning after his arrival, but he had experienced previously no cold weather in England; and he adds, "The English climate is far better than is generally supposed." He continues thus:—

"The snow continued to fall as I entered the coach-yard and seated myself in the *coupé* of the *diligence*. Had I entertained the least doubt of the fact, I should now have been convinced that I was no longer in England; and I watched the scene around as anxiously and attentively as though it had never before been offered to my observation. The whole process, if I may so call it, was amusing; and I could now understand the feelings of my countrymen who witness it for the first time. When the passengers were safely stowed and the horses put to, the postillion placed one foot in the stirrup, and cried 'Eih!' the near front

wheel gave forth a rusty groan. 'Eih !' he again exclaimed, and the wheel behind it was partly moved at the sound. 'Eih, Eih !' he cried, more energetically, as he vaulted into the saddle : at the well-known voice the two other wheels of the coach echoed the lamentable sound that had, in succession, proceeded from their unwilling partners. All the four now creaked and groaned in woful harmony, and every part of the vehicle advanced along the snow-covered road."

There is nothing of novelty in these latter extracts and contrasts ; but coming from Mr. Best who is so competent to judge of the two sides, and who towards the beginning of his comparisons, will probable appear to be exceedingly odious, the picture is doubly welcome.

ART. IX. *La République de Cicéron, d'après le Texte inédit, récemment découvert et commenté par M. Mai, Bibliothécaire du Vatican. Avec une Traduction Française un Discours Préliminaire, et des Dissertations Historiques.* Par M. VILLEMMAIN, del 'Académie Française. Paris.

It is a becoming task for every changing state of society to review the past, and to discover as far as possible those treasures of character which have before been unnoticed. And in looking back to the great men of antiquity, we know of no one to whom we feel more strongly attracted, or who seems to be more closely connected with the present, than Cicero. His works are more various, as well as extensive, than those of any other ancient writer, and we feel that we know him through these. We are brought nearer to him than to any one of the ancients. It seems as if we had actually listened to his voice in the Senate-house or the Forum, or conversed with him and his friends in his beautiful Tusculan gardens, and gathered from his own lips his deep and pure philosophy. And more than this ; we are sensible of the power of his mind, of its vast range through the past, present, and future ; we perceive his capacity for comprehending all the improvements of society, and we feel that if he were brought to life at present, he would be as one of us. We figure to ourselves the delight with which he would view and understand the advances made since his time ; the intuitive readiness with which he would accommodate himself to the laws of society ; the perfect gentleman he would appear, though suddenly placed in a scene so new, so trying, so full of wonders.

We shall speak only of Cicero as an orator. His name is identified with eloquence. His great pursuit ; the object to which his life was devoted ; the passion of his youth ; the last and mightiest effort of his old age, was eloquence. The idea of a perfect orator existed in his mind almost from childhood, and was never lost from

his view. He looked to it as to a bright beacon advancing constantly before him ; never perhaps fully reached, but attracting him by its brightness, and alluring him ever onward.

The early selection of this leading object to which his best faculties were to be devoted, and his steady pursuit of it through life, may seem rather remarkable in a state where military eminence so far eclipsed all other distinctions, and was the surest, if not the only step, to office and dignity. But Cicero was a remarkable instance of a man who understood himself. He knew his own character thoroughly ; he understood wherein his greatest power consisted, and he used every means to cultivate those faculties which he was aware could alone ensure his success. He very early in life formed the conception of that perfect character which he says an orator ought to be ; a man who has cultivated every power to the highest degree ; to whom the arts, the ornament of life, nature itself, pays tribute ; whose mind is enriched by the knowledge of all sciences, and the thoughts and imaginings of kindred spirits in all ages, and who gathers into himself the results of genius of every period, country, and form. Upon this model Cicero formed his character. He was aware that his powers were equal to the task. He knew that he could comprehend all that man had known ; that his powers of acquiring and his industry were unsurpassed ; and still more, he felt that knowledge in his mind would not be a dead and useless weight, but that he had power to mould and transform, to bring forth new and fairer forms, and to bequeath to all futurity high and worthy thoughts. From his earliest years, therefore, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He made himself familiar, not only with the rhetorician's art, but also with the whole science of Roman jurisprudence ; two branches which had always been considered as forming distinct professions. After gaining all the knowledge to be found in Rome, he travelled into Greece ; he there perfected himself in the language of that country, and became familiar with her rich philosophy and literature. In Asia he was surrounded by the most distinguished philosophers and orators, with whom he daily conversed and reasoned, and from whom he probably obtained much of that knowledge of ancient philosophy which he displays in his writings. His mind was stored with all human knowledge ; the beautiful poetry of Greece was familiar to him ; he had walked in the groves of Academus, and the genius of the place had penetrated his soul ; he had listened to the various creeds of the schools, and had boldly formed his own opinions, without suffering the shackles of other minds ; and he returned to make all his acquirements contribute to one object, the profession of eloquence. Of all the manifestations of human power, Cicero regarded that of the orator as the greatest, and as approaching nearest to the divine nature. To this, he made all knowledge and all talent subservient ;

to this, poetry, philosophy, and history were but the ministering attendants.

We gather from his own writings his exalted opinion of the eloquent man:—

“ Let us trace the qualifications,” says he, “ of the orator such as Antony never saw, nor any other man ; whom we can perchance describe as he ought to be, though perhaps we can neither imitate him, nor show any example of such a man, (for Antony used to say that these qualities were hardly granted to a God.)”

“ The orator must possess the knowledge of many sciences, without which a mere flow of words is vain and ridiculous ; his style of speaking must be formed not only by a choice of words, but by a skilful arrangement and construction of sentences ; he must be deeply versed in every emotion which nature has given to man ; for all skill and power in speaking, consists in soothing or exciting the minds of the audience. In addition to this, he must possess a ready wit and pleasantry, an amount of erudition such as is becoming to a freeman, and a quickness of repartee united with refined elegance and urbanity. He must be familiar with all antiquity, and be provided with a store of examples ; nor must he neglect the science of laws and jurisprudence.—And what shall I say of action ? which depends upon the motions of the body, the gestures, the countenance, the tones and changes of the voice. The great importance of action may be discovered from the actor’s frivolous art, and the stage ; for who is ignorant how few can resist the effect even of the moderate skill exhibited there ? What shall I say of the memory, that treasury of all learning, without whose aid in preserving the knowledge we have acquired, or the thoughts we have originated, all the most valuable qualities of an orator would be lost ? Let us no longer wonder, then, that eloquence is so rare, since it consists of so many accomplishments, each of which would seem to be the work of a life in acquiring.”

Such was Cicero’s notion of the Perfect Orator, and such he endeavoured to render himself. He was undoubtedly correct, in regarding eloquence as the concentration of human genius, the fullest development of all the powers, and the manifestation of the highest qualities of our nature. There is certainly no display of mortal power so imposing as that of the great orator at the moment of putting forth his energies ; when the highest mental faculties are called into action in concert with those physical powers which are so noble that the Greeks held them divine ; when the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn are enforced by the graceful and impressive gesture, the form that seems to tower up and dilate, the beaming eye, the voice, with its thousand tones, embodying thought in the most resistless forms ; and the enraptured crowds are ready to cry out, “ It is the voice of a god and not of a man.”

The union of the physical with the mental must always be more dazzling, more overwhelming in its effects, than mere intellectual

effort can ever be. Hence, probably, the glory that must always be attached to great military prowess. The leader of a mighty host, governing all by the force of his single intellect, and with majestic presence of mind, amid the scene of carnage and horror, assailed by the dreadful sounds of battle, the deafening shouts, the continued roar, the shrieks of agony, the trumpet's blast, calmly directing the storm, or perhaps himself heading the charge, and rushing foremost in the onset, and inspiring thousands with a heroism they never felt before,—this is a display of energy and power, that must command admiration even from those who turn with loathing and horror from the scene.

This union of physical with intellectual power, however, is more remarkable and magnificent in the orator than in the soldier; for here, the intellect predominates. It is mind manifesting itself in the brightest form of matter, and simply using it to give a more intense and perceptible expression to thought. In the warrior, the physical seems to prevail; it is aided by the intellectual, but it makes mind subservient to matter, and the effect produced is owing more to muscles and sinews, to animal courage and strength, than to intellectual power. The orator occasions, in a degree, the same effect, but in a far more noble manner. "Before whom," says Cicero, "do men tremble? on whom do they gaze stupefied? at whose words do they shout? whom do they regard as a God among men?"

To some it may seem strange that one, whose ambition was so great as Cicero's, should have been content to rest his fame on a distinction so transient as that gained by the orator. True eloquence, as Cicero understood the word, uttered, not written, was to be terminated with the life of the orator. When that voice which invoked the people to their duties, as with a trumpet call, at whose sound the guilty quailed and fled, which made one tyrant tremble on his judgment-seat, and goaded another to very madness, was hushed in death; when the speaking eye was closed, and the graceful right hand had lost its cunning, where was that eloquence to which a life of industry and careful labour had been devoted? For a few years the memory of it lingered among his countrymen, who thought with bitter feelings of that name they dared not utter, and that glory which Rome was never again to witness; but one by one all who had listened to him passed away, and the oratory of Cicero was a forgotten thing, or survived only in vague tradition. Why then, it may be asked, should a man of his genius devote his life to building up a monument, which at his death would melt away and disappear like some gorgeous cloud-pile which the wind scatters?

But, we ask, is eloquence so transient? Though the voice of the orator or the tragedian be hushed in death, do his glory and power pass away entirely? Though we may no longer hear his voice, or

be moved by his eloquence ; though these may be forgotten things, and their very existence doubted, still they are not lost upon the earth. Has the memory of those mighty orators who have lived before perished altogether ? is it not handed down from those who listened to the strains, to their children, and their children's children, from generation to generation, till the fame thereof has filled the whole earth ? The writer, indeed, addresses us, centuries after his death, in the self-same words that he spoke to his contemporaries, while the accents of the orator are forgotten. But the memory of the results he brought to pass, the power he exerted, the good he did, can never die ; it endures with life-giving and eternal power ; it exists in the hearts of thousands, a beautiful ideal, which the lips may fail perhaps to body forth, but which the mind conceives and beholds in its full glory. It lives on, a standard and model which urges thousands forward to a perfection they could never have reached without it. In this sense, there is much that is real and permanent in the fame of an orator. He who founds a city, or discovers a continent, leaves an imperishable fame ; but the monument of an orator's glory is not less real, firm, and lasting ; it is renewed with every successive age ; it lives again in the accents of every eloquent man whom it has stimulated to be what he is. In this view of it, the fame of an orator is well worth possessing, because it is not an empty sound, but an active principle, that endures and exerts a noble influence through countless ages.

An instance in illustration of our remarks occur in the celebrated speech of Sheridan in the House of Commons, preceding the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The records of this speech have not been preserved, and there are few living who were blessed with the sound of that voice. It is only known, that at the close of the oration, Sir William Dolben moved an adjournment of the debate, on the ground, that, " in the state of mind in which Sheridan's speech had left him, it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion." Yet what volumes does this speak ! The imagination paints that august body whom the orator was addressing ; at first we see their usual indifference ; we notice them whispering and moving about, or lounging on their benches ; as the orator proceeds, their attention is gradually fixed ; they sit erect that they may listen more carefully ; the whispering and bustle cease ; the speaker himself loses his usual appearance of indifference and apathy ; the stern countenances relax and tears are seen trickling down many a furrowed cheek. The stillness is now profound, broken only by the occasional sob, or the irrepressible cry of admiration, or perhaps at intervals the orator is interrupted, not by the usual tributes of applause, but by cries of rapture, shouts that know not parliamentary forms, and which are uttered by those who would have repressed them, but could not. As he closes, and

the sounds of his magnificent eloquence die upon the ear, the same deep stillness continues.

Then follows that noble and generous tribute to his power, and the members withdraw in silence and meditation, astonished and overwhelmed by the gorgeous eloquence they had listened to. What the words were, and what the manner was, that so wrought upon this refined and fastidious body, can only be conjectured; the imagination dwells upon it with longing, yet almost in despair; but many a youthful orator has become eloquent from the image of perfection which this slight record has created it in his mind.

But Cicero was impelled to the cultivation of eloquence by other motives besides those of ambition. He loved it as an art; he felt that his capacities were peculiarly adapted to it; and, smitten with the beauty of the ideal that existed in his mind, he was urged by an irresistible desire to give it expression. He laboured for this, as the young sculptor labours for the mastery of his art. He bound himself for life to the pursuit, and no change of circumstance, no danger, no distress, could induce him to abandon it. Was his voice drowned by the clamours of a fiery mob, had the Forum become the scene of riot and bloodshed, did the iron hand of the Dictator crush the growing flower of Roman oratory, still this great master, in his retirement, continued to cherish and preserve his beloved art; he employed his leisure in drawing from his own experience those varied and minute rules for the guidance of others, which abound in his rhetorical writings; and, looking ever forward with a patriot's enthusiasm to the emancipation of his country, he kept alive the spark of eloquence at his own sacred hearth, and within the sanctuary of his home, consoling himself with the reflection, that although he might not live to see the results of his care, he was still bequeathing to posterity an inheritance that would not pass away. In his touching and beautiful language he says, addressing his friend Brutus:—

“ But after the death of Hortensius, being left, as it were, the guardian of Orphan Eloquence, I keep her at my home, under careful protection. I repel those unknown and persevering suitors, and preserve her in chastity as a ripened Virgin, protecting her, as far as possible, from the eager pursuit of her lovers. And though I mourn that I have entered upon life, as upon a road, somewhat too late, and have fallen upon this night of the republic ere my journey was finished, I am nevertheless sustained by the consolation which you suggest in your delightful letters, when you bid me be of good cheer, because my good deeds shall speak of me when I am silent. And I shall live, though I be dead.”

With Cicero eloquence was an art; and in saying this we mean to convey the highest praise. The birth-place of art is the soul; it does not depend upon rules; it does not consist in acquired

knowledge ; it exists previously to all theories and sciences ; it is a perfect idea, an image of beauty dwelling in the mind, in distinct and radiant traits, which we seek to clothe in some form that may be comprehended by the senses. The sculptor embodies in marble, the painter on canvass, the orator in words and action. Sculpture, as an art, existed in the fulness of perfection, when that form of faultless beauty beamed upon the soul of Phidias, which he afterwards portrayed in the ivory. The rules of the art are subsequent, and are derived from the various expressions of the pre-conceived ideal. The same is the case with poetry. "Assuredly," says one of our own writers, "epic poetry was invented then, and not before, when the gorgeous vision of the Iliad, not in its full detail of circumstance, but in the dim conception of its leading scenes and bolder features, burst into the soul of Homer."

So it was with Cicero, in regard to eloquence. He availed himself indeed of the experience of those who had gone before him ; but the ideal existed in his mind above all rules, and he embodied it in a more perfect form than had ever before been witnessed. When we say, therefore, that with him eloquence was an art, we mean, that it was something not acquired by rules, but pre-existing in his mind ; aided, but not formed, by industry ; giving birth to rhetoric, not receiving existence from it. To but few individuals has this beautiful conception been granted. It was given undoubtedly to Cicero ; it was felt by Sheridan, when, after his first speech in the House of Commons, he made that characteristic exclamation, "It is in me, however, and by God it shall come out." But like that glorious city of Paradise in the eastern fable, it is revealed only to a few favoured mortals, who are permitted, once in a century, to gaze on its splendors, while the search for it is hopeless to all others.

In examining the eloquence of Cicero, therefore, as it appears in his orations, we must view it as an art, and we must apply to it the same principles of criticism that we would to the fine arts. We must judge of the harmony and symmetry of the parts, the resemblance to nature, the finish of the work, the peculiar traits which gave it individuality, the effect of the whole.

In looking for the characteristics of Cicero's eloquence, we shall perhaps, at first, be at a loss to discover any leading and peculiarly prominent feature. We never hear of the thunder, or the blasting power, or the honeyed accents, or of any single distinguishing mark, as in the oratory of Nestor, Ulysses, Demosthenes, Isocrates. Not that he is deficient in any of these qualities, but they are so blended as to form a perfect whole ; which we suppose to be the highest reach of art. The drawing of his pictures is not pointed out as peculiarly fine, because the colouring is deficient ; the polish of the surface is not made conspicuous by the want of symmetry in the

members ; all is well-proportioned and harmonious. Yet nothing can be marked with a stronger individuality than his style. It belongs peculiarly to himself. There is a felicity in his expressions, a distinctness and power given to words, a beauty in the flow of his sentences, which seem almost magical. Language, with him, becomes a new thing ; it is perfectly transparent and radiant with thought. It seems, when we are reading his works, as if intellect itself had become visible before us, or at least had assumed the most ethereal form in which it is possible to give expression to thought. The words seem rather to be created at the moment, and to be instinct and co-existent with the idea, than to be used only as a vehicle of communication already formed, and fitted equally to convey the thoughts of other minds. Compared with Livy, for instance, his style seems like the natural flower, in which the hues appear to be one and the same as the form itself, by the side of the rich embroidery, whose threads and tissue might have been employed to represent any other form as well.

Nothing is more remarkable, in reading Cicero's orations, than the immense advantage which he immediately takes, in whatever question he is to discuss. We feel sure, almost at the first sentence he utters, that his argument will prevail. Like the accomplished swordsman, at the first attitude he assumes, at the first glance of his weapon, the first parry or thrust, we feel that victory is in his hands. So with Cicero ; he immediately takes a position which he is not to abandon, and which ensures success. And this is done, not by any unfairness of argument, or by assuming that to which he has no right, but by a noble power of intellect, which enables him to comprehend, as by intuition, the whole bearing of the question, to penetrate its depths, and measure every side at a glance ; and not only to select, at once, the strong points on which his plea is to rest, but to anticipate and render powerless the attacks of his adversary.

A remarkable instance of this is to be found in the first of his Orations against Verres. He was called to the difficult task of arraigning before the corrupt, and entirely venal court, a wealthy and powerful man, who, by an exaggeration of the crimes usually practised in the provinces, had outraged even the shameful tyranny of Roman prætors, and had compelled guilt itself to cry out against him. The chief hope of Verres was in bribing the judges ; and his immense wealth was accordingly lavished upon them, in firm reliance on their accommodating infamy. To meet and counteract this venality of the judges was the great object of the first oration. He begins in the following bold and masterly style :—

“ The occasion which was most to be desired, and which has the greatest influence in allaying the odium into which your order, O judges !

has fallen; and the infamy of the courts, seems now to be presented, rather by divine interposition than human counsel; and at the most favourable moment for the republic. An opinion, pernicious to the republic and dangerous to yourselves, has long been entertained, not only at Rome, but in foreign nations, that no rich man can be condemned in our courts, as they now exist, however guilty he may be. And now, at a moment so critical to your order, while there are men prepared, by harangues and by proposing laws, to inflame the odium of the senate, Caius Verres is brought to trial; a man whose life and deeds convict him in the minds of all; but who, as he himself hopes and boasts, is already acquitted through his vast wealth. To the great satisfaction of the Roman people, I have appeared in this cause, not to increase the odium attached to your order, but to remove the infamy which notoriously clings to it."

The whole oration is a wonderful piece of art. He shows that the indignation of the senate and people of Rome is roused against the criminal; that he is regarded as a public enemy, and that all who appear as his friends must be ranked with him. He constantly refers to the opinion, prevalent throughout Rome and the provinces, that no rich man can be convicted on trial; and he cites as a proof the declaration of Verres, that he should be content, if he could turn to his own profit, only one third of his three years' plunder of Sicily; that the remainder was to be employed in procuring patrons and bribing the judges; and he here repeats what had greatly moved the people before, that he expected the provinces would soon be sending ambassadors to beg for a repeal of the law against extortion; for, in that case, the prætors would only seize upon as much as they wanted for their own use; while, at present, they are obliged to take not only enough to enrich themselves, but to defray the enormous expense of the trial which awaited them.

His closing exhortation to Glabrio, one of the judges, is a noble strain of eloquence:—

" You, O Glabrio, by your wisdom, influence, and care, can take such measures that this disgrace shall not befall you. Take up the cause of the courts; take up the cause of strict justice, integrity, good faith, religion; take up the cause of the senate, that this order, by the result of the present trial, may recommend itself to the praise and gratitude of the Roman people. Think who you are, in what place you are, what you owe to the Roman people, what is due to your ancestors. Preserve continually in mind the Acilian law, proposed by your father, through the aid of which the people gained incorruptible courts and inflexible judges, in trials for the crime of extortion. Mighty examples are around you, which will not suffer you to forget the glory of your family; which by day and by night remind you of your brave father; your wise grandparent, your powerful father-in-law. Wherefore, if you have the energy and determination of your father, Glabrio, in resisting the most unprin-

cipléd men ; if you possess the sagacity of your grand-father, Scævola, in foreseeing the treachery which threatens to ruin your fame ; if you have the firmness of your father-in-law, Scaurus, so that no man can move you from your fixed and settled opinion, then will the Roman people discover, that in the sight of an upright and honest prætor, and a chosen body of judges, immense wealth will do more to throw suspicion on the accused, than to secure his safety."

We might go on, almost without limit, discoursing on the varied beauty and power displayed in the Orations. No attribute or accomplishment of a perfect orator is wanting in them ; every note in the broad scale is sounded with a master's touch. The depth of pathos, passages of heart-rending emotion, light and playful satire, blasting sarcasm, the deep tone of indignation, gathering strength as it rolls on, and swelling into bursts of thunder, and the furious storm of invective which crush and overwhelm the criminal ; all are found in these wonderful remains of art.

ART. X.

1. *The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Selections from his Correspondence, and Illustrations.* By the REV. H. H. MILMAN. London : Murray. 1839.
 2. *Statesmen of the Times of George III.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. 2 Vols. Vol. 1. London : Knight. 1839.
 3. *Thomas Hobbes Malmesburiensis Opera Philosophica quæ Latine scripsit Omnia, in unum corpus nunc primum collecta studio et labore Gulielmi Molesworth.* Vol. I.
- The English Works of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury ; now first Collected and Edited by SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART.* Vol. I. London : Bohn. 1839.

VERY numerous of late have been the reprints of our standard works at a rate so cheap as to bring them within the reach of the many, and also in a style so handsome as to tempt the eye, although there may be no strong pre-existent taste for their contents. Smallness of price and elegance of form, however, are circumstances calculated to recommend every commodity ; and therefore, although we had no other grounds for thinking that a healthier tone is becoming predominant among the middle and the poorer classes with regard to the books which they read, and their choice of entertainment, the mere fact that publishers find a demand so great as to cover the outlay where the profits must be fractional upon each copy, would afford satisfactory proof of the thing so much to be desired and welcomed. But there will be always a large body of readers to whom price is but a minor consideration, and who, indeed, look to the adornment as well as the enrichment of their

libraries ; and for these we have a number of publishers who spare no expense which can be deemed necessary, either as regards editorship or the more mechanical departments of their business. To be sure the day for quarto speculations, with their fair fields of unstained paper and wide margins, is passed. But then the utmost attention is paid to the judicious, substantial, and manageable octavo-shape, and many are the specimens of these sufficiently portly tomes, which are continually made to enshrine the very highest of our standard authors, or of those new candidates for public favour, who calculate upon a steady or choice circulation among the wealthy and the more speculative or recondite.

Each of the three editions at the head of this paper may be pronounced to be addressed to the comparative few last alluded to, regarding merely the circumstances of price and manner of *getting up* ; while the subjects of the second and third upon the list have to expect a still more limited range of readers. Gibbon's history, especially as edited by Mr. Milman, is a work for all time and for all classes. It never before was a book that could be safely put into the hands of the young, or those whose opportunities and means for detecting his perversions were few. Now, however, the errors of this luminous and imposing history have been skilfully and convincingly noted. The poison, if not extracted, has been made so palpable as to stand out and lend the truth a higher value than had there been no such foil to its beauty and intrinsic worth. In these circumstances we hope to see a reprint of this edition at no distant period, intended for the many, similar to Mr. Murray's manner, with other works of standard merit.

The present volume is a valuable and necessary companion to the *Decline and Fall*. The majority of readers may be excused, though they do not make themselves familiar with Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works ; no one who desires to be informed in the most engaging and dignified manner of the most important eras in the world's annals, can allow himself to remain unacquainted with the History which Mr. Milman has so admirably corrected and illustrated, or with the Life and Correspondence, of its very remarkable author.

Gibbon presents not only a moral phenomenon in the history of mankind ; but his great work cannot be appreciated if his Life be passed over ; that life being an Autobiography, not less extraordinary as a specimen of such kinds of writing than was its theme. The connecting and illustrative passages which Lord Sheffield furnished enrich this reprint ; but by a judicious division of the whole into chapters, so as to mark and distinctly comprise the particular periods of the Life, as well as by a new method of disposing of the illustrative extracts from various sources, the reader's business is

lightened, and the different matters so interesting in themselves are more clearly and fully impressed.

Probably a more engaging and instructive piece of biography is no where to be found in the whole range of British literature, rich as it is in this species of composition. Gibbon has produced a perfect picture of himself, and a remarkable sketch of the development of his mind and views, in the course of a singular system of self tuition, especially as equipping him for his great work. Nor, though the vicissitudes in his career are not in themselves of the most awakening nature, does the reader's feelings ever fail to go along with those of the writer, following him with intense delight into the privacy of his history and those personal occurrences which it is so rare for an autobiographer to handle without being repulsively egotistic, or tiresomely minute. How touchingly, for example, does he allude to his early love,—how humorously and bitingly to the Universities,—and how truthfully to his religious conversions ! Every one who can relish amusement, and who welcomes or loves to find it in company with the lessons which an illustrious man's life enforce, the whole described in the stateliest and most characteristic manner, should rush to this volume. If it be for the first time that its diversified contents are perused, a treasure of unsurpassed value will be found ; if it be a reperusal, new beauties will be descried, and new impressions communicated, under the guidance of a dextrous and accomplished editor.

The “*Statesmen of the Times of George the Third*,” is not unfairly placed beneath the running title of *New Editions*, consisting as it does, in so far as the first volume goes, of a selection of the portraits which his lordship has lately contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and the Introductions to his *Speeches* recently published in a uniform shape. There are, however, some additions, not only to certain general remarks on Party, but to the portraits,—Lords North, Mansfield, Thurlow, and Loughborough ; Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, and Sir William Grant ; Franklin, Joseph the Second, Catherine of Russia, and Gustavus the Third, being the most remarkable.

We confess that these portraits are growing tiresome to us. We find such a sameness of rhetorical display, such a continuance of self-complacency, such a bitterness of spirit, although a marvellously humbleness of feeling be professed, and such a ringing of changes upon kindred, or one and the same things, that the mere brilliancy of the exhibition becomes doubly vexatious. For anything we can discover his lordship might fill with perfect ease and constant gratification to his o'er-flowing vanity, a dozen such volumes as the present. In the course of his professional, political, and literary experiences how numerous must have been the eminent persons with whom he has come in contact, and of whom he must have

formed correct or shrewdly conceived sketches! But personal intimacy, or even transient acquaintanceship, are not at all essential preparatives to these Sketches. The learned lord is limited neither by distance of time nor space. What does he know beyond others of the Kings and Queens whom he delights to paint or bedaub,—to puff or to spit upon? To be sure he is never at a loss to find a peg upon which to hang vituperation or adulation that may affect characters familiar to all, and that may be flatteringly self-exhibitory! But even in the course of these displays his usual faults of inconsistency, versatility of opinions, and liability to sudden impulses, are most conspicuous. The extracts which we shall present with little regard to the order in which they are to be met with in the pages before us will illustrate our recognition of his brilliant talents, as also his intolerable egotism and constant veerings.

Mark how infinitely distrustful he professes to be of himself, and of his ability to do justice to persons who have lately flourished. He says, "It is a well-meant contribution, of which the merit is very humbly rated by its author, to the fund of useful knowledge as applied to the education of those upon whose information or ignorance the fortunes of mankind in an especial manner depend." Now we hold that the simple undertaking of a man writing for the information of statesmen, and lawgivers, is proof that no mean opinion is entertained of his own fitness for a task confessedly so important and difficult. Then observe his consistency. On a former occasion, when characterizing George the Third, he said, he was a prince of a "narrow understanding which no culture had enlarged, and of an obstinate disposition which no education could have humanized;" and the passage is repeated in the present volume. And yet the following sentence figures as conspicuously a few pages afterwards,—

"George III. set one example which is worthy of imitation in all times. He refused to be made a state puppet in his ministers' hands, and to let his name be used either by men whom he despised, or for purposes which he disapproved. Nor could any one ever accuse him of ruling by favourites; still less could any one, by pretending to be the people's choice, impose himself on *his vigorous understanding*."

His lordship finds many opportunities, or rather creates them, for the purpose of throwing out his venom against his old political associates, or for trumpeting forth his own unrivalled talents and conduct. Lord North's coalition serves as a text for severe judgment upon parties at present eminent in the state; among whom he finds "a general disposition" to adopt similar errors, alluding to what he characterizes as "the unworthy, the preposterous, the utterly disgraceful doctrine of what are called 'open questions.' Its infamy," continues he, "and its audacity have surely no parallel." Again,

"no one till now ever had the assurance to put forward, as a general principle, so profligate a rule of conduct." Now whether is the sobriety or the truth of such assertions least apparent? And how does the doctrine as now inculcated square with some parts of the author's own history?

In his essay upon Party we also discover that it suits his lordship's present purpose to unsay what he is known at one time to have advocated, as being a necessary and beneficial arrangement. Here is a specimen:—

"Let us, even in our pride of enlightened wisdom, pause for a moment to reflect on this most anomalous state of things,—this arrangement of political affairs, which systematically excludes at least one-half of the great men of each age from their country's service, and devotes both classes infinitely more to maintaining a conflict with one another than to furthering the general good. And here it may be admitted at once, that nothing can be less correct than their view, who regard the administration of affairs as practically in the hands of only one-half the nation, whilst the excluded portion is solely occupied in thwarting their proceedings. The influence of both Parties is exerted, and the movement of the state machine partakes of both the forces impressed upon it; neither taking the direction of the one nor of the other, but a third line between both. This concession, no doubt, greatly lessens the evil; but it is very far indeed from removing it. Why must there always be this exclusion, and this conflict? Does not every one immediately perceive how it must prove detrimental to the public service in the great majority of instances; and how miserable a make shift for something better and more rational it is, even where it does more good than harm? Besides, if it requires a constant and systematic opposition to prevent mischief, and keep the machine of state in the right path, of what use is our boasted representative government, which is designed to give the people a controul over their rulers, and serve no other purpose at all?"

Again,—

"It cannot surely, in these circumstances, be deemed extraordinary that plain men, uninitiated in the Aristocratic Mysteries, whereof a rigid devotion to Party forms one of the most sacred, should be apt to see a very different connexion between principle and faction from the one usually put forward; and that without at all denying a relation between the two things, they should reverse the account generally given by Party men, and suspect them of taking up principles in order to marshal themselves in alliances and hostilities for their own interests, instead of engaging in those contests because of their conflicting principles. In a word, there seems some reason to suppose that interest, having really divided them into bands, principles are professed for the purpose of better compassing their objects by maintaining a character and gaining the support of the people."

We are far from objecting to these opinions, which appear as just

as they are strong and unqualified. But were they the writer's unhesitatingly expressed views while he was in power? We believe not. They only came to be felt in his ardent mind when he found himself rejected by Party. Nay, in following up his account of such political arrangements in *Aristocratic Mysteries*, he finds that his ancient opponents would be more innocent than the Whigs. He says,—

“The Tories are now in opposition: the Whigs in office: and a bill of attainder has been defended by the Whigs and opposed by the Tories, having for its avowed object to banish men from their country without a trial, or a hearing, or even a notice; and accomplishing this object by declaring their entrance within their native land a capital offence. Had the Whigs in power brought forward a bill to exile the Queen without hearing her, and to declare her landing in England high treason, we have a right to affirm that the Tories being in opposition would have strenuously resisted such a measure. Two cases more parallel can hardly be imagined.”

The parallelism does not appear to us so exceedingly clear; neither would it if the writer were at this moment Lord Chancellor. But he speaks as he is moved, without a close regard to past affections.

Nor if we listen to the noble author when describing characters, and measuring the talents of certain lawyers, are we at a loss to find the *Advocate* and *Self* most conspicuous, as indeed is the case whatever be the subject he handles. Who but a lawyer who may have sat himself for the picture would think the following complimentary?

“The professional character of the men whom we are discussing is generally pure and lofty; the order to which they belong is sacred in their eyes; its fame, its dignity, even to its etiquette, must all be kept unsullied; and whatever may be their prejudices and their habits, political or professional, how great soever their deference to power, how profound their veneration for the bench, how deep-rooted their attachment to existing institutions, how fierce their hostility to all innovations, how grave or how scornful their frown upon the multitude at large, yet is their courage undaunted in defending whatever client may intrust his suit to their patronage, be he a rabble-leader or a treason-monger, a libeller or a blasphemer; and in discharging towards him the high duties of their representative character, they so little regard either the resentment of the Government or the anger of the Court, that they hardly are conscious of any effort in sacrificing every personal consideration to the performance of their representative, and because it is representative, their eminently important office.”

We think we can perceive a leaning and an allusion in the following passage beyond what is openly expressed, *I myself* might be inserted. The letters of Junius and Lord Mansfield furnish the occasion:—

"They show upon what kind of grounds the fabric of a great man's professional fame, as well as the purity of his moral character, were assailed by the unprincipled violence of party at the instigation of their ignorance, skulking behind a signature made famous by epigrammatic language and the boldness of being venturesome in the person of a printer who gained by allowing dastardly slander to act through him with a vicarious courage. They lead to reduce the estimate of such an author's value much as they raise the reputation of those whom, from his lurking-place, he had assailed; and they read a memorable lesson to the people, if upon such subjects the people ever can be taught, not to repose confidence in those who are unknown against men whose whole lives are passed in the face of open day and under the constant security of personal responsibility."

We shall extract some passages which are capital as containing anecdotes, or traits illustrative of celebrated characters, or strikingly effective specimens of the writer's amazing funds and facts. Frederick the Second comes badly out in the two anecdotes now to be cited :

"He had been assisted in his musical relaxations at Potsdam by the daughter of a citizen, who without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the prince, secluded as he was from all society and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy, than he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace, of course, put an end to the concerts, and to her estimation in society. When Frederick came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney-coachman's wife; and, with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension, of very little less than thirty-five pounds a-year."

Again,—

"In one of his battles, happening to turn his head round, he saw his nephew, the Hereditary Prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederick, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping as he rode past, 'Ah! there's the Prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!'"

In his sketches of legal characters Lord Brougham, for the most part, is completely at home. The Regency debates, and the following particulars are to be connected :—

"In the same debates, a noble character, who was remarkable for his delicacy and formal adherence to etiquette, having indeed filled diplomatic stations during a great part of his life, had cited certain resolutions passed

at the Thatched House Tavern by some great party meeting. In advertising to these, Lord Thurlow said, 'As to what the noble Lord told you that he had heard at the ale-house.' The effect of this humour, nearly approaching, it must be allowed, to a practical joke, may easily be conceived by those who are aware how much more certain in both houses of parliament the success of such things always is, than of the most refined and exalted wit. Upon another occasion, his misanthropy, or rather his great contempt of all mankind, broke out characteristically enough. This prevailing feeling of his mind made all respect testified towards any person, all praise bestowed upon men, nay, all defence of them under attack, extremely distasteful to him; indeed, almost matter of personal offence. So once having occasion to mention some public functionary, whose conduct he intimated that he disapproved, he thought fit to add, 'But far be it from me to express any blame of any official person, whatever may be my opinion; for that, I well know, would lay me open to hear his panegyric.' At the bar he appears to have dealt in the same wares: and they certainly formed the staple of his operations in the commerce of society. His jest at the expense of two eminent civilians, in the Duchess of Kingston's case, is well known, and was no doubt of considerable merit. After those very learned personages had come forth from the recesses where doctors 'most do congregate,' but in which they divide with their ponderous tomes the silence that is not broken by any stranger footstep, and the gloom that is pierced by no light from without, and appearing in a scene to which they were as strange as its gaiety was to their eyes, had performed alternately the various evolutions of their recondite lore, Mr. Thurlow was pleased to say that the congress of two doctors always reminded him of the noted saying of Crassus—'*Mirari se quod haruspex haruspicem sine risu adspicere posset.*' In conversation he was, as in debate, sententious and caustic. Discoursing of the difficulty he had in appointing to a high legal situation, he described himself as long hesitating between the intemperance of A, and the corruption of B; but finally preferring the former. Then, as if afraid, lest he had for the moment been betrayed into anything like unqualified commendation of any person, he added, correcting himself—'Not that there was not a —— deal of corruption in A's intemperance.'

Had Lord Brougham his recollections turned to any such theatrical manœuvres as those he notices in our next quotation when he betook himself to "his bended knees?" One might surmise, at any rate, that as to certain of the points mentioned in the passage, one remarkable Chancellor has been the model of another that shall be nameless. Thurlow is the personage thus sketched:—

"He rosed slowly from his seat: he left the woolsack with deliberation; but he went not to the nearest place, like ordinary chancellors, the sons of mortal men; he drew back by a pace or two, and, standing as it were askance, and partly behind the huge bale he had quitted for a season, he began to pour out, first in a growl, and then in a clear and louder roll, the matter which he had to deliver, and which for the most part consisted

in some positive assertions, some personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced upon individuals as if they were standing before him for judgment, some vague mysterious threats of things purposely not expressed, and abundant protestations of conscience and duty, in which they who keep the consciences of kings are somewhat apt to indulge."

None of the new portraits have interested us so much as that of Lord North, a man, whatever may have been the faults of his political career, who in private seems to have been one of the most amiable and beloved that ever existed; and who, even when furiously assailed and denounced in Parliament, was pleasant and placable to a proverb. The author has been indebted to a contribution from North's youngest daughter for some of the best and most pleasing things in this sketch. We copy a few, where equanimity, gaiety of spirit, and keen sarcasm unite:—

"When a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in a soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the minister as capable of sleeping while he ruined his country—the latter only complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed, that of having a night's rest before their fate. When surprised in a like indulgence during the performance of a very inferior artist, who however, showed equal indignation at so ill-timed a recreation, he contented himself with observing how hard it was that he should be grudged so very natural a release from considerable suffering; but, as if recollecting himself, added, that was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to complain of him for taking the remedy which he had himself been considerate enough to administer. The same good-humour and drollery quitted him not when in opposition. Every one has heard of the speech which, if it had failed to injure the objects of its attack, was very effectual in affixing a name upon its honest and much respected author. On Mr Martin's proposal to have a starling placed near the chair and taught to repeat the cry of 'Infamous coalition!' Lord North coolly suggested that, as long as the worthy member was preserved to them, it would be a needless waste of the public money, since the starling might well perform his office by deputy."

In allusion to the period when Lord North held the office of Paymaster jointly with another, we have this specimen "in homely colours, of his habitual good humour:"—

"He was somewhat disappointed at finding he had a colleague, who was to divide the emoluments of the office, which was then chiefly prized for its large perquisites. The day he took possession of the official house, a dog had dirted the hall, and Lord North, ringing for the servant, told him to be sure, in clearing the nastiness away, that he took half of it to his colleague, as it was a perquisite of the joint office."

North, when old, lost his sight. His former fierce opponent, Colonel Barré, became also nearly blind. The two having met somewhere, and the ex-Premier being told who was by him, he good-naturedly and aptly said, "Although we have often been opposed, Colonel, I think there are no two people who would more gladly see each other." The closing scenes of this eminent person's life must close our extracts from a volume that pictures Lord Brougham even more faithfully than any of those who have been made to sit to him:—

"In 1792 his health began to decline; he lost his sleep and his appetite, his legs swelled, and symptoms of dropsy were apparent. At last, after a peculiarly uneasy night, he questioned his friend and physician, Dr. Warren, begging him not to conceal the truth; the result was, that Dr. Warren owned that water had formed upon the chest, that he could not live many days, and that a few hours might put a period to his existence. He received this news not only with firmness and pious resignation, but it in no way altered the serenity and cheerfulness of his manners; and from that hour, during the remaining ten days of his life, he had no return of depression of spirits. The first step he took, when aware of his immediate danger, was to desire that Mr. John Robertson (commonly known by the name of *the Rat-catcher*) and Lord Auckland might be sent for; they being the only two of his political friends whose desertion had hurt and offended him, he wished before his death to shake hands cordially and to forgive them. They attended the summons of course, and the reconciliation was effected. My father had always delighted in hearing his eldest daughter, Lady Glenbervie, read Shakspeare, which she did with much understanding and effect. He was desirous of still enjoying this amusement. In the existing circumstances, this task was a hard one; but strong affection, the best source of woman's strength, enabled her to go through it. She read to him great part of every day with her usual spirit, though her heart was dying within her. No doubt she was supported by the Almighty in the pious work of solacing the last hours of her almost idolized parent. He also desired to have the French newspapers read to him. At that time they were filled with alarming symptoms of the horrors that shortly after ensued. Upon hearing them, he said, 'I am going; and thankful I am that I shall not witness the anarchy and bloodshed which will soon overwhelm that unhappy country.' He expired on the 5th of August 1792."

Sir William Molesworth's edition of Hobbes will, we question not, be hailed by the whole philosophical world as one of the most valuable and desirable contributions that has been made to mental and moral science for more than a century. Indeed we anticipate that the day has come when many of the prejudices that have so long attached to this great man's writings, and the inferences drawn from them which his enemies or opponents have so gratuitously indulged in, will be laid aside, and when new practical applications, metaphysical and political, will attend his theories.

How shall we account for the fact that there nowhere exists a complete and uniform edition of the works of this philosopher and mathematician? There has not, so far as we know, been any reprint in very modern times even of his best and most masterly productions? Many of his works are extremely scarce, so as never to have been seen much less studied by recent investigators in the higher walks of philosophy. The thing is to be accounted for chiefly, we believe, by the manner in which he assailed particular doctrines, political, constitutional, ecclesiastical, and religious, which prevailed during the Usurpation of Cromwell and the succeeding reign, the periods at which Hobbes flourished. His metaphysical doctrines, for example, on the subject of Liberty and Necessity, and the manner in which he philosophized concerning moral motives, impulses and feelings, were exceedingly distasteful to vast numbers of the most influential men both in church and state. The truth is that abstract propositions, or general metaphysical opinions as advanced by Hobbes, were pursued to conclusions not only frequently different from what he acknowledged, but to the extent of establishing for him the character of a sceptic, even of an atheist; thus producing an irrational disrepute.

We do not at present attempt to enter upon any minute detail of the Malmesbury philosopher's works, much less to give an analysis of any one of them, nor any summary sketch of what we consider to be his peculiar defects, errors, and merits. Some, perhaps many, of the objections to which he lays himself open, had their origin in the circumstances of the era in which he distinguished himself. But whatever these may have been speculatively, there can be but one opinion of his searching, vigorous, perspicuous pursuit of truth, of his intellectual pre-eminence, and of his talent in communicating to the student a like free, fearless, and gratifying habit of investigation and ratiocination.

We anticipate that the present earnest and competent editor will in the course of this elegant and complete reprint of all the works of Hobbes,—the translations which are not always identical with the original treatises that have undergone a version, as well as the Latin,—avail himself of an opportunity to give the public a philosophical estimate of the life, genius and writings of his author. At any rate the undertaking alone of a carefully revised and collated reprint deserves the warmest acknowledgements in the name of science, and the most hearty wishes that the whole may be brought out in a similar style to the treatise *De Corpore*, the *Vitæ Hobbianæ Auctarium*, and the autobiography in Latin verse, which enrich the present commencing volumes.

ART. XI.—*The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, exhibited in Notes of Voyages, made in 1837, from Canton, in the Ship Morrison, and Brig Himmaleh, under Direction of the Owners.* 2 Vols. 12mo. New York : French. London : Wiley and Putnam.

SLY and grasping fellows are the Yankees. They say they have no colonies ; speak of the fact in a sort of boasting manner, as if while a great people and fully aware of their strength, they only sought to cultivate friendly and mercantile relations with every people and all nations, far or near, upon principles of perfect reciprocity and equality. They have no colonies ; they do not aspire to hold any foreign country under their thralldom. But they have no objections to a gradual yet rapid encroachment upon the Red men of America ; they court the opportunity of annexing to their immense territory, Texas ; while there are now before us evidence of an American mercantile house, acting, as with the countenance of its home government, in the character of diplomatic agents, but chiefly, no doubt, for the more limited benefit of the firm itself, in a way that contemplates not merely an influence over and a special intercourse with numberless races of the human family, but that puts religion forward and conversion to the Christian faith as the prime motive. The owners alluded to, although they profess to have the Missionary cause chiefly at heart, cannot, according to the narratives before us, disguise the fact, that Mammon is the great god of their homage.

We have often heard of commerce, civilization, and Christian missionary enterprise being united ; and believe when the several departments of secular and spiritual efforts are judiciously joined under separate heads and labourers, the best interests are promoted both as regards the present and the future. But we must always entertain doubts of the policy that undertakes double purposes in the name of single and the same parties, when these purposes are so inconveniently linked as those of present personal pecuniary profit, and the future welfare of strangers ; and we proceed to exhibit some account of the two voyages, the narratives of which fill the volumes before us, feeling satisfied that upon their own showing, the reader will detect proofs of predominating worldly skill and forethought under the mask of Christian and disinterested philanthropy ; for, although it may not be a strongly avowed instance of pure generosity, the benefit of the nations visited is proclaimed to be the prime and paramount object held in view.

Of the voyage of the Morrison, we had some months ago an account in the " Journal of an Expedition from Singapore to Japan," by the medical officer employed in it, Dr. Parker ; and we then surmised that it was an American speculation, or that the parties

undertaking it were from the United States. We have now another and a somewhat fuller narrative of the same adventure, furnished by a Mr. King, who appears to have had the direction of the religious branch of the undertaking. The ostensible object of the voyage was to restore to their homes seven shipwrecked Japanese, whom a mercantile house at Canton, viz., that of Oliphant and Co., seems to have dextrously got into its custody from the British Superintendent, under whose charge they were; the real purpose, however, unquestionably being to establish a commercial footing in the most exclusive country, and among the people most jealous of all nations in the world of foreign intercourse and interference.

The speculation failed, and hardly any results deserving repetition attended it, commercial, geographical, or philanthropic. The Japanese authorities would have nothing to do with the Americans, with the *Morrison*, or with its cargo, living or inert. They fired upon the intruders with right good-will, and drove them from their shores, to the no small annoyance and displeasure, nay, the invoked and meditated retaliation of Mr. King, and of course of the semi-diplomatic and legislating firm of Oliphant and Co. But to the Notes descriptive of the first of these voyages, we must have recourse before an adequate idea of the cunningly concocted and promptly thwarted enterprise can be formed.

Having anchored in the outer bay of Yeddo, an attempt was made to get four papers conveyed to the Japanese authorities; the first being intended to introduce the seven returned men,—the second describing America,—the third presenting a list of presents,—and the fourth a list of the cargo on board. The translation of the first paper is given as follows:—

“The American merchant King respectfully addresses his imperial majesty on the subject of the return of seven of his shipwrecked subjects. He is come to this honourable country from Cap-shuy-moon in China, in a ship of three masts, &c. &c., called the ‘*Morrison*,’ commanded by Capt. Ingersoll, having on board a physician, a naturalist, &c. &c. Three of the shipwrecked men, which he has brought with him, are natives of the village of Ono-oura, in the district of Stangoi, in the principality of Owari; their names, ‘*Ewa*,’ æt. 33; ‘*Kioko*,’ 21; ‘*Oto*,’ 19. They left Owari in November, 1830, in a rich junk for Yeddo, and meeting with a great tempest, lost their mast and their reckoning, and drifted fourteen months on the wide ocean without knowing whither they went. Their eleven companions sickened and died, and they three only remained alive, when their junk was thrown on shore in a country called Columbia, belonging to America, and in part inhabited by savage tribes. Some hunters in that country kindly took care of them, and sent them in a ship to China, where they lived nineteen months at a place called Heang-shan-hëen. The good people there, remembering the words of Mencius, that ‘he who does not rescue the shipwrecked, is worse than a wolf,’ took care of them until an opportunity might offer for their return to their

native country again. The other four shipwrecked men are natives of different villages in the island of Kiusiu; their names, 'Chiojo,' æt. 28; 'Yusaboroo,' 25; 'Cumatoroo,' 28. They left a port in the island of Amákusa in December, 1834, bound to Nagasaki, but were driven off in a tyfung, lost their mast and rudder, and, after drifting thirty-five days, were cast on shore in a country called Takarobo. Thence the people of that country sent them to Heang-shan-hëen, where they met with their three countrymen, whose shipwreck has been detailed above. Now, I seeing the distressed condition of these men, have brought them back to their country, that they may be restored to their homes, and behold again their aged parents. Respectfully submitting this statement, I request that an officer may be sent on board to receive them—to hear the foreign news—to inspect the register of my vessel—to grant supplies and permission to trade. I also request, that if there be any shipwrecked Americans in your country, they may be given up to me, that I may take them home with me on my return."

It will be admitted, we think, that this document exhibits an unusual degree of diplomatic distinctness and force. In the other papers the skill and ingenuity of Oliphant and Co. are points not less remarkable. Here follows the translation of them, beginning with the discourse about Yankee land:—

"' America lies to the east of your honourable country, distant two months' voyage. Its western parts are not yet cleared, but are still inhabited by savage tribes. On its eastern side, where the people are civilised, and from which we come, it is separated from England and Holland by a wide ocean. Hence it appears that America stands alone, and does not border upon any other of the nations known to the Japanese. The population of America is not great, though the country is extensive. Two hundred years ago it was entirely inhabited by savages; but at that time, English, Dutch, and other nations went there, and established colonies. Their descendants increased gradually, and sixty-two years ago they chose their first president, named Washington. That high office is now filled by the eighth president. Within the space of sixty-two years America has been twice invaded, but its people have never attacked other countries, nor possessed themselves of foreign territory. The American vessels sail faster than those of other nations, traversing every sea, and informing themselves of whatever passes in every country. If permitted to have intercourse with Japan, they will communicate always the latest intelligence. The laws of America are just and equitable, and punishment is inflicted only on the guilty. God is worshipped by every man according to his own conscience, and there is perfect toleration of all religions. We ourselves worship the God of peace, respect our superiors, and live in harmony with one another. Our countrymen have not yet visited your honourable country, but only know that in old times the merchants of all nations were admitted to your harbours. Afterwards, having transgressed the laws, they were restricted or expelled. Now, we, coming for the first time, and not having done wrong, request permission to carry on a friendly intercourse on the ancient footing.' The

list of presents comprised a portrait of Washington, a telescope, a pair of globes, an encyclopædia, a collection of American treaties, an American history, &c. &c., to which the following remark was appended. 'Languages of nations differ, and perhaps ours, though much more extensively spoken than the Dutch or Portuguese, may not be understood in your honourable country. If so, and at your request, one of my party shall remain in Japan a year to teach our language.' The list of articles of merchandise on board was closed by a simple request to have free intercourse with the native merchants, so that future cargoes might be made to suit, in all respects, the Japanese taste. Those who are familiar with the accounts given of Japanese ideas, prejudices, &c., will perceive why some points have been touched on in these papers, and others avoided or suppressed. To the above communications there was added a further one of Dr. Parker, respecting the medicines he had brought with him, 'the wonderful efficacy of which, as well as the singular skill of their employer, could only be known by experience.'"

In some of the foregoing passages the boastings, the insinuations, and the compliments may be deemed laughably preposterous. The design of the whole is cunningly devised. What we have next to quote, however, appears to us, still more disgustingly hypocritical, jesuitically artful, and monstrously false and dangerous in principle. The doctrine in short is this, might gives right.

The reader is to bear in mind that the answer to the cunning contrivances of the Americans was a not ill directed salutation from certain batteries; nor was a second attempt at negotiation at another part of the coast more successful, or less significantly replied to. The expedition, no doubt deeply chagrined and desperately angry, was therefore obliged to turn about, and taste the bitterness resulting from this ingeniously devised scheme having been so summarily disposed of. But what does the describer of these events propose now to his countrymen and the government of America, whose laws "are just and equitable," and who inflict punishment "only on the guilty?" He says,—

"As I regarded the possession of three Japanese, who had been wrecked on the American coast, as an opportunity afforded by Providence of getting into private communication with Japan, so I look upon the injury done to the American flag in the treatment of the *Morrison*, as an occasion too valuable to be lost for bringing national influence to bear on the point where private effort has failed to make any impression. My view of national remonstrance is, that it is never dishonourable, even when unsuccessful. To submit for a time may sometimes be the duty of a Christian nation; to submit 'to suffer as an evil-doer,' by implication with other men's sins, never. To clear itself from all such debasing connexions, is an object worthy of every nation careful of its Christian honour. On the other hand, the gratification of private or public revenge, the resort to any other than open measures for redress, the punishment of the innocent with or for the guilty, is national degradation;

deeper even than cowardly submission. From all these objections, I trust that the following recommendations for the amelioration of our relations with Japan will be found free, and therefore becoming the character, and meriting the approval, of the American executive. I propose, then, that a small naval force (say two sloops and a tender) shall be directed to pass the summer of 1839 on the coasts of Japan; the commanding officer, or rather the accompanying envoy (for I am afraid of military men) being furnished with the views of the government on the late treatment of the national flag, and with its ultimatum on the point of future intercourse. This ultimatum should embody security for the kind reception of the vessels and seamen of both nations in each other's ports; the admission of an American minister to the court of Yeddo; the necessary exequatur for such consuls as may be appointed to care for our seamen, and some other like provisions. Unless altered circumstances invite, I would not embarrass the first demand for admission to political relations with Japan, by including any stipulations whatever as to commercial intercourse. This may be the subject of after-negotiation, when distrust has given way to confidence. The first approach should be kept above the suspicion of mercenary motive; the first call should be made in the name of humanity. It is true that the right of commercial interchange is well based, on the providential division of earthly productions to different climes, and on its own beneficent results; but mankind is so little agreed on the extent of the right, and so much less on the propriety of enforcing it, that it cannot be placed in the same category with the claims of common humanity. Against this little squadron, it is my belief that no force could be immediately brought, or would be brought at all, even in the harbour of Yeddo; while a tender would find a station for it, secure from the weather."

Piety, fraud, aggression, and wrathful retaliation figure conspicuously in all this reasoning and inculcation. Is this the way to advance the religion of peace and good will? But there is more in a similar strain, or rather the consequences of the doctrines now laid down, are traced to more offensive and yet their natural results; for what if the ultimatum should be rejected which the writer argues that the "late treatment of the national flag" warrants the American government to propose? His answer is—

"If rejected, it should be pressed again, along with a free exposition of the injustice of such a policy as respects America, and an exhibition of the defencelessness of Japan, its immense coast line, its exposed capitals, its feudal weaknesses, its entire dependence, in fact, on the very moderation and good-will in our own and other foreign nations; on the denial of which it expels us, as it has so long excluded them. These declarations could scarcely fail to make a salutary impression, though they might come short of securing an immediate choice of the safe, easy, honourable, humane concessions proposed in the ultimatum. But if rejected, pertinaciously and finally, there remains beside an honourable retreat; beyond the discharge of the duty of protest; beside the consciousness of having attempted to subserve the cause of humanity, with which I would rest

satisfied, a bolder alternative—a choice of two sets of coercive measures, if indeed it should be that circumstances justify and demand such extremities. The first of these is, and I give it first only because it has often been thought that it would work well, both in Japan and China, to turn back the junks approaching Yeddo with fish from the northern colonies and rice from the western provinces; and thus to convince the Kubo of the truth of that defencelessness, of which words have failed to convince him. There is, however, an objection to this proceeding, to me insuperable; the scarcity which would follow it, must fall on the unoffending multitude, and pride and fulness of bread would still characterize the circle around the court, unless invaded and broken up by a popular insurrection. Now, it cannot be the pleasure of the American people to inflict one pang on the guiltless and friendly million of the Japanese capital; I turn, therefore, to the less objectionable alternative alluded to, and which, if it do not throw open the ports of the empire at a touch, can hardly fail to produce sufficient impression to warrant, in the extreme case of absolute necessity under consideration, an adoption and trial. This alternative is—the emancipation of the insular dependencies of Japan from Satsumá southward to Formosa. To accomplish this milder alternative, the harbour of Kagosima, the only point from which a communication is maintained with these islands, need only, in my opinion, be strictly guarded; and the sole link which chains the archipelago to the master country will thus be severed. While this only avenue is commanded, a vessel should proceed to Loochoo, and successively to the smaller islands; declaring them free, relieving them entirely and for ever from the presence of their Japanese masters, and aiding them in their first efforts to discharge the obligations of independence.”

How unchristian and revengeful does all this appear even upon paper, which is so susceptible of glosses!—how different would be the results from anything that Mr. King has glanced at! Truly the doctrine of an *imperium in imperio*, alluded to in a notice in our last number of “A Voice from America to England,” as pronounced to be developing itself in the former country, seems from the passages we have just quoted, and from the whole intent of the two voyages which we are considering, to be already receiving unequivocal proofs. Nay, the writer of that work asserted that a power independent of the civil, and in the absence of an ecclesiastical establishment over which the state in other Christian countries exercises authority, was growing up in the United States, and marching abroad, that threatened the independence of Christendom and the whole world. And what else would the reasoning we have just been quoting tend to? We did not expect so soon to meet with an avowal so corroborative of the opinion we have extracted from the “Voice.”

Before leaving Japan, we notice that although the present “Notes” contain hardly anything which adds to our knowledge of such a jealous people and strictly guarded country against foreigners, that that country is described as poorer, and more unlike what the glowing

and sanguine account which Basil Hall has given of it than we expected. For instance we are told that—

“The last spot on which the eye rests with pleasure, after leaving the harbour of Napa, is the ascent towards Showle; the tract which Capt. Hall has peopled with the citizens of a metropolis, and crowned with the palace of a king. From all we could learn, the petty Loochooan dependant of the feudal prince of Satsumá lives somewhere thereabouts; but whether those beautiful rising grounds, thickly interspersed with trees and dwelling-houses, should be called country or town, and whether the common-looking building on the summit of the hill be a palace, or an old temple, or a fort, was not at all important, and not at all clear.”

The author of the second of these volumes is Mr. Lay, who was the naturalist in Beechey's expedition, and is now agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the eastern parts of Asia. The voyage of the *Himmaleh*, with which he was on this occasion connected, did not lead to results much more important than the one to Japan, of which we have already presented some account; at least in so far as philanthropic purposes were contemplated. The authorities in the quarters of the Malayan Archipelago, which has hitherto been so little traversed on account of its dangerous navigation, and the jealous or unfriendly character of the people who inhabit the almost innumerable islands of these tropical regions, were not the only bar to missionary exertions, such as the distribution of tracts, and the cultivating of an extensive or various intercourse with the natives; for the captain of Oliphant and Co.'s vessel found himself empowered to act contrariwise upon any threatened diminution to his traffic, which expansive spiritual efforts might induce. Mr. Lay appears besides to cherish a taste rather for researches in the department of natural history, to which he slightly contributed during the voyage, than missionary championship. Nor were the places at which the vessel touched, so numerous or diversified as might reasonably have been expected from the outfitting and patronage of a firm, whose several important objects in regard to this visit to the Eastern Archipelago were such as are set forth in the following characteristic manner, in a “memorandum of propositions,” chiefly intended, however, for the perusal of the sultan or chieftain of Borneo:—

“1. The country from which we come is the United States of America. It is civilized and powerful, able to defend itself from all enemies, and punish injustices done to its people; but not addicted to war or conquest, and having no colonies.

“2. Its intercourse with other nations is peaceful and commercial; its ships traverse every sea, and its merchants exchange, with men of all nations the productions of their mutual industry.

“3. It invites men of all nations to come and visit it, giving them free

permission to travel or reside in any part of its territories, and extending to them the same protection as to its own people.

" 4. It has dollars, iron, cloth, &c. which it can exchange for the pepper, coffee, &c. of your country. We therefore ask permission to come with these; and would have you inform us at what times and in what quantities you can furnish your productions.

" 5. We will come regularly, if thus informed, and take from you these your surplus products, and ask a list of the articles you would have in exchange from us.

" 6. If it be more agreeable to you that our traffic be continued, and not interrupted by each departure, we will bring a commercial agent to reside with you.

" 7. Moreover, we have men in our country very skilful in the healing of diseases: shall we bring one of these to dwell with you?

" 8. We have much wisdom and knowledge in the books of the language of our country, and we are taught in them that it is more happy to give than to receive: shall we bring one capable of imparting this knowledge to you?

" 9. Our Government is accustomed to send abroad Consuls: if it be your desire that one be sent to you, we will carry letters to that effect to our President, so that he may send one to you.

" 10. When we are gone, should any vessel of our country visit you, or be wrecked on your coast, we beg you to receive them kindly. Should any of the crews misbehave, we entreat you, inasmuch as there are bad men in all nations, not to involve the innocent with the guilty."

Long-headed fellows these same partners in the firm of Oliphant and Co.

The places at which the *Himmaleh* touched were Singapore, Macassar, Ternate, Mindanao, Borneo, and one or two more of less significance. The few notices connected with the last mentioned large island, which we now extract, appear to us to be the most striking concerning the people, the despotic rules, and the sort of feudal institutions which obtain there that we find in the volume:—

" We regarded the Sultan as a worthless old fellow, our acquaintance looked up to him as a good and gracious prince. He is not without natural endowments, and seems to possess great shrewdness in discrimination and an admirable memory. When others were at a loss about the name of an object, the Sultan was sure to know it; and would not only give the true denomination, but sometimes two or three others, which had at one period served as provincialisms. But flattery has so blown up his heart and stupified his powers of reflection, that he will play all kinds of baby pranks, and then look round for applause with all the assurance of conscious merit. He had all the attributes of a child whom cockering and compliments have filled with vanity, and plunged into an utter forgetfulness of every one's interest beside its own. He is therefore as selfish as he is conceited; and I speak from observation, when I affirm, that when any object was to be obtained, there was no manœuvre,

however mean or unworthy, to which he would not resort. He used every art to extort our property from us ; and what he could not obtain as a gift, he borrowed without returning. At first he promised to make us many presents by way of return, but they never made their appearance. As our hopes were not very sanguine, the disappointment occasioned us but little uneasiness. But we were so disgusted with his conduct, that we resolved between ourselves not to owe him for the rice and rancid fish and the hard lodgings he had granted us. We accordingly presented him, a day or two before our departure, with a quantity of nankeen, and some sets of tumblers ; and made a distribution among all the members of his household, that no one who had rendered us service, either real or imaginary, might go without recompence. We did not tell the Sultan in what light he wished him to regard these presents, for he spared us the trouble, by saying that he must receive them as payment for the bountiful manner in which he had fed us, and would not therefore consider himself bound to honour us with any tokens of his bounty."

He is not represented as being wantonly cruel, nor delighting in worse freaks when Mr. Lay was at Borneo, than the shrieks of a poor little girl when shown to or obliged to look upon the white men. The Prime Minister, however, appears to much better advantage than his reputed master the Sultan, the real distinction between them after all being very concisely drawn by the brother of the latter, who described it in conversation to the writer and a fellow-traveller, thus,—“ The one speaks and the other acts.”

Of this minister, by name Muda Hasim, we read as follows,—

“ The peaceful state of things at Borneo, when we saw it, was due to the merits of this man, which, when we consider them in reference to what we see in the rest of his countrymen, seem to be of no ordinary kind. The order of his household, and the character of the persons about him, afforded a great contrast to what we saw at the palace of the sultan. In one we have a motley group of ill-favoured sycophants, whose business it is to execute the dirty errands of their master, and to abet him in all his knavish practices ; in the other we have men of a respectable bearing, and whatever may be some of their moral delinquencies, they appear to understand that it is their duty to perform the biddings of a spirited and enterprising chief, and not merely to wait upon his vices. He is anxious to introduce improvements among the people, and takes the surest way to accomplish his wishes by setting the example in his own establishment. The work will, of course, advance but slowly at first, for want of models, instruction, various kinds of stuff, and different utensils, and withal, that encouragement which an experienced and liberal minded foreigner could give them. He, and several leading persons besides, are willing to learn, and would gladly listen to any hints that would assist them in the construction of useful articles. This I think I may affirm with a considerable degree of certainty, and should rejoice to see the experiment fairly tried, as there is little doubt in my mind about its successful issue. His thoughts are not confined to mechanic undertakings, they extend to the

general concernments of his subjects; he wants to put matters upon some durable footing, so that his son, a very interesting youth, and the chief joy of his father, may find his seat easy and secure when his kind protector is no more. He was meditating a visit to all the neighbouring places upon the coast which acknowledge the supremacy of Borneo, in order to bind them to that state by leagues of confederacy and exchanges of mutual confidence."

We are told by Mr. Lay that a very extensive coal-field has been discovered near to the capital of Borneo. Perhaps the day is not distant when this invaluable mineral may be wonderfully subservient to the navigation of the neighbouring seas. Our next and last extract, still connected with the same great island, although having illustrations upon a wider Malayan scale, presents a curious result of long established feudalism and despotism :—

"As Borneo Proper has had but little intercourse with other nations, the ancient customs have been maintained in greater purity than in most other countries about the Archipelago, if we except Java. Here we find the feudal system still in existence; the chieftain expects all kinds of service from his followers, who know nothing about a free soccage, or experience any differences in the mode of tenure. They hold themselves ready to answer when called for, and to execute whatever may be his pleasure. They form the essential part of his inheritance, the inseparable heraldry and adornments of his title. Use has rendered the burden easy, when not accompanied with any outrageous acts of oppression; and every man is taught to regard his chief as his friend and protector, and looks upon the whole tenor of his conduct with an eye of fondness and partiality. In fact, he identifies himself with his master, and seems to find as much pleasure in waiting upon him as the other can in receiving his attentions. We may compare the leader to the head, and his followers to the body; he reasons and decides, they listen to his commands, and fly with alacrity to execute them. Such is the rooted attachment for this form of government in the heart of a Malay, that in Malacca they bear the spoiling of their goods rather than leave their chief and settle in the British territory, where property is secure. At Singapore, the chief no longer exercises an uncontrolled authority over his subjects; and they are become poor, useless, and dispirited creatures. They had never learned to choose for themselves, or regulate their own conduct; so that now, like the hands without the head, they sink down in faint and drooping imbecility. Despotism is the only kind of rule that agrees with this people, for intellect and resolution they are in their childhood, and will continue to be so till knowledge, religion, and enterprise shall have enabled them to think and act for themselves. The will of the Sultan is the law of the land, modified, of course, by the influence which his councilors and great men exert upon him. He is elective, but the choice is limited to a single family."

The sooner this degraded and vicious system is altered and shown

to the people to be detestable the better. It is a reformation that is worthy of the enterprise of America and every civilized or Christian nation. But let not the pretence of an infusion of knowledge and the spread of religious light be made the mere cover for the advancement of purely secular advantages to parties, who taking advantage of accidental superior opportunities, and whose selfish inconsistent zeal are things likely to protract that which should be most earnestly yet cautiously promoted.

ART. XII.—*A Narrative of the Greek Mission, or, Seven Years in Malta and Greece, including Tours in the Peloponnese, the Ægean and Ionian Isles.* By the Rev. S. S. WILSON, Member of the Literary Society of Athens. London: Snow, Paternoster Row. 1839.

HERE is a bulky volume of no fewer than five hundred and ninety six pages, upon matter which, without the slightest detriment to the subject and with very great advantage to the time and patience of the reading public, might very fairly be compressed into fifty or one hundred at the utmost. A concise narrative of the measures taken by the Missionary Societies of London for the diffusion of Protestantism and education in general, in Greece and the Ionian Islands, and the success with which those efforts have been attended, might have formed a very agreeable book, and if executed with spirit and ability might have furnished a gratifying subject of speculation to those who are watching with eagerness the progress of civilization from the West to the East. But when we find it surcharged with the heavy lumber of historical and antiquarian lore, copied from the commonest guide books, blundering misquotations from the classics, and gossip and twaddle of the flimsiest description, when we are obliged to hunt for a few grains of information amid a mountain of chaff, it requires a strong effort to conquer the feeling of weariness and disgust which creeps over us. The Rev. S. S. Wilson is no doubt a man of excellent intentions and sincere piety, but these qualities are not sufficient to make a good book-maker. The saints indeed, for whose especial perusal the work seems written, will accept even the prosiness of the reverend missionary with gratulation and thanksgiving, while such of the great class of sinners as venture upon his pages may be apt to consider the task of idle for their manifold offences. But the saints are more numerous than the sinners. To the former the labour is made more agreeable by the judicious interspersions of compliments which give a zest and piquancy to the work, and may be tempted to compare the sanctimonious reiterations of scriptural phrases, to the cross-words of the professors of the Greek faith, which they only reprobates and condemns. Thus Mr.

Newman, the tract vender in Berner's-street, and his daughter Isabella, may find very striking beauties in the following passage:—

“He (Admiral Miaulis) used to take pleasure in hearing his smallest boy, about twelve, read the stories of good children in my Greek spelling book. By the way one of these narratives I made from my reminiscences of some very amiable traits in the character of a then little daughter of my esteemed friend, Mr. N. of Berner's-street. The children of Socrates, hundreds and hundreds, have read dear excellent Isabella's simple story in many parts of Greece; and I feel persuaded that now, when she, like the dear children of the classic land who first read her story, is arrived at woman's age, she will forgive a liberty criginating in a purpose so benevolent” No doubt dear excellent Isabella will manage to keep her temper when she reads this very deliberate puff, and no doubt Mr. Newman will exert his influence in the proper quarters for the benefit of the reverend gentleman, in return for making his daughter *vivam volitare per ora Græcorum*.

The apostolic career of the reverend Mr. Wilson commenced at Malta, which he proves by several passages from holy writ to be the precise island upon which his great predecessor St. Paul had been shipwrecked, some eighteen hundred years ago. So early as the year 1813, a Mr. Bloomfield had made some progress in the good work of enlightening the Maltese. But, unfortunately, just as he had qualified himself for more extensive usefulness, by acquiring a knowledge of the Italian and Greek languages, it pleased the Lord of the harvest (as Mr. Wilson piously expresses it) to translate to the church above the pious and devoted missionary. He died exclaiming “none but Christ,” which suggests the following very *pertinent* observation:—

“To me this exclamation always seems so much the more a consecrated one, from the fact that so many of our afflicted martyrs in the times of Henry and of Mary left the world for glory with this sacred ejaculation on their lips.”

The mantle of Mr. Bloomfield fell upon the Rev. Isaac Lowndes, and by him it was charitably shared with our author.—“Like that of *St. Paul*,” his voyage to Malta was fearfully stormy and perilous. After going through all the horrors of shipwreck, it came to pass—(he gives it in the words of St. Luke) that they all came safe to land. Having thus reached the field of labour under such cheering coincidences, he lost no time in girding himself for the struggle. He found the champions of papacy, whom he came single handed to attack, presented a close and serried front at his approach. Their name was legion. The sight seems to have been too much, even for his enthusiastic courage, as he candidly confesses that little is to be effected at Malta; and after making a tour of the island, and viewing the lions of this once renowned isle of the

“ knight of truest blue,” he became convinced that Greece was his proper field, and to Greece he accordingly repaired. Not, however, before he met with another extraordinary coincidence between himself and St. Paul in the fact of his “ killing a serpent near the very spot where that blessed man shook one from his hand.” Like St. Paul, too, he was persecuted. In the words of his great predecessor he exclaimed, “ I die daily.”

On one occasion he narrowly escaped being prosecuted for a libel in the shape of a witticism on the Santissima Casa. On another, “ a mob of ten or fifteen thousand natives assailed him and the Wesleyan missionary, and stripped the pall from the coffin of a native professor, whose funeral they were attending.” Again a persecuted convert he fled for refuge to his house. It was instantly surrounded by an immense crowd of islanders, and but for the interference of the civil authorities, he thinks it is *probable* he would have reaped the glorious crown of martyrdom ; but he had a wife and children, and preferring their society on earth to a premature introduction to the society of the martyrs in heaven, with a fierce invective against the gloom of the Tybur, i. e. the church of Rome, the Rev. Mr. Wilson withdrew from Malta. He prays devoutly that the smile of heaven may rest upon future missionaries, as through his instrumentality “ the bread has been cast upon the waters, and shall be seen after many days.” He had distributed some Bibles, and effected the conversion of four persons of very questionable characters.

In conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Lowndes, he now entered upon the Greek mission. He found the land of Basil and of Chrysostom suffering from want of scriptural education, want of books, want of the word of God, and the want of a pulpit. The Greek priesthood are numerous and ignorant, and their flocks superstitious and barbarous. The remedies adopted by the missionaries we shall give in Mr. Wilson's words :—

“ Such was the moral condition of Greece ; such the melancholy state of things, which demanded our earliest and best *efforts*. The events which placed at our disposal that most efficient engine—a printing press, I have already detailed. To this we vigorously applied, as one powerful means of removing the maladies above specified ; and ere the reader is presented with other matters, he will kindly allow me to prefix a brief review of the operations of the Greek press. As the selection, editing and printing of books was altogether my own department, the plural number may here be laid aside. My present object is chiefly to single out for brief notice some of the numerous works which, during about ten years, issued from the press under my superintendence at Malta. That I review my own works is a fact, which candour will trace to necessity, not to choice ; and if I deal in fact rather than sentiment, there will not, perhaps be any just ground of complaint. The following syllabus comprises.

THE PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE MISSION PRESS.

Ladder of Learning.	Life of Robert Raikes.
Tract on Salvation.	Watts' Divine Songs.
Village Sermons.	Pilgrim's Progress.
Parents' Guide.	Anglo-Greek Primer.
Tutor's Guide.	On the Decalogue.
Tract on Redemption.	James Covey, a Tract.
Sacred History.	Poor Joseph; do.
Martin and his Pupils.	Life of Bunyan; do.
Geographical Encheiridion.	History of Abraham.
Tommy and Harry.	The Cabin Boy.
Joseph Green.	Janeway's Token of Love.
Susan Green.	Christian Doctrines.
Clergyman's Guide.	Jailor's conversion.
Scott's Essays.	Well-spent Penny.
Rumeliot Chieftain.	Cure of Naaman.
Tract from Chrysostom.	Music to the Psalms.
Psalms in Verse.	Italian Grammar.
Keith on Prophecy.	Life of Oberlin.

" It has already been stated, that when we entered on the Greek mission, the want of education and of books was one of our first convictions. To meet this defect, I published several of the works above enumerated.

" The Ladder of Learning is taken chiefly from English elementary works of a kindred character. It is a primer; has gone through several editions, and always met with great acceptance throughout the classic land. Its popularity appears to have been aided by its syllabic lessons—a new thing in Greece. Before the appearance of our books, without any exception that I remember, the poor Greek children were compelled to spell out the long and difficult words of this language, from the tattered pages of an ancient Greek Psalter. The little narratives contained in the Ladder of Learning, was another agreeable novelty. It comprises also Greek, Roman, and Arabic *numbers*, the Nicene Creed, the Bible, My Mother, in verse, and Watts' First Catechism, together with a gradational series of sacred and moral lessons. I believe it may be truly added, that to the London Missionary Society pertains the honour of having supplied Greece with the first primer ever written in the language of Polycarp.

" This small thing I followed by the Tutor's Guide, to which a very respectable and influential Greek of Chios, now Sir Neophytos Vamvas, kindly added a commendatory preface. This book, a 12mo of about 250 pages, I carried through several editions, and many thousand copies of it are spread through all parts of Greece, insular and continental. Like the 'Ladder,' it is a sort of eclectic compend of some of our best English spelling-books.

" With a facility beyond my hopes, I was enabled to put Watts' Divine Songs into Greek lyrics, adding to them a few of John Wesley's and Miss Jane Taylor's, with a version of some spirited lines on the value of the Bible, and poetic arrangements of some favourite prose doxologies from

a modern Greek work, called the Book of Eight Mètres. Of this I printed one edition, and the Religious Tract Society another.

“ I published this work with a view to aid the general establishment of Sunday-schools in Greece. It was with the same design, still pursued by our missionary brethren in that land, that I re-wrote the Life of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath-schools, of materials I culled from Mr. Lloyd's. ‘ Joseph and Susan Green,’ two most admirable stories, published by the Religious Tract Society, I printed with the same object, as well as several other smaller things.

“ The Pilgrim's Progress, with very full notes, from Burder's admirable edition of that work, I have carried through two editions; the last of which was, I think, 3,000 copies. This book, I have reason to believe, is a great favourite in Greece, as it suits the lively genius of the nation. It is with obvious reason, as I tell the Greeks, our great sage and moralist, Johnson, pronounces it ‘ the most perfect allegory in the English language.’ A Greek pilgrim in the island of Hydra, once said to me; ‘ I have read your adventurous journey of Christian the Pilgrim. It is a most excellent book. I wonder how in the world you managed to coin all these funny names. I have not yet read the notes.’

“ To elevate the character of the Greek priesthood, was a thought that dwelt much on my mind. With this view, I published two of the books named in the syllabus above given: ‘ The Life of Oberlin,’ and ‘ Keith's Evidence of Prophecy.’ But my chief work, published with this most important object, was ‘ The Clergyman's Guide.’ Besides other important matter, this work contains a Life of St. Paul, as an example to ministers, taken from John Newton's Ecclesiastical History; the admirable address to missionaries and their wives, published by the Scottish Missionary Society; a Commentary on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, with copious notes, partly original, and partly taken from Chrysostom, Theophylact, Doddridge, Henry, and others, accompanied by a paraphrase, with the text in ancient and modern Greek; and an Essay on the Pulpit, principally from Claude. To this work I subjoined a supplement on Sacred Chronology, on the actions, discourses, parables, and miracles of Christ; on the watches of the Jews; Lardner's Canon of the New Testament; the more celebrated philosophers of Greece, Rome, and Modern Europe; with other useful topics.

“ For the youth of Greece, I published numerous small books; and to print a number in London, (on which I was requested to give an opinion,) the Tract Society nobly devoted about two hundred pounds. In addition to the Anglo-Greek Primer, I translated many small works in the same language, and procured the translation and printing of others in Italian.

“ The last production from the Greek press that I shall notice here, is the ‘ Evangelical Psalmist.’ This is a poetic version of a select number of psalms, with musical notes. The volume comprises 130 pages. Except three of the psalms, the 50th, the 104th, and the 137th, all these versions, together with the adaptation of the airs, are the produce of my own pen, and were prepared and arranged at the suggestion of the church missionary in the island of Syra, who wanted them for his excellent Greek schools.

"It is with much pleasure I add, that the American missionaries pursue the same plan. Their press never sleeps. Besides many admirable theological and practical works, among which is a Commentary on the Epistles of the Son of God to the seven Asiatic Churches, as given in the book of Revelations, those brethren have published a Greek Arithmetic, a Spelling Book, a Reader, with many other elementary works, so much required in Greek schools. The episcopal mission in Malta has also put forth a Commentary on the Acts, the Pilgrim's Progress in Arabic, and numerous most useful works of an elementary kind.

"All these missionaries in the Mediterranean attach the utmost importance to the circulation of the scriptures and religious books. Many thousands of these were annually sold in Greece, and dispersed through that and other countries. The following brief summary of our labours in this department, will convey to the reader some idea of their extent and value.

Printed from June 1st, 1825, to Dec. 31st, 1827.		Issued during the same time.	
Works.	Copies.	Pages.	
Italian 6 } Greek 27 }	55,000	2,476,500	18,118
Printed from Jan. 1st, 1828, to Dec. 31st, 1829.			
Greek 20 } Italian, &c. 7 }	33,100	1,563,202	16,388
Printed from Jan. 1st, 1830, to March 31st, 1833.			
Greek, Italian, and English 25 }	132,100	4,593,000	46,569

"In this abstract, Bibles, Testaments, and religious books in English, of which I sold a considerable number every year, are not noticed; neither does it include tracts. I may also remark, that amongst those circulated since 1830, there are comprised some thousands of small Greek publications from the press of the Religious Tract Society. Of Greek and Italian tracts, I circulated in Malta, Italy, Tripoli, and Greece, about 20,000. Our press has also furnished the means of elementary and religious instruction to tens of thousands of the youth of Greece, who were thirsting for knowledge, without the means of obtaining it. Our publications, moreover, have originated schools in many parts of Greece, which have proved, and will yet prove, an incalculable blessing to the land of Theophylact and of Eusebius."

In the Ionian islands, education has made a very considerable progress. In 1833, Mr. Lowndes reported to the society in London, 127 schools for males, containing 4,962 pupils, and 10 schools for girls, containing 576 pupils. The latest report on this highly interesting subject runs thus:—

"After mentioning the delightful fact, that we have four missionary Sabbath schools, three of them Greek, the other English; and that they are attended chiefly by females; also that the ten girls' schools for secular days are attended by about 600 pupils; my estimable colleague fur-

nishes a statement of *'the public schools,'* of which he has the inspector-generalship in the Ionian isles. He then adds the following summary of the state of education in these islands, together with a well-merited encomium on Sir Howard Douglas, the present Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian isles, with which I close the chapter.

" Female Schools	10	Number of Scholars	600
Lancastrian do.	102	Ditto	4,348
Secondary do.	7	Ditto	586
Day and Boarding do.	2	Ditto	80
University	1	Ditto	96
Lyceum	1	Ditto	100
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	123		5,810

" An increase since last year of 681.

" At various periods in the course of last year I visited and inspected in the different islands 111 schools in all; and in many instances found much reason to be well satisfied with the state of education, and the prospect of future amelioration.

" I cannot conclude this statement without adding, that the cause of education in the Ionian islands is much indebted to the present Lord High Commissioner, Sir Howard Douglas, whose indefatigable zeal and solicitude have stimulated the Ionian government to adopt measures more effectual than ever existed in the islands previously, for the continued support and advancement of public instruction. And the whole of his plan in relation to this subject, if carried into effect, will raise the standard of education, in all classes of society, to a degree it never yet reached in the Ionian islands."

In the Cyclades there were in 1831 seventeen schools, with 1,500 pupils. In the Sporades seven, with 300 children:—

" At Cæsarea and Thyatira, at Ephesus and in Smyrna, schools are in active operation. In the latter place alone above 1,300 children are receiving instruction, and in all of them the Holy Scriptures constitute the principal reading book. Your committee will not indulge in anticipations, which intelligence of this kind is so naturally calculated to call forth. It only furnishes additional evidence, that everywhere old delusions are breaking up, and that in all lands a way is preparing for the more rapid advance of peace, and truth, and righteousness.

" The Lancastrian schools continue to augment in Asia Minor, and, although only four of them are at present under the controul of missionaries, still we are thankful that the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts constitute the principal reading-books of all the schools of mutual instruction, and in a great many of them Watt's Catechism is taught.

" Two years and a half ago, Melemen, a small town about fifteen miles distant from Smyrna, in the bishoprick of Ephesus, was the first to establish in Asia Minor one of these schools for boys, with the help of a set of sheet lessons from your Society, sent me by Dr. Korck, from Syra, and New Testaments, which I furnished from the Bible Society's depôt. Six months afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Brewer, arriving here from Ame-

rica, set up the first girls' school, which was soon filled with Greek girls. He has now three schools for girls in Smyrna, containing 250 scholars, who are truly interesting. Almost all these girls, when first brought into the school, were in a most deplorable state of ignorance,—filthy and ragged; in short, it might be safely said, that they were mostly taken from the streets, where they daily learned everything that was bad, and acquired habits of idleness and sin. Several of them were so miserably dressed, that Mrs. Brewer was absolutely obliged to clothe them. The change that has now taken place amongst them is astonishing, and those who did not see them at first, can have but a faint idea of the metamorphosis. In their humble garb, they are now neat and clean; they can sew, knit, and embroider, and mark very prettily; more than half of them can read the Scriptures fluently, and learn them also by heart; the rest, who entered the schools but lately, read in tracts, or in the sheet lessons—and all of them are taught Watts' Catechism. The most forward of them not only can write, but know something of geography, scriptural history, and arithmetic. Fifty of these girls are in what is called the Central School, where the small trifle of tenpence a month is paid; they are mostly of the richer class of Greeks, more forward in their studies, and learn also ancient Greek, with fancy and ornamental work.

"In the principal villages around Smyrna, and in the towns far in the interior of Asia Minor, schools have been established; and I have just heard that at Brussa there is an extensive school of mutual instruction, kept in good order. At Constantinople similar schools are getting up.

"The important articles for scholars in Greece are—slates, pencils, reading-lessons, arithmetics, samplers for needle-work—in short, such things as are necessary for girls' schools in England. The same may be said for the schools in Asia Minor."

At Spetsia our holy missionary was again near falling a victim to his zeal, a consummation which, he frankly acknowledges, was by no means pleasing in his eyes. He was put on shore from the Cambrian frigate, in the dusk of the evening, when—

"I was in the utmost danger of assassination the moment I set foot ashore. Three hundred eyes, and three hundred more, flashed fire upon me. But when I pointed to my boxes, and stated the benevolent object I had in view, their hands let go the grasped yatagan. I was the first to jump ashore.

"After such a scene, such an ordeal as made my heart tremble, I was taken into the town hall, and, by a small rushlight, letters which I had brought from Captain Hamilton were read to the crowd by a venerable priest. I was now no longer an object of mistrust, but a welcome guest. The priest formally put this question; 'Who will give a lodging to the stranger?' An old man about sixty forthwith replied; 'I will.' With this worthy veteran I went home, and in the bosom of his family I lived ten days, enjoying the sacred rights of hospitality. Rites I should prefer to style them; for what claim had I, save that I was a helpless wanderer?

"I shall never forget the first night I passed beneath the friendly roof

of old Santos; such was the name of mine host. He introduced me to his son, his nephew, and even to his wife and daughter. It was the former who said, when Santos introduced me as an English priest, 'impossible, he has no beard!'

"We supped on some fish half broiled, sopped in oil, some good bread and some decent wine. After this the ladies retired to their apartment, and Santos, his son, and myself, had some general conversation. At last old Santos retiring, left the son and myself to sleep in the room where we were sitting, on the divan.

"I blush to add what follows. I blush to say that, from ignorance of the real character and intentions of my new friends, I really did expect that night to have been murdered. And why? My reply will scarcely justify my fears. I saw that when my half-civilised island companion, a warrior about twenty-five, was disrobing for the night, he drew from his girdle the long knife he had used at supper, and placed it carefully on a table, close to the mattress on which I was to sleep! Now, I own I did not like this. I had already laid myself down, and I watched with eagle eye every movement of Capitan Anthreas,—such were the young warrior's style and name. The knife looked ominous. 'Yet,' thought I, 'surely they will not murder a poor defenceless stranger. Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumberest nor sleepest! I commend myself to thee.'

"The young islander next took off his girdle, his yeleki, or jacket, his slippers, and other parts of his dress, and advancing to a lamp, that cast a gloomy, flickering light on a picture of Panagia, or the virgin, he began his evening prayers. For about three or four minutes he half whispered the vespers of his church, at the same time repeatedly making what the Greeks strangely style *μετάνοια*, or repentances. And what, in the language of poor modern Greece, is a repentance?—an inclination of the body to or towards the ground; a bending it forward at least half way to the earth. Such is the havoc that monastic imbecility has made with the meaning of the scripture term *μετανοια*, which imports a change of mind, a change from evil to good. During these repeated inclinations, my *compagnon de nuit* crossed himself as often and as earnestly, as though his salvation depended on that one act of puerile devotion. Capitan Anthreas next took a long pull at a jar of water, and then throwing himself on the divan close by me, seemed to fall asleep.

"My eye meantime often turned woefully to the sheathless cutlass that lay on the table. Would it had been at the bottom of the *Ægean* sea! 'Here I am,' thought I, 'unprotected save by heaven, reposing by the side of an island warrior, of whose moral principles I know precisely nothing. That knife! that cutlass! those ominous weapons that hang around the walls!' Well; I resigned myself to the safeguard of the divine shield, and tried to repose; but I think I often said with Job, 'when shall I arise and the night be gone? I am full of tossing to and fro, until the dawning of the day.'

"My truant thoughts glanced to Malta;—my wife, my children, my friends, my affairs: then to England,—my kindred, my youthful days; then to the great affairs I had in hand,—my future perils, my hopes; and then, that knife! At length I sank into a feverish slumber, and awoke next morning to tell my countrymen that my lot had fallen among, perhaps, the most hospitable natives of the *Ægean*."

The Spetsiots are a fine, hardy, and intelligent race of men. Mr. Wilson pronounces them and their neighbours the Hydriots and Psarriots to be of Illyrian descent. Their joy at the arrival of the first instalment of the Greek loan was unbounded. An old lady, a fellow passenger of the author, said to him, "so you've sent us some money from England." "Yes," replied the latter, "is it not generous in my countrymen?" "Why, it may be," she drily replied; "but I've no doubt you will expect much more than you lend us." We believe, "expect" must be our motto in this instance; this reminds us of the phrase which is so common in the mouths of the Spaniards when reminded of their obligations to England. "It was your interest, or you would not have interfered." It is difficult to get an acknowledgment of our claims to a people's gratitude, when that acknowledgment must be based on the humiliation of their national pride, and how predominant is the latter feeling among the Greeks may be gathered from the following anecdote:—

"Standing one morning by the side of an open case of these books, I saw a man come up, about forty years old, with a very good-natured face. This individual was accompanied by a number of boys. I soon found that my visitor was a schoolmaster, and the lads were his pupils, or as the word μαθηταὶ is rendered in the New Testament, disciples; for there it is spoken of the pupils of the adorable teacher of christianity. Well, the worthy dominie of Spetsia laid his hand on one of my books, and the following dialogue passed between us.

"Teacher.—'What book is this?'

"Missionary.—'The New Testament.'

"T.—'That book I don't like.'

"M.—'Why?—it is a good book.'

"T.—'And yet, you must know, I don't exactly like it.'

"M.—'But why, my friend?'

"T.—'Why!—for a very good reason.' As he said this he good-naturedly smiled, and I smiled too, for I fancied it was all *badinage*. Yet I could not imagine what the worthy man was driving at. The dialogue went on.

"M.—'Pray say why you object to the New Testament?'

"T.—'Did not St. Paul write it?'

"M.—'He wrote part of it.'

"T.—'Well; that's quite enough: you must know that St. Paul libels my countrymen, and I'm mortally offended at him.'

"M.—'But how is that?'

"T.—'Why, I'm not a native of this island; I'm a Cretan.'

"M.—'Well!'

"T.—'St. Paul has mortally offended me, *ισκανδάλισι*, because he boldly declares that the Cretans are always liars!'

"M.—'He cites one of your own poets, Menander.'

"T.—'Well, after all, I don't care: for if St. Paul says the *Cretans* are liars, David declares *all* men are liars; so we're no worse than others.'

"After this he called all his disciples; told which book to purchase; and after each of them had bought two or three, the worthy Cretan thus addressed them. 'Now, boys, go up and kiss the hand of this stranger, for bringing us these nice books from England.' As a kiss is not a sign of servility, but of gratitude, I permitted them to kiss my hand. Once when I told this anecdote to a London auditory, I remarked that in idea I was disposed to transfer that kiss to the hands of British philanthropists, since I was but the almoner of their bounty—so indeed I felt it, and do so still; and may our dear brethren in the British churches have all the honour; or rather let us 'give *God* the glory, for we are sinners.'

"Pointing to one of his pupils, as fine a youth as ever I beheld, about sixteen, my Cretan friend said: 'Dost thou see this youth?' 'Yes,' said I, gazing on the fine form and elegant costume of the youth. 'Well, I am sorry to say he's a *thief*!'—'I hope not.'—'He is indeed.'—'How is that?'—'Bah!' replied this facetious Cretan; 'can't you understand me?—the lad's a *Spartan*, and does not *that* mean a thief?' There was a general laugh at my simplicity.

"After this interesting interview, the master and pupils left me to other visitors. Till after an awful change of scenes, I never expect to behold them again. Farewell, ye good-natured islanders; farewell till then, and may our meeting be happy."

The next anecdote is so characteristic of Mr. Wilson's style, that we cannot refrain from giving it:—

"One day while in Spetsia, a fine young Spartan youth came to buy my books. Little did I imagine, on first perusing the history of Lacedemon, that divine Providence had destined to me the high honour of giving into the very hands of her sons the lifeconferring light of revelation. This dear youth bought of me a New Testament, a Spelling-book, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a small treatise on Redemption. As I gazed on the boy, and ejaculated heaven's blessing upon him and his hardy race, I thought, 'well; it requires no aid from fancy or memory, to pronounce you a youth of an elastic and independent mind.' Ah! how little did Lycurgus divine, that his distant posterity were to read the production of a poor persecuted English tinker! And as little did Bunyan forebode, that the Pilgrim would put on the Greek costume, and, traversing the snowy mountains and sunny vales of the classic land, guide her children into the narrow road!

"The same day, I think it was, I had a visit from another, a very celebrated Spartan, who had accompanied one of the Greek *navarchoi*, or admirals, in all his victorious cruises against the Moslem fleet. 'Are you a Spartan?' said I.—'I am, sir.'—'Then give me your hand.' The brave palicari placed his hand in mine. I most heartily shook it, and felt that I almost revered this child of hoary Lacedemon. Reader! if you own a heart, you will forgive my enthusiasm. After my cordial shake of the Spartan's hand, a priest who accompanied him said, 'Brother, kiss his hand.' He readily obeyed the priest, and as he kissed my hand, a young captain present, smiling, said, 'That Lacedemonian is a *thief*!' How easy to get a bad name! and how hard to shake it off!"

Again,—

“ ‘To pray for our enemies,’ is, I have other reason to fear, a duty, little understood by the bulk of the Greek nation. I recollect one Sabbath-day in Malta, I was instructing a class of little Greek boys, all about fourteen years of age. I think they were learning the ‘Parent’s Guide,’ chiefly a translation of ‘Watt’s First Catechism.’ This part of christian doctrine came up, when the young rogues, one and all, most stoutly insisted that to pray for enemies is *not* a duty! A philippic of Demosthenes against the Macedonian could hardly have exhibited a more testy opposition.”

The fruits of our missionary’s sojourn in the island of Spetsia were the distribution of 204 testaments, 80 copies of the Pilgrim’s Progress, 85 Spelling Books, and about 150 small books of various kinds: for all these he received about 20*l.* sterling. We must not forget to add that, besides this, he gave the name of Themistocles, whom he styles a *legislator*, to the son of his kind host Santos. The state of his feelings on the Sabbath day, shocked as he was by the lax morality of the Greeks around him, is thus pathetically described:—

“ When alone, I felt myself a solitary wanderer in a far away isle of the Grecian seas. On such occasions, I generally turned to singing; and on this I sang, with that indescribable sort of melancholy felicity, experienced by sensitive minds in similar circumstances, away from the green pastures of the sanctuary, those sweet lines of *Addison*.

“ When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

“ Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens, and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.”

From Spetsia he proceeded to Hydra; and in the course of the voyage made the very important discovery that our word *shallow* is derived from γιᾱλό, which is pronounced yallo, and is a corruption of αἰγιαλός. Here he was the guest of the celebrated Admiral Miaulis. This hero was in his sixtieth year, of aldermanic contour, and corresponding good temper. His proper name was Vokos; Miaulis he derived from the vessel he commanded, literally the Mewler. This brave and truly patriotic Greek could not read. His *bon-mots* were as constant as his pipe, and this was

seldom out of his mouth. The untameable ferocity of his wild countrymen, the Hydriots, not unfrequently roused the wrathful indignation of the veteran. "We must have an iron cage," he one day exclaimed, when some deed of more than common barbarity had been perpetrated. "Aye, farther," observed his son, "but take heed that you are not the first to be made acquainted with its wholesome restraint:" this *verbum sap.* was sufficient. Unquestionably those islanders are ruthless and unrelenting. They hate all Franks, and can with difficulty restrain themselves from venting their contempt upon any luckless wight whose nether extremities are cased in the close-fitting trousers or breeches of northern climes.

Tight-breeched Franks, and Frank devils, are the epithets which salute his ears, accompanied perhaps by the waving of a yatigan. Yet, Mr. Wilson says he would have no objection to live amongst them *if it were necessary*, i. e. upon compulsion.

On the 21st of January, 1824, he took his departure to Syra, the ancient Scyros. We have seen that it was the will of Providence that he should re-enact many of the adventures of St. Paul; we have now to congratulate him on his narrow escape from enacting that of Jonah:—

"Scarcely had we cleared the port, when the tempest burst on us with all its fury; and this too in 'the gently laving Ægean.' Homer describes it better than Mr. North,—'the stormy sea;' in fact, all seas are stormy, and for sudden squalls, I suppose Greece is the very region. As our creaking and labouring sloop soon became the plaything of Neptune, we all held on above, or crept below. The wind roared appallingly. The billowy main was lashed to foam and fury. We soon saw it had been vain to attempt Syra, which lay about eighty miles distant, in the wind's eye; and our captain prudently put about, and bore up for the island of Poros, about twenty miles north of our course.

"Now and then a tremendous squall of snow, and sleet, and hail, with sudden gusts of wind, almost confounded us; for our vessel seemed many a time to be on the point of capsizing. At length, after about seven hours' anxious sailing, we happily rounded the promontory of Sylleum, passed Calauria, and made the port or rather roadstead of Poros.

"Poros is the ancient Hiera, and seems to me to derive its actual name from *πῆρᾱ* to pass; for, as the island lies close by the Morea, the anchorage is, in fact, but a *passage*, which is the proper import of Poros. I was informed that the inhabitants of this island were about 5,000; but just prior to my visit, an endemic had swept a large portion of them into the tomb.

"Next morning the sky looked bright, and we once more weighed for Syra, to be once more disappointed. The Italians say, 'one flower does not form the spring,' and a bright sky is not always the companion of a calm. The most fearful storm I think I ever read of, is described by General Burns, and foamed beneath as fair a heaven as ever smiled on the sunlit gardens of Italy. Fair as the Grecian sky was this day, I have

seldom gone through a more exhausting tempest. For twenty anxious hours I never tasted food, and though I have buffeted many a long sea-storm, I think I never, for the time being, felt a greater sinking of spirits. The wind whistled appallingly through the ship's rattlings. Dis-may was silently enthroned on several countenances. The billows rose fearfully high. One tremendous wave, I single out even yet, and remember it after years have glided by, as to all appearance, destined to shut us out for ever from the light of day. We watched its approach in silent suspense. It rolled on in majestic grandeur, lifting its tall, white, boiling crest high over the reeling vessel. Each seized a firm hold of some part of the ship's timbers or cordage. The wave that overwhelmed Lisbon could hardly seem more portentous in its approach. At length, with the roar of a hundred lions, with the violence of a foaming cataract, and with the shock of a falling Alp, the remorseless mountain of waters broke upon us, and almost lifted the keel of our creaking sloop fairly out of the sea. Yet, it rather rolled under than over us, and as we saw the billow on the leeward side of our gallant little ship, more hearts than one, I believe, looked up a thankful thought to him, 'who rules the wide-spread deep.' Humanly speaking, I attribute our escape to the self-possession of one man on board. Just before the billow struck us, he leapt from his hold, and in a moment let go one of the sheets, which eased the sloop at the very moment of peril.

"I think it was in this stage of our voyage, that this same man—a person of very gentlemanly manners, engaged, I believe, in commerce; but the very man, as he told me, who stabbed one of the Turkish admirals, only a little before, in a sea-fight—gravely proposed the question, 'Who is the sinner?' Now I did not at all like this question. Jonah, near these waters, had been cast overboard, as the sinner who occasioned the storm; and I was among a number of superstitious men, where life had of late been very cheap. I was also of another nation, another faith, and was distributing among them the holiest of books, which fact they might deem the very sin that brought the tempest. I own I felt on thorns, and to set them on a just scent, I replied very seriously, 'We are *all* sinners'—Finding it impossible to stand on our course, the captain was glad at length to put about, and we made the island of Zeà, just before sun-down. Zeà is the ancient Keos or Ceos, the birthplace of the celebrated painter Apelles. I was glad to land, and extremely happy to creep into a small cabin by the sea-side, where a number of drunken Greeks, who kept singing and shouting, for a long time prevented me from sleeping. In their hilarity, under the influence of a spirit called rhakee, and wine, these soldiers took obvious pleasure in vociferating again and again, 'We are Hellenes,' a name of which all Greeks are greatly proud."

Scarcely has our good missionary escaped the fate of Jonah when he has the ill-luck to be robbed. At Zeà, he fell in with a soldier of fortune from the republic of San Marino, of very gentlemanly manners and dashing deportment. The Signor Giuseppe, compassionating the trouble he was obviously taking in transporting from place to place the proceeds of his book sales, kindly

relieved him of the weight of fifty dollars, testifying at the same time the highest indignation at being suspected of the theft. Nor was this all—the gallant Signor being detected in certain acts of espionage upon the government, both he and his travelling companion were on the point of being “lynched” by the populace of Athens ; and but for the interposition of an Athenian lady to whom he brought letters, the reverend missionary might have exhibited on the furca or gibbet, which was menacingly erected in front of his abode.

In the course of his peregrinations Mr. Wilson notices many points of resemblance between the modern Greeks and their classic ancestors. They are quick, sharp, subtle, but variable, fanciful and unsteady. Their credulity is unbounded, so that the observation of Pliny, *mirum est quo procedat Græca credulitas*, is as applicable to the subjects of Otho the first, as it was to those of Trajan. The interpretation of dreams, which proved so gainful an occupation to the oneirologoi (ονειρολογοι) of old, has lost nothing of its importance in the hands of certain old women of the present day. To the ancient Greeks, the will of the invisible rulers of the universe was revealed, in signs, and sounds ; in the palpitations of the heart of victims, or the flight of birds : their confidence in the certainty of these auguries was immovable. The *penchant* for auguries and divination is as rife among the moderns. They retain nearly all the interpretations made by their pagan fathers from phenomena presented to the observation from words, from actions, and from certain movements of the body. To wink, to sneeze, are omens of good or evil. The evil eye is much in vogue. As a counter charm against this baneful influence, the ancients suspended a knob of garlic round their children's necks ; this custom is still rife, and, moreover, if a distrusted stranger kisses a child, the bystanders exclaim “garlic, garlic,” to burst the spell. The superstition of the evil eye is not unknown in England, and our term fascinate, though now of harmless import, is derived from the Greek Βασιλειω the labial B, or as now pronounced in Greece, V, being changed into the labial F in its passage through the Latin tongue. Græca fides, and Grecia mendax, the reproachful sneers of the Romans, are translated into English by Sir Thomas Maitland by, “sad dogs, Sir ; sad dogs those Greeks.” The oaths and imprecations, so common in the classics, are with very slight variation frequent in the mouths of the illiterate vulgar. There are several other traits of comparison too numerous for recital ; but here is one which we must give in the author's own words :—

“ The last sad obsequies paid to the dead are equally redolent of ancient usages. And since none of the mischief that sacerdotal error entails can affect them, one does not feel much regret, to find classic usages still clinging to the couch and grave of the dead. To paganize christianity

is frightful : to plant a scion of antiquity by the tomb, cannot injure the departed, whose lot is already fixed and immutable for ever.

“ The religion of modern Greece prescribes, that in case of sickness, a priest be called, especially at the last, who recites certain prayers for the departing spirit. The ancient Greeks had the same, with this difference ; —prayers are now made to God and the Panagia, whereas they were formerly made to Mercury, considered as the conductor of departed spirits. While what is styled the *liturgia*, or mass, is transpiring at the dying person's couch, relatives and others stand silent around, to catch the last word, which is held in a measure of sacred importance. This anxiety is not to hear some whisper of dying confidence in the Saviour, or hope in the approaching joys of heaven ; for, while in the papal pale the cruel nostrum of purgatory stifles all ebullitions of joyful anticipation, in Greece the officious triflings of the *διαβατηριον* or *viaticum*, produce the same effect. ‘ I desire to be with Christ,’ is not the language of one about to plunge into a purgatory. What the survivors wish to hear from their dying friend, is some word of counsel, but it matters little what. So Andromache, weeping the death of Hector, laments that she had not heard from the hero's lips any discreet counsel.

‘ Why held he not to me his dying hand ?

And why received I not his last command ?’

“ The first rite after death is to close the mouth and eyes. Thus the shade of Agamemnon laments to Clytemnestra, that she had not taken the trouble to perform this obsequy for his remains. So at least says a modern Greek I am citing, who gives as his authority the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, but I have in vain sought for the passage. When the mouth and eyes are closed, the corpse is washed and dressed in the best habits of the deceased. I have seen a Greek thus arrayed, and such is the custom of the country in general. In like manner was Patroclus treated by his friend Achilles, as is seen by a reference to the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*.

“ If the deceased is espoused but not yet wedded, or if a very young bride or bridegroom ; the Greeks, at least in the Ionian isles, place on the head of the departed the nuptial crown,—the crown used at the wedding : but if the departed be an infant, a youth or young damsel, the head is decorated only with a wreath of flowers. In the life of Pericles, we find such to have been the usage of the classic ages. ‘ This famous man,’ says Plutarch, ‘ witnessed the death by plague of the greater portion of his family. He was not seen to weep, or follow the funeral procession ; but when he proceeded to place the crown of flowers on the last of his children, he was no longer master of his grief,—he broke out in convulsive sighs, and shed a torrent of tears.’

On bringing the corpse out of the house, to convey it to its last resting place, the Greeks are careful that when it is placed upon the bier, the feet shall be turned towards the door, by which it is to pass into the street. The relatives and friends then surround the bier and mourn. Thus we find Achilles using this language, in reference to his friend Patroclus, fallen in the war :—

Tranfixed by chilly steel, behold him lie,

Pale in his tent,—alas ! the bravest die ;—

Feet to the door, he slumbers on the ground,
And weeping heroes circle him around.—*Iliad*; b. xix.

“In modern Greece is still prevalent the custom of hiring women to lament the dead, to sing a dirge to his memory, and to recount his virtues. These are often generously paid for their mercenary tears. Their laments are styled τὰ μοιρολόγια, or songs of destiny, and themselves *mirolologists*. Among these females, some obtain such celebrity, as to be much in request at funerals. Their cadence, or close of each panegyric, is sometimes οὐ οὐ οὐ! and at others, ὦχ ὦχ ὦχ! At their head stands the chief mourner, when a simultaneous wailing and sobbing, often repeated, finishes with the triple interjection just given. That this was one of the classic usages, is unproblematical; but from the scholiast in Aristophanes it appears, that the cadence of the ancient Greeks was, ἦ ἦ ἦ which is not perhaps so touching and as expressive as the οὐ or ὦχ of the present day. There appears in Homer's living pictures of gone-by ages, in the 24th book of the *Iliad*, a pathetic scene, exemplifying the modern practice. It is on the death of Hector, and Andromache figures as chief mourner:—

The body stretched along a princely bier,
Now flowed around the mercenary tear:
The dirge repeaters 'gan the mournful song,
While women wail, the requiem to prolong.

“Like the ancient Greeks, those of the present day prefer hasty interments. In Malta, the grave closes on the day following that of the death. So Achilles appears in haste to bury Patroclus. It is now deemed, by all Greeks, a repulsive thing to inter in the night, as such sepulture is superstitiously accounted ominous of ill. In the writings of Euripides one most clearly discerns a kindred feeling; as when Cassandra pronounces an imprecation on Thalibius. The hasty interments of Palestine, too, are strikingly exemplified in the case of Lazarus; for at verse 39 of John xi., it is stated, that this ‘friend of Jesus’ had been *dead* four days; while, from verse 17, it appears he had lain four days in the grave. It is hence inferable, that Lazarus was interred on the day of his death. The body of Jesus was interred the evening he expired. In all hot climates, not in Greece or Malta alone, the death-day and that of sepulture are never far apart.

“Tourists in Greece, had they time or opportunity, would be much struck with the funeral ceremony called the final salute. This takes place at church, after the funeral prayers; for now the priests, the relatives, and the friends apply their warmer lips to the cold face of the deceased, while some very touching language drops from those of the minister. This rite, prescribed by the Greek ritual, was prevalent in the classic ages; with this difference, that the ceremony was not performed at church, but at home, the moment before the corpse left for the tomb; and this indeed is even now the practice of Greek females, who are not in the habit, at the present day, of following the mournful procession to the last home. Long ago, however, prior to the classic age, we find this custom in the east; for ‘Joseph fell upon the neck of his dying father Jacob, and kissed him.’ Yet in this case the salute is *before* death; in Greece it is *after*.”

Equally interesting and felicitous is the following passage on the Greek language :—

“ That the Greeks should have preserved their sweet language, through so long and so changeful a series of eventful ages, is highly honourable to their patriotism. With no nation am I at all acquainted, that has passed through equal vicissitudes, and yet has preserved in equal purity the tongue of its fathers. Though for ten centuries Greece was the plaything of tyrants, and seemed blotted from the map of Europe ; yet when we visit her magic coast, we still find, on every lip, the divine language of Plato ; changed indeed, but wonderfully similar.

“ And what do the present Greeks think or intend ?—will they return entirely to ancient Greek ? No. Some few have written altogether in that tongue, but were laughed at for their pedantry. In fact, the actual reformers range on two opposite sides of the house, with a *juste milieu* between. I have seen some products of my friend, the celebrated Psaleethas of Yoannina, and of the worthy son of Baron Theotokys, altogether Hellenic. On the other hand, Athanasios Christopulos and those of this school, maintain that the language as spoken by the vulgar is perfectly beautiful, nay, perfectly *ancient*, and loudly deprecate all attempts at atticising. But Koraës Vamvas and all the editors of Greek newspapers, observe a medium, and produce a language, in my humble judgment, more elegant, more mellifluous, more simple, than that of the father of poets or the prince of historians.—Homer and Herodotus are more venerable, but not more chaste ; more terse, but not more sonorous ; more copious, but not more expressive, than the adventurous authors of the age of Otho the first.”

Mr. Wilson's book concludes with the details of a project for evangelizing Greece. It is nothing more or less than the foundation of colony of decidedly pious Britons in Eubœa, or Negropont. This colony he suggest should consists of one hundred families with the necessary appliances of capital, bibles, books, teachers and artisans :—

“ It might thus be hoped, devoutly depending on the blessing of God, that the third generation of these pious colonists would be Greeks in name, costume and language, yet Protestants in faith and morals. And to what extent their holy influence might be felt in the land of Basil and of Plato, is, to be sure, a question for the future, but a question to which the history of the spread of the gospel in other lands supplies a prospective and almost terrible reply.”

If by other lands, he means Ireland, Malta, or India, we can understand the meaning of the expression, “ terrible reply ;” and we by all means recommend a further extension of experiments which have met with such signal success in those last named quarters : so leaving Mr. Wilson to settle the basis of his treaty between her majesty's government and that of King Otho, for the

loan of six hundred decidedly pious Britons, we take our leave of his book, devoutly hoping that the success of his colonization may equal that of his book-making speculation.

ART. XIII.—*England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe. Illustrated in a Series of Original Letters never before printed.* By P. F. TYTLER, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1839.

MR. TYTLER has for a long time been an indefatigable investigator in the State Paper Office, and among other collections of original manuscript documents, where lie buried so many valuable records, and so many authentic writings, which have come from the pens of a vast number of persons celebrated in history. The valuable character of the materials, contained in the Office specially named by us, will be best understood if described in the words of the gentleman who has in the present volumes interspersed many Historical Introductions and Biographical and Critical Notes, so as to aid and interest the general reader. He says, “so important, indeed, are these stores, and yet so little are they known or appreciated, that the author believes he does not overstate the fact when he asserts that no perfect History of England, either civil, ecclesiastical, or constitutional, can be written till this collection is made accessible by catalogues to men of letters. But leaving this subject, upon which he will never cease to hope that something may at last be effected by the country, it occurred to him that an experiment might be made by printing a selection of such letters as illustrated a small portion of European history, and making an attempt to present them to the public in a more popular form than has yet been done.”

True, there have appeared various “Collections of Original Letters;” but the manner of editing them has generally been such as to interest the antiquary and the historian, without offering attractions to the eye and the reading habits of the multitude. “They presuppose,” remarks Mr. Tytler, “in any one who takes up the book a full acquaintance with the history of the period which they illustrate, a familiarity with an ancient and repulsive orthography, and an intimate knowledge of the lives and characters of the personages by whom and to whom they are written. Is it too much to say that these qualifications are rarely possessed, that even the best informed reader will often find himself at fault?” With a view to obviate such objections, the present work has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions, slight biographical sketches, and occasional critical discussions, where the letters are calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of English history, or supply unknown or impor-

tant parts in the lives of eminent and illustrious men ; the ancient and irregular method of spelling having been abandoned. The perplexity and fatigue occasioned by the sort of irregularity alluded to, will at once be comprehended when it is learned that even the proper name Cecil is written by persons contemporary with Burleigh, ten different ways. He is not only called Cecil, Cicill, Cecelle, and Cycill, but Cycle, Syssyll, &c.

The leading subject of these volumes is the government of Somerset the Protector, and the intrigues and character of persons that figured conspicuously during the most remarkable periods of his fortunes,—many of the letters correcting the prevalent notions propagated by our most popular historians, and all of them interesting on account of the occasions of their appearance or their special style and contents. A few specimens, together with an abstract of some of Mr. Tytler's connecting and illustrative notices will sufficiently impress our readers with a sense of the value of the long buried stores from which he has drawn forth these materials.

The first period or epoch, according to the divisions of our author, is that which commences with the death of Henry VIII. ; nor can we fix upon letters in the whole series that reveal more new and important lights than those that were written with reference to that monarch's decease, and the intrigues consequent upon it. The king had been dead nearly three days before the event was announced to Parliament which was then sitting, or otherwise published to the world, a degree and extent of concealment which at the present day would be regarded as a daring presumption. And yet the conduct of those who were to assume the power as the guardians and ministers of the young king appears to have been still more objectionable than what attached merely to the concealment of Henry's death.

Henry died at Westminster on Friday the 28th of January, at two o'clock of the morning. But it was not till Monday that the Commons were sent for to the House of Lords, and informed by the Lord Chancellor of the event. The Secretary of State, Sir William Paget, was then requested to read such parts of the late king's will as related to the succession, and the system by which the realm was to be governed during the minority of his son ; and on the same day Edward was proclaimed and conducted to the Tower. The two letters which we are about to quote, written by the Earl of Hertford, shortly afterwards created Duke of Somerset the first, to the Secretary of State, the second to the council, are valuable, because they contain some account, and indicate other points of what took place in the interval between the death of the king and its notification by the Chancellor,—a portion of secret history, says Mr. Tytler, not to be found elsewhere. It will be observed that the first letter is written between three and four in

the morning of the 29th, Henry's decease having preceded this unusual period for business correspondence about twenty-four hours :—

" This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well ; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published ; for divers reasons I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime I think it sufficient, when we publish the king's death, in the places and times as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to show that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and who be councillors ; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning at the parliament ; and in the meantime we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the Tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein ; and so I bid you heartily farewell. From Hartford, the 29th of Jan. between three and four in the morning. Your assured loving friend, ' E. HARTFORD.'

" ' I have sent you the key of the will.'

" Endorsed, ' To my Right loving Friend, Sir William Paget, one of the King's Majesties Two Principal Secretaries.

" Haste, post haste, Haste with all diligence, For thy life, For thy life.' "

Edward the Sixth was, Mr. Tytler informs us, at the moment of his father's death, at Hertford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. His uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown immediately repaired to this place and conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, from which the second of the letters alluded to particularly by us, was sent :—

" *The Earl of Hertford to the Council.*

" Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. January 30th, 1546-7.

" Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein. For answer thereunto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can shew no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same ; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that bath more need thereof than he. We do very well like your device for the matter ; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same. We intend the king's

majesty shall be a-horseback to-morrow by eleven of the clock, so that by three we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done ye send some express person for the same. And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell. From Enwild (Enfield) this Sunday night, at eleven of the clock. Your good lordship's assured loving friends,

"E. HERTFORD.

"ANTHONY BROWNE."

It is quite clear that a faction, whose proceedings were secret, whose plans had been maturing for a length of time, and who acted not only as irresponsible persons, but to whom no resistance could be offered from any quarter, was now reigning; and that Hertford, though calling himself merely one of the executors of the late king, had immediately after Henry's decease assumed the tone and authority of Protector, which his associates acknowledged. Mr. Tytler justly remarks that the emphatic postscript to the first of these letters proves that the will was in his private keeping. Then what security was there against its vitiation, either by additions or by suppressions?

Scarcely, in fact, was Henry in his grave when the faction, and those who had interest with the supreme actors, were all greedily intent on securing the utmost possible share of the spoils which Henry had grasped. Just listen to the moderate and modest demands of the Earl of Warwick, John Dudley.

"Master Secretary,—Perchance some folks will allege considerations concerning the not assignment of the lordship of Warwick, saying it is a stately castle, and a goodly park, and a great royalty. To that it may be answered—the castle of itself is not able to lodge a good baron with his train; for all the one side of the said castle, with also the dongeon tower, is clearly ruined and down to the ground; and that of late the King's Majesty that dead is, hath sold all the chief and principal manors that belonged unto the said earldom and castle; so that at this present there is no lands belonging unto it, but the rents of certain houses in the town, and certain meadows with the park of Wegenock. Of the which castle with the park, and also of the town, I am Constable, high Steward, and Master of the game, with also th'herbage of the park during my life; and because of the name, I am the more desirous to have the thing; and also I come of one of the daughters and heirs of the right and not defiled line. I will rebate part of my fees in my portion, to have the same castle, meadows, and park, wherein I pray you to show me your friendship, to move the rest of my lords to this effect: and further to be friendly to Mr. Denny, according to his desire for the site and remains of Waltham, with certain other farms adjoining unto Jeston; wherein, as for the site of Waltham, I suppose it shall grow to a commonwealth to the thereabouts to let him have it. And in case that they will not condescend to me for the lordship of Warwick, as is aforesaid, I pray you then let me have

Tunbridge and Penshurst, that was the Buckingham's lands in Kent, as parcel of my portion, and also Hawlden, that was my own; and, whether I have the one or the other, let Canonbury be our portion. The Master of the Horse would gladly, as I do perceive by him, have the lordship in Sussex that was the Lord Laware's; which in my opinion were better bestowed upon him, or some such as would keep it up, and serve the King in the country in maintaining of household, than to let it fall to ruin as it doth, with divers other like houses; being a great pity, and loss it will be at length to the King and realme.

“Your own assuredly,
“J. WARWICK.”

There is a letter from Lady Browne to Cecil, written not six months after the accession of Edward, which proves that that renowned character was at the age of twenty-seven, not only in the service of the Duke of Somerset, but a statesman holding a situation of high trust. Though the letter is immaterial in itself, it becomes valuable for the light it throws upon the early life of such a remarkable individual. The document is to the following effect:—

“*The Lady Browne to Cecil.*”

“Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 23d July, 1547.”

“Gentle Mr. Syssyll,—After most hearty commendations. This shall be to render you most hearty thanks, for your gentleness shewed unto me at all times. Further, it may be to certify unto you, that I have unto my lord protector's grace a letter, in the which I am an humble suitor to the same his grace, for as much as I understand, his grace doth appoint certain gentlemen and others to go into Scotland to serve the king's majesty there, that it will please his grace to accept and appoint my brother to be one also amongst them. And supposing his grace not to know my brother, I shall desire you to prefer his suit, and that by your means he may deliver my said letter to my lord's grace; and for your gentleness herein, I shall reckon myself, as I am indeed, much beholden unto you. Thus always ready to trouble you, I will desire you to have me commended unto your good bedfellow, and so bid you most heartily to farewell. From Horsley, this Saint James's day. By your assured to my little power,

“ELIZABETH BROWNE.”

“Endorsed, ‘To my friend Mr. Syssyll be these delivered.’”

Referring to Mary, who has been so generally detested by Protestants, Mr. Tytler states, that “there are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have become part of the national belief,—they may have been hastily or superficially assumed,—they may be proved by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous; but they are fondly clung to, screwed and dove-tailed into the mind of the people, and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these

musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the 'bloody Mary.' The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour, will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one; yet, having examined the point with some care, let me say, for myself, that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic church; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Fox, Strype, Carte, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. The few unpublished letters of hers which I have met with, are simple, unaffected and kind-hearted; forming, in this respect, a remarkable contrast to those of Elizabeth, which are often inflated, obscure and pedantic. The distinguishing epithets by which the two sisters are commonly known, the 'bloody Mary,' and the 'good Queen Bess,' have evidently a reference to their times; yet we constantly employ them individually."

Here is one of Mary's letters which appears in the present collection. There are others in which she intercedes in behalf of her servants, or those that had been attached to her mother's household:—

"Princess Mary to my Lady of Somerset.

"My good Gossip—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids, and, as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompence for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters having such a heap of business as he hath. Wherefore I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city. And thus my good Nann, I trouble you both with myself and all mine; thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my mother's wardrobe, of the beds, from the time of the King my father's coronation: whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor, if all the rooms be not filled, and, if they be, to have the next reversion; in the obtaining whereof, in mine opinion, you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health, and us shortly to meet, to his pleasure.

"From St. Johns, this Sunday at afternoon, being the 24th of April.

"Your loving friend during my life,

"MARYE."

Mary, indeed, the slave of her own bigotry, the neglected of the cold and gloomy Philip, the detested of the majority of the nation, became a pitiable object, and very probably the opposite of that which she would have remained, had she not arrived at a rank that made her the representative of more designing and artful agents than herself. In the present volumes, however, we have not much that can instruct us regarding her feelings or conduct when sovereign, that can throw light upon her persecutions ; domestic letters when she was princess, and notices concerning the ceremonies attendant upon her marriage, forming most of the materials.

The fate of Lady Jane Grey and her sincere and amiable character do not grow less touching than what concurrent history has rendered the subject, from anything that here appears. But the manner in which Warwick and his coadjutors intrigued to the accomplishment of the downfall of the Protector, comes out from a number of incidents, some of them very slight in themselves, with peculiar force and clearness. If, however, we look for salient points in the events during Edward or Mary's reigns, and graphic sketches of individual character, the fortunes and temper of the Admiral Seymour, brother to Somerset, the suitor for the hand of Elizabeth, and the husband of the widow of Henry the Eighth, will furnish the most striking examples to be found in these volumes.

Seymour, between whom and the Protector, his brother, there arose and continued so much misunderstanding and hostility as brought the former to the scaffold, seems to have been a sanguine, irritable, headstrong and obstinate man. Whether, from all the evidence that has yet appeared, his conduct could be construed into high treason, admits of doubt ; although Mr. Tytler leans to that conclusion. Certainly in more modern times nothing like overt acts could have been discovered in the few documents which we are now to quote, and which we regard as the most significant in the collection.

Seymour's ambition was to supplant the Protector ; and numerous as well as various and rash were his efforts to accomplish this end. For instance, he set his mind on having the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, although dissuaded in the most distinct, sagacious, and prudent manner by Lord Russell, Lord Privy Seal. We quote the sequel of a dialogue on the subject that is characteristic of both parties :—

“ Riding in like sort together, within two or three days following, from my Lord Protector's house unto the Parliament House, my Lord Admiral said unto me ‘ *Father Russel,*’ you are very suspicious of me : I pray you tell me, who showed you of the marriage that I should attempt, whereof ye brake with me this other day ?

“ I answered, he should not know the authors of the tale, but that I understood it by such as bare him right good-will ; and said therewithal,

my Lord, I shall earnestly advise you to make no suit for marriage that way.

"He replied, saying, it is convenient for them to marry, and better it were that they were married within the realm than in any foreign place and without the realm. And why might not I, or another, made by the King their father, marry one of them ?

"I answered, my Lord, if either you, or any other within this realm, shall match himself in marriage either with my Lady Mary or with my Lady Elizabeth, undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, shall procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing ; and you especially above all others, being of so near alliance to the King's Majesty.

"And he being desirous to know the cause, I alleged this reason : you know my Lord, that although the King's Majesty's father was a prince of much wisdom and knowledge, yet was he very suspicious and much given to suspect. His grandfather also, King Henry the Seventh, was a very noble and a wise prince, yet was he also very suspicious. Wherefore it may be possible, yea, and it is not unlikely but that the King's Majesty, following therein the nature of his father and grandfather, may be also suspicious. Which if it shall so prove, this may follow, that in case you, being of alliance to his Highness, shall also marry with one of their heirs of the crown by succession, his Highness may perhaps take occasion thereof to have you hereafter in great suspect, and, as often as he shall see you, to think that you gape and wish for his death ; which thought if it be once rooted in his head, much displeasure may ensue unto you thereupon. I added also, and I pray you, my Lord, what shall you have with any of them ?

"He answered, that who married one of them should have three thousand a-year.

"I answered, my Lord, it is not so ; for ye may be well assured that he shall have no more than only ten thousand pounds in money, plate, and goods, and no land. And therewithal I asked him what that should be to maintain his charges and estate, matching himself there.

"He answered, they must have the three thousand pounds a-year also.

"I answered, by G—d ! but they may not.

"He answered, by G—d ! none of you all dare say nay to it.

"I answered, by G—d ! for my part I will say nay to it ; for it is clean against the King's will."

Afterwards the following statement is made by Russell,—“Riding together another time, in like sort together, toward the Parliament House, my Lord Admiral said unto me, what will you say my Lord Privy Seal, if I go *above* you shortly ? I answered, I would be very glad of his preferment ; and, concerning going above me, I did not care, so that he took nothing from me.”

The Admiral's courtship and conjugal letters to the Queen Dowager are those of a gallant and accomplished person. But we must pass them over, to have room, in justice, for one from the Protector to his wayward ambitious brother, which is affectionate as well as judiciously remonstrative :—

"The Protector to the Lord Admiral.

"After our right hearty commendations to your good Lordship. We have received your long letters of the date of the 27th of August, to the particularities whereof at this present we are not minded to answer, because it requireth more leisure than at this time we have, and therefore shall leave it until that we shall meet, when we may more fully declare unto you our mind in those matters. But, in the mean while, we cannot but marvel that you note the way to be so open for complaints to enter in against you, and that they be so well received. If you do so behave yourself amongst your poor neighbours, and others the King's subjects, that they may have easily just cause to complain upon you, and so you do make them a way and cause to lament unto us and pray redress, we are most sorry therefore, and would wish very heartily it were otherwise; which were both more honour to you, and quiet and joy and comfort to us. But if you mean it, that for our part we are ready to receive poor men's complaints, that findeth or thinketh themselves injured or grieved, it is our *duty and office* so to do. And tho' you be our brother, yet we may not refuse it upon you. How well we do receive them, it may appear in our letters; where we lament the case unto you, and exhort, pray, and admonish you so earnestly as we can, that you yourself would redress the same, that there should no occasion be given to any man to make such complaints of you to us. In the which thing we do yet persist both in Sir John Brigg's matter and the other, that you should yourself look more deeply of matter, and not seek extremity against your neighbour and kinsman, or others of the King's Majesty's subjects; but to obtain your desire by some other gentle means, rather than by seeking that which is either plain injury, or else the rigour and extremity of the law, and that poked out by the words, which, peradventure, coming to learned and indifferent men's judgments, may receive according to equity and conscience a more gentle interpretation than a man in his own case, as he is affectionated, would judge. And this we do, not condemning you in every thing we write; for, before we have heard the answer, our letters be not so. But if the complaints be true, we require, as reason would, redress; and that you should the more earnestly look upon them, seeing you do perceive that the complaints do come to us. The which thing, coming as well of love towards you as of our office, can minister no occasion to you of any such doubt as you would make in the latter end of your letters. We would wish rather to hear that all the King's subjects were of you gently and liberally entreated with honour, than that any one should be said to be of you either injured or extremely handled. Such is the *hard affection* we do bear towards you, and so glad we be to hear any complaints of you. Thus we bid your Lordship right heartily farewell. From Syon, the 1st of Sept. 1548.

"Your loving brother,

"E. SOMERSET."

"To our very good Lord and brother, the
Lord Admiral of England."

But advice and remonstrance were of no avail to a wilful man; for in the examination of Sir George Blagge we find the following evidence of the Admiral's dogged determination:—

"The Lord Admiral, talking of sundry matters which now I remember not, among other things said unto me, here is *gear* shall come amongst you, my masters of the nether House, shortly; wagging a paper which he held in his hand. What is that, my Lord? said I. Marry, said he, requests to have the King better ordered, and not kept close that no man may see him: and so entered with sundry mislikings of my Lord Protector's proceedings touching the bringing up of the King's Majesty, liker that way to grow a *fool* than otherwise; whereby I perceived him not brotherly affected towards my Lord Protector's Grace; and I said, who shall put this into the House? Myself, said he. Why then, said I, you make no longer reckoning of your brother's friendship if you purpose to go this way to work. Well, said he, for that I care not; I will do nothing but that I may abide by.

"I then, in as much as was in me, dissuaded him from attempting any such matter; objecting, as I then thought, the dangers which might ensue; and seeing my words likely to take small effect, said, what an my Lord Protector, understanding your mind, commit you to ward? No; by G—d's precious soul! said he, he will not commit me to ward. No, no, I warrant you. But if he do, said I, how will you come out? Well, as for that, said he, I care not; but who shall have me to prison? Your brother, said I. Which way, said he? Marry, well enow, said I; even send for you, and commit you; and I pray you, who shall let him? If the *Council* send for me, said he, I will go; *he* will not be so hasty to send me to prison. No; but when you are there, said I, how will you come out? I asked him that question so often that he seemed not contented, and always answered me, care not for that. This was the sum of our communication; which I so misliked, as since that time I never talked with him."

There is in a letter of John Fowler, one of the gentlemen of Edward's privy chamber, who appears to have worked artfully to put the Admiral into the stead of the Protector, an allusion to the closeness with which the young king was watched. It is said he "is not half a quarter of an hour alone." So much for the trammels in which youthful and inexperienced sovereigns have been obliged to walk, to the abridgment of their personal liberty, as well as natural and requisite independence of mind.

The extracts we have given will sufficiently exhibit the nature of Mr. Tytler's contribution; and although we may not value the Letters so highly as he does, they are yet unquestionably deserving of the care, talent, and time which he has devoted to them amid his other and more recondite historical labours.

ART. XIV.

- 1.—*Ireland*. By J. G. C. FEUILLIDE.—(*L'Irlande*.) 2 Vols. Paris.
 - 2.—*Rambles in the South of Ireland, during the Year 1838*. By LADY CHATTERTON. 2 Vols. 12mo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.
- It appears that M. de Feuillide is a French Count who visited Ireland at the time of the last general election, having been sent by

his government to take notes of what he should see there and think it proper to set down; especially, may he be presumed, judging from the contents of his volumes, to note whatever might tend to hold up the imperial rule and English landholders to the scorn and detestation of foreigners. It is said, indeed, that in Paris his work has been greedily accepted, and that it has been made the text and authority for still more bitter revilings and exaggerations. And certainly to all who take his statements to be nothing else than unvarnished truths, and his pictures to be faithful representations,—to all who have not previously made themselves acquainted with the history of Ireland, and its real condition in as far as personal examination or judicious reading can go,—to all who relish French flippancy, self-complacency, and mercurial sentimentality, the author has provided a suitable series of chapters. On the other hand, to all whose tastes and information are of quite an opposite description, there will only appear in the work the distortions which weakness, most imperfect information, and national antipathy or jealousy have wrought, taking alone outside evidences into account; he not even understanding the meaning and spirit of the most palpable of these superficial indexes. Well-informed and right-minded Englishmen may discover facts in the work in spite of the Frenchman's inflations, and by pursuing these soberly to their origin, or speculating upon their probable issue, turn them to some good account for themselves. But even in this view of the intemperate production, a wonderful lack of novelty will be felt; for not even among the misconceptions and exaggerations do we find the entertainment to be expected from the government-appointed specimen of our lively Gallic neighbours.

Feeling that M. de Feuillide, however much he may enlighten his countrymen regarding Irish politics, or the political distractions of the sister island, has set down nothing that will leave a profitable impression upon the English mind, on account of the extravagance and passionate temper which he displays; and, at the same time, averse as we always are to enter such a thorny field, especially at a period when our readers must be worn out and embarrassed on the subject, we turn with pleasure to Lady Chatterton's genial "*Rambles*," that we may glean a few sketches and opinions, which, after all, though she had no royal or government mission to execute, no authoritative report to make, communicate a far fuller and more accurate picture of Ireland than it is in the power of the Frenchman to produce.

There is much fascination in the style and sentiment of Lady Chatterton's work. There is much of good sense and healthy feeling in her most lightsome and gossiping notices. Her descriptions are graphic, truthful, and picturesque. She possesses the taste and acquisitions of an artist in dealing with scenery, as the

pencillings as well as the handling of the pen in obedience to her eye and judgment, beautifully demonstrate. Then she is quite at home in the matter of legends ; nor is the kindred department of antiquities strange to her. The best thing, however, to be found in her book, the best impressions, are those which a hearty sympathy, with yet an unfettered and unprejudiced estimate of the Irish people, send home with an infectious power to the reader's own grateful experience. There is nothing sour, bitter, studiously sarcastic, nor hastily disparaging in her pages. On the contrary, all is generous, open-hearted, and we may add, open-spoken ; for it is clear that her ladyship liked the people, dearly enjoyed *roughing* it among them, and that she turns to the scenes and the incidents of her "Rambles" with fondness and cherished benevolent hopes.

A work deserving the character we have given of the present, and full of the influences we have named, be it but the journal, sketchy and lightsome, of a hasty tour ; be it no other than a record of a buoyant Rambler's impressions among new and beautiful or strongly marked external scenery ; much more, when the pictures, whether joyous or plaintive and touching, are those of human life, becomes a gift to the world, that is not to be valued according to the occasion or the pretensions of the book. It becomes a valuable gift, which, in the case of Ireland, ought often to be presented to her ; and such indeed as she can largely originate and repay. It is a gift which seems to come most appropriately from woman's hand ; and seldom has it been more charmingly offered than by Lady Chatterton.

We must now introduce our readers to a few specimens of these spirited as well as sweet volumes ; nor can we do better than let her Ladyship be heard relative to what she considers to be the great *want* (eschewing politics, however,) of *ould* Ireland :—

"It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings ; but I think that a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland, if such can be obtained, would prove that fashion is wrong. That some of its misery originated in its imperfect conquest by England is most certain ; that this misery was increased by the Union, is a question I have frequently heard discussed ; but no woman ought to be a politician, for she is sure to judge by the heart, not by the head. Therefore, without entering upon often-debated ground, I will venture to assert that, in my opinion, it forms, volcano-like, the fire within itself ; and thus, from the strange character of its people, the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both sides—so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor Ireland. There are faults every where. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, landowners, and

peasants, high and low, rich and poor, are all more violent, more full of party spirit,—in short, more angry, than in any other country. It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants; and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. Even strangers are sure to lose their sober-mindedness after a few months' residence, and to become most violent partizans. This sort of infatuation, which, to use the words of an old writer, often makes 'an Englishman more Irish than the Irish themselves;' which comes over every resident among this strange people, creates that extreme difficulty of ascertaining truth, which has always been so wonderful. Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately hooked into some party; and unless he possess a most independent mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of everything according to the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. This is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are in circulation as to the state of Ireland. Common sense, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin; in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer—in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak, her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat, which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways."

Lady C. only professes to give facts, without venturing to speculate about the cause of this want of common sense; perhaps, however, she has approached the source of what she has been describing, when she mentions the almost universal display, even among the common people, "of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling." The Irish also appear to be the subjects of the most sudden and irregular impulses of a humorous kind.

Lady Chatterton refers to other singular features in the Irish character, as these are illustrated in their conduct, tastes, and manners. For instance, without any apparent abridgment of their happiness, they are content to live in hovels, which one would think might be easily improved; and by no means are they rendered uncomfortable when their dress is either ragged or deficient. Our authoress asserts that they find additional clothing an incumbrance; and adds, "How often have I heard them say, their Sunday dress gave them cold!" Again, "The first illness our old gate-woman ever had, was occasioned by the wearing a pair of shoes

and stockings." Illness, we believe, is often caught in consequence of sudden changes from cold to heat, as well as from heat to cold. How much more likely is it that two alterations, as on Sunday, will have the described effect, especially when the habits of early life may not have accommodated the constitution to such changes! Her Ladyship's conclusion from the instances she adduces is this,—"I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way. And the more we see of the world, the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness:—that it springs entirely from the mind within, the Irish are living and laughing proofs." But this is a species of reasoning that, never entered into the philosophy of M. de Feuilleide, when he fulminates about the squalor of Irish hovels and the raggedness of the people. Which of the writers, we ask, comes nearest to the truth?

Perhaps some may think Lady Chatterton's estimate of Irish character defective or overcharged; for no outline sketch can ever be expected to find the same perception in the case of all spectators, nor will every one look from the same point or under the same light. But when we pass on to some of the anecdotes, the traditions, the descriptions of scenery, &c., which are so plentifully scattered throughout these volumes, nothing less than what we have already generally expressed of the work will appear or be felt. Here is her picture of Killarney:—

"It is impossible to write here. Beautiful visions crowd on the mind too rapidly for the hand to record. It is a region of enchantment: a hundred descriptions of it have been written, thousands of sketches have been made, but no description that I have read, or sketch that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake, and the Lower Lake, Muckruss, and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring—the gleam of sunshine—the cloud—the tone—the effect—what, in short, cannot be conveyed by the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil, that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney. I say beyond the power of the pencil, because everything changes its hue so rapidly, and the forms of objects seem to change with their colour; it is impossible to convey the variety of images presented to the eye: the eye may follow them, as it follows the flash of lightning, but to record faithfully, requires thought and profound repose, which dwell not here. The aspect of nature is ever varying from grave to gay."

The next is a picture still more real and truthful, as we think. It belongs to February and the neighbourhood of Cork, the myrtles in the open air being at the time covered with their blossoms:—

"The window of which I am sitting looks on a lawn of that bright yet delicate green so peculiar to this country—that lovely tint, of which

those who have not visited the *divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda* can form but a faint idea. Directly in front is a garden, where spring flowers of every hue meet the eye, and violets are breathing their delicious perfume, where the verdure of arbutus trees and brilliant gold-leaf plants give a cheerful summer air to the scene. Beyond flows the broad river, upon the glassy surface of which ships are gliding: some with dark red sails, others whose gracefully sloping masts and large white sails show that they come from the shores of Portugal. Near the beach are boats, in each of which a solitary figure lazily reclines, as if to enjoy the refreshing breeze and the bright sunshine. But no; these men are fishing. I see one man has just raised a small net attached to two long poles, the end of which droops gracefully into the water. This mode of fishing, I am told, is here termed 'Push-a-pike.' Nearer is a group who are catching salmon; and I can hear the merry laugh of these joyous fishermen as the jest is bandied to and fro. On the other side of the river rise sloping lawns, interspersed with villas; and beneath them, close to the water, is a road, on which coaches are passing, and some Cork belles, attended by officers in their gay uniforms, are cantering along. The brown stems and leafless branches of the elms and horse-chesnuts show indeed that the season is what we call winter; but the whole scene is so smiling, vivid, and warm, that it feels like June."

Some of the out-of-the-world places, with their primitive, simple, yet nationally characteristic features, are brought before us in a vivid manner. For example, of Dingle, where though there be a population of five thousand, there was not to be found one regularly bred M.D., or practising attorney, we thus read:—

" 'Happy people,' exclaimed the gentleman to whom I am indebted for this piece of information; 'Happy people!' and he then inquired, being a stranger like myself—'Pray, what do the inhabitants of Dingle do, in case of serious indisposition?' The reply was, 'Oh we have an excellent apothecary here; and when he sees much danger, why he sends to Tralee for help—and so most of the people, you see, die easy, without troubling the doctor.' Thus satisfied as to the state of medical practice in this ancient town, he proceeded to inquire about its form of government whether by a corporation, or a single county magistrate, &c. To this his friend rejoined, with some warmth—'Our town, sir, governed by a county magistrate?—not it, indeed! We have a corporation, a sovereign, a deputy sovereign, and various other officers. Our court possesses great powers. We could confine you, sir, in our prison for ten pounds; and let you out on the insolvent act, without giving you the trouble of going to Dublin.' 'Your powers are very great indeed, sir,' observed the visitor of Dingle; 'but I hope your sovereign will not have an opportunity of extending his kindness to me.' 'If he had,' was the answer, 'our sovereign, with that warmth of feeling and good nature, so characteristic of his townsmen, would visit you in prison—he would entertain you there, and he would drown your sorrows in mountain dew.' 'Your court, sir, having so much power,' said the stranger, 'must occasion many trials of great moment to be held in it; and of course you

have a number of those ingenious gentlemen commonly called attorneys, residing in your town.' 'Attorneys! attorneys!' exclaimed the indignant inhabitant of Dingle. 'No attorneys, sir—not an attorney—thank goodness, we have not one nearer than Tralee! and that is two-and-twenty long miles from us, the shortest way, and a hilly road.' 'But suppose,' continued the pertinacious stranger, 'that a point of law occurred in one of the cases that came before your court; what would you do then, without legal advice to expound and unravel the matter?' 'Do, sir?—Law, sir?' repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright.—'Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us; and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy.' 'But what would you do, if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles, and hilly road, and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?' 'I'll tell you what I did myself,' was the answer to this apparently perplexing question. 'When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the king!' said the crier, and then I left them all; and I assure you,' he added, 'that from that day to this, no attorney appeared in our court.'

Here is a more limited scene:—

"Before the miserable little shop of a blacksmith, whose whole property consisted of one old hat, a coat, an anvil, and a hammer, Father Casey stopped to hook up his horse, and beckoned us to follow him to a neighbouring cottage, not much better-looking than the blacksmith's: into this we entered to take shelter from the rain, which was still falling. The room was certainly cleaner than most Irish rooms in peasant's cabins; it opened by a thin door, tottering upon rusty hinges, in a thin partition warped by heat and cold, and darkened by smoke. Beyond this, there was 'a parlour' remarkably well furnished, with a square-leaf-table on three legs whole and the fourth broken, a bookcase much out of the perpendicular, two chairs, and a turn-up bed, for use by night and ornament by day. The inhabitant of this humble chamber was a poor man; one who appeared to spend his slender income more in relieving the wants of others than his own. He was a pale faced individual, with an intellectual and pleasing countenance; dressed in a coat originally black, bearing testimony to its long duration by a sadly threadbare state, evident more particularly on the folds. We were introduced to him as a Mr.—no, a 'Reverend Mr.' something: he was a poor Roman Catholic curate! In this little cabin we waited till the rain was nearly over, and then started for Bally Ferriter's Hill, with the addition of the interesting-looking curate to our party."

The best of the traditions and legends which her Ladyship has picked up and enthusiastically treated are too long for the space left us; but the real and short story that follows ought to be not less acceptable :—

“ When we left Mrs. Carroll and the flute, we went into the next cabin, to visit a young woman who had lost her mother-in-law during our absence. We found her and her children in great poverty, and with scarcely any clothes to cover them. ‘ How comes it that you are in such rags ?’ we inquired ; ‘ what has become of all the good clothes that were given to the old woman shortly before she died !’ ‘ I never touched one of them,’ answered the poor creature ; ‘ I gave ’em away, flannels and all, to poor people, for the good of her soul, the very week she left me.’ I cannot tell you, my dear G——, how touching was the beautiful though mistaken piety of this poor woman. There she stood, shivering under the piercing blast of a bitter winter’s day ; and as I looked at her, and saw the sacrifice she had made, in giving away her mother’s clothes, ‘ for the good of her soul,’ it was not without a pang of shame at my own luxurious self-indulgence. When had I foregone ease or convenience for the good of a fellow-creature’s soul ?”

We must not leave the Emerald Isle on this occasion without having a glimpse of O’Connell’s country residence and family mansion :—

“ Darrynane House,” says Lady C., “ is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the South, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves come rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected as they are from the Northern blast by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of the building, having received various additions at different times : the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its landlord renders necessary. The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner’s daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well-chosen books. The walls of the dining-room are covered with family portraits ; and on a slab at the end opposite the fireplace, are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Darrynane. The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast on the sand-hills, at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the ground beyond the plantation. The view over the bay is beautiful : its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—the magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Darrynane—the islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape.”

ART. XV.

1. *Notes on the Relations of British India with some of the Countries West of the Indus.* London : Allen. 1839.
2. *The Policy of the Government of British India, as Exhibited in Official Documents.* London : Allen. 1839.

THESE two pamphlets have been most opportunely published. They, within a very narrow compass, in a plain and temperate manner, explain and defend the system of our India Government relative to the parties and the neighbours who have lately demonstrated that they cherish a desire to give us annoyance and to encroach upon our frontier, west of the Indus. From each of the publications also may be derived confidence and satisfaction with regard to our probably future relations in the quarter referred to.

The "Notes" present a succinct and an unvarnished view of the position of the British Government in India with regard particularly to Affghanistan and Persia, according to facts and evidence as exhibited in Public and Parliamentary Documents,—the author abridging, condensing, and commenting upon these authorities in such a way as to afford a clear and rapidly acquired conception of the question at issue ; so that he who may have spent half an hour upon the pamphlet may rise from it competent to judge of the value of the statements, of late almost daily put forward, by one political party or another, in the newspapers and in Parliament, on the subject referred to, and which, as it deserves to be, is so eagerly and anxiously canvassed at present.

The author of the "Notes" argues distinctly and briefly, that the only effectual mode of meeting the impending danger, which, in fact, is only to be dreaded from Russia acting through Persia, Affghanistan &c., is by re-establishing Shoojah-ool-Moolk as sovereign of the Affghans, the policy at present actually aimed at ; and thus to erect and maintain a powerful barrier against all aggression of our Eastern Empire on that side. It is clearly pointed out, we think, that the time has arrived when Affghanistan must either be subjected to the influence of Russia, or of Great Britain ; and also that our cause is good and honourable, our prospects still promising and encouraging, while the past conduct of Persia is shown to have been shuffling ; she was the first to violate international treaties with us ; and the present aspect of her policy towards our India Government is insincere and hostile.

The author of the second of these pamphlets does not dwell at any length upon the policy pursued by the government of India in past times, as bearing upon the present threatened and disturbed state of the country on our western frontier ; nor does he consecutively trace, as does the preceding writer, the history in recent times of our

relations of amity and alliance with Persia. True, he distinctly recognises the fact of the policy of our Indian government, which has lately been more fully than ever developing itself, having for a series of years been in progress ; but it is chiefly to the facts attending the manner of this latter development that he has addressed himself in the course of his convincing and satisfactory pages.

We must refer those of our readers who are unacquainted with the geographical positions of the frontier countries already alluded to, and with the character and history of the various turbulent and hostile Asiatic powers and tribes there situated, to the sketches and notices in the concise publications before us,—our purpose being to point out where such information is most readily to be found as ought to allay part of the anxiety and satisfy some of the interest created by the late and present policy of our Indian Government, relative to these Asiatic countries, powers, and tribes : for it turns out that Lord Auckland has neither been so unmindful of his not less than regal duties, nor so incompetent, nor so indolent, as has been, down to a very late date, boldly alleged and pertinaciously repeated by political enemies on this head. To prove what we assert, the documents and papers which appear in the second of the present publications, and which have been extracted from the mass recently laid before Parliament, must be quite sufficient wherever there is an unbiassed mind. Two or three of these state papers we shall now lay before our readers.

That the policy pursued by the Government of India has been merely to avert, by moderate and pacific measures, the danger that has been for some time threatening the north and north-west frontiers of our eastern empire, will be seen in the instructions given to Mr. Macnaghten, on undertaking a mission on which he is at present engaged. He is thus addressed by order of the Governor-general, from Simla, on the 15th of May last :—

“ In any discussion upon the present policy of the Indian Government, you may remark that the Governor-general has no appetite for wars and conquest ; that the boundaries of the Eastern Indian Empire have seemed to him to be amply extensive ; and that he would rather conquer the jungle with the plough, plant villages where tigers have possession, and spread commerce and navigation upon waters which have hitherto been barren, than take one inch of territory from his neighbours, or sanction the march of armies for the acquisition of kingdoms ; yet that he feels strong in military means, and that with an army of 100,000 men under European officers, in Bengal, and with 100,000 more, whom he might call to his aid from Madras and Bombay, he can with ease repel every aggression, and punish every enemy ; yet he looks on this army only as a security for peace, and as an instrument of preserving in their integrity the present territories and the dignity of the East-India Company.—*Papers laid before the House of Commons by her Majesty's Command, No. 4, p. 6.*”

From the same place Lord Auckland thus writes to the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, on the 13th of April, 1838.

“I need not enlarge on the additional proofs which have been furnished, since the date of my former despatches, of the Russian Officers to extend the interference and authority of their country to the borders of India. The opposition of the Russian Ambassador before Herat, by which the efforts of Mr. M'Neill to arrange a peace upon just and reasonable terms, between the Shah and the besieged, were wholly frustrated, when they seemed on the point of being effectual; the aid given by the Russian Ambassador to the siege by advance of money; and still more, the employment of an officer of the mission to direct the works of the siege, are facts which will have forcibly arrested the attention of your Committee.—*Papers*, No. 4, p. 8.”

There is now no reason at all for believing that Russia was not closely watched by the authorities in our Eastern empire; nor, we are persuaded, will any other sober judgment be pronounced upon the Governor General's policy in relation to the subject before us, than that it was sound, his measures prompt, and his efforts successful. But the same gratifying assurance, it is to be feared, cannot be obtained of our Home Government's early vigilance and obstructions; neither are we yet aware of our ambassadors at the court of St. Petersburg having been otherwise for a long time than cajoled and deceived by the grasping Emperor. However, to return to the East, the papers laid on the tables of Parliament amply establish, not only that the Russian agents have been entertaining manifest designs to extend the interference of their country to the borders of India, but that these designs were put into actual operation. Russian intrigue has been successful in Persia, in Herat and Affghanistan to excite hostilities against the British. Dispatches from Sir A. Burnes describe the proceedings of Captain Vickovitch, a Russian emissary at Caubul, whither he had been sent with letters from the Shah of Persia, and from the Russian ambassador at the court of Persia, Count Simonich. Captain Burnes also discovered that the emissary took a list of “Russian rarities” as well as letters intended for Dost Mohammed. Assurances to the following effect were offered likewise by the active Vikovitch, viz., that—

“The Russian Government had desired him to state his sincere sympathy with the difficulties under which he laboured; and that it would afford it great pleasure to assist him in repelling the attacks of Runjeet Sing on his dominions; that it was ready to furnish him with a sum of money for the purpose, and to continue the supply annually, expecting in return the Ameer's good offices. That it was in its power to forward the pecuniary assistance as far as Bokhara, with which state it had friendly and commercial relations; but that the Ameer must arrange for its being

forwarded on to Caubul. The agent stated that this was the principal object of his mission; but that there were other matters which he would state by and by; that he hoped the Ameer would give him a speedy answer to dispatch to St. Petersburg, and that with reference to himself, he would go if dismissed, along with it, though he gave the Ameer to understand (and under which impression he still continues), that it is his wish to remain, at least for a time, in Caubul.—*Papers*, No. 6, p. 7."

It was on having full information of these and similar intrigues that Lord Auckland resolved to strike the first blow; and accordingly he commenced the expedition against Affghanistan, and the measures to frustrate the designs of Persia, or rather of Russia at Herat, the particulars and immediate issue of which have months ago been sufficiently published. The British government at home began also to put questions to the court of St. Petersburg. Towards the close of the last year, says the pamphlet before us,—

"Viscount Palmerston transmitted to the Marquis of Clanricarde, her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador there, the draft of a note to be presented to Count Nesselrode. It adverted to the confirmation of the interference of Count Simonich to excite Persia against Herat; to the advance by that nobleman of large pecuniary assistance for the same ends; to the proceedings before Herat; to some alleged intimations given to the Shah by Count Simonich, of the intended movement of a Russian army upon Khiva and Bokhara; to the treaty with Candahar; to the mission of M. Vikovitch; to the contemplated interference in Lahore; to the language regarding the English held by Count Simonich to the Agent of Dost Mohammed Khan."

Nor did the Russian government refuse to give explanations in two dispatches, the one communicated on the 11th of November, 1838, the other on the 25th of March of the present year. Our author's account of these documents, and his remarks upon them, we now quote:—

"The Russian Government disclaims the idea of assailing the British power in India, because such a design would be neither just nor possible. On this it may be observed, that the justice of the attempt was never in question, and that on the possibility of success authorities have differed. The British Government, however, could only judge of the intentions of Russia by its acts, and the acts of its agents. These, it is *tacitly* admitted, afforded ground for offence and alarm, for the Russian agents are withdrawn, and their acts discredited. Count Simonich is replaced by General Duhamel. It is said, indeed, that this appointment had been made several months, but a Government so well versed in diplomacy as that of Russia, will never be without a succession of servants, ready to replace those whose removal has from any cause become desirable. The treaty with Candahar is abandoned, the Emperor refusing to ratify it, and M. Vickovitch is recalled from Affghanistan. Why this surrender of men and

measures? Because it was felt that England might reasonably complain of them.

“Russian agents have been exerting all their talents and influence against the safety of the British possessions in the East—whether in conformity with their instructions, or in spite of their instructions, or in the absence of any definite instructions, is known only to the agents themselves and the Government which they served. But in the absence of proof to the contrary, an accredited agent must be presumed to perform the will of his principal, and in the case of the Russian officers, as Sir Alexander Burnes observed, the mischief was done, even though their acts should subsequently be disavowed. They have indeed been disavowed, and thereby the policy of the British Government, in regard to them, vindicated in a manner the most unexceptionable and triumphant. What would have been our position in the eyes of mankind, if the acts of the Russian agents had been suffered to pass without notice?—if we had tamely suffered these persons to meet and overcome us at the very gates of own territories?”

The Russian explanations have been declared by our government to be satisfactory. We ask what reliance can be placed in them? True, we can perceive that in the *disclaimer* of Russia, England, whether trusting to it as sincere or not, has, in the meanwhile, strengthened her case, and put the other party in a position the most false, if any attempt to renew its intrigues on our eastern borders should be discovered, of which there is every probability; especially if such active and acute agents be employed as Sir Alexander Burnes on our side. But it is also earnestly to be hoped that our secretary for foreign affairs should be more than hitherto on the watch and on the alert; and, that our ambassador at the autocrat's court should put no more faith in the assurances given him there than what any sensible reader of the present pamphlets would lend at home; and that is not a particle, the moment that circumvention can hope to succeed in a system of ambition after universal empire, and the subjugation of every civilized power to his despotic will.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Hymns and Fire-side Verses.* By MARY HOWITT. London: Darton and Clark. 1839.

A SUITABLE companion to that exquisitely beautiful and touching collection, “Birds and Flowers,” by the same originalist. How naturally simple, yet how fancifully playful are her strains; while a child may understand them, the middle-aged must find that each piece is charged with sedate, solacing, and solemn thoughts. Her imagery is uniformly

drawn from a pure and sacred fountain, witness in the present specimens the "Corn Fields," which we gladly insert :—

• " In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When the blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.
But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.
But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red-rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden-wall :
When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down ;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest-hill !
What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.
I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.
I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabite's fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there. •
Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight :

God's living gift of love unto
 The kind, good Shunamite ;
 To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.
 The sun-bathed quiet of the hills ;
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see,
 And the dear Saviour take his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.
 O golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem !—
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream ;
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there !”.

ART. XVII.—*The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c.* By JOHN DUNLOP. London : Houlston and Stoneman. 1839.

THE earlier editions of this curious yet appalling work were confined to the drinking usages of Scotland ; but the earnest and philanthropic author has now extended his researches to England and Ireland, and, by details statistical and derived from indubitable testimonies, has greatly added to his service in behalf of morality and social happiness, by bringing home to the experience and feelings of every one in the united kingdom, who may be so wise as to peruse his pages, facts far more impressive than a thousand rhetorical lectures delivered from the pulpit or the desk would be. There may be a doubt entertained with regard to the particular inferences and rules which Mr. Dunlop sets down for the guidance of society ; and, perhaps, in as far as the working man and poorer classes are concerned, some great preliminary efforts are required to qualify them, and stimulate their tastes for rational and ennobling pleasures. Still he adduces a most startling array of facts ; facts which demonstrate the absurdity, grossness, and unlimited evils of a widely pervading and deeply rooted practice ; and therefore many must apply the lessons to be deduced practicably and profitably to themselves.

ART. XVIII.—*Preparations to a Holy Life.* By the Author of “ The New Week's Preparation to the Sacrament.” London : Hodson. 1839.

THESE Preparations consist of “ Devotions for Families and Private Persons, with directions suited to most particular cases ;” rules and prayers, short, plain, striking, and fervent being the character of the whole. The handsome little volume will not occupy half of a waistcoat pocket ; and a minute's glance at any one of its pages, on any day in the week, at any hour, and in any situation, cannot fail to leave salutary impressions. All the contents are eminently calculated to produce practical not theo-

retical religion. We must add that the language of the rules and prayers is as chaste and correct as the judgment and piety which dictated them is conspicuous.

ART. XIX.—*A Text-Book of Popery.* By J. M. Cramp. London: Wightman. 1839.

THIS Text-Book professes to comprise a just, correct, and brief history of the Council of Trent, and a complete view of Roman Catholic Theology. The first edition appeared about eight years ago: in the present the Notes are more numerous, and a chapter on Monasticism is added. The Appendix is much enlarged, by the insertion of remarks on the rise and progress of the Papal system, &c.

Mr. Cramp is a zealous Protestant, who entertains a perfect hatred of the religion he professes to describe candidly; and he is particularly horrified at the signs of its marching forward, as he asserts it is now doing, both at home and abroad, with giant strides.

The readers of the Monthly Review cannot expect of us that we shall do more than notice the appearance of such a publication, and mention its general purpose and character; or suppose that we should throw ourselves upon an arena where the most inveterate and opposite opinions as well as representations exist, these being of a nature that concern chiefly the relations between God and the conscience of every human creature individually.

ART. XX.—*Manual of Political Ethics.* By FRANCIS LIEBER. London: Smith. 1839.

THIS is a reprint of a work that has excited a great deal of attention and admiration in the United States of America, among the most enlightened and philosophic minds in that country; and no doubt it is destined to a high station wherever civilization and liberty are appreciated. The author is a man of most varied acquirements and extensive experience of the world. His intellect is acute and his sentiments exalted, as we have had an opportunity of noticing on former occasions. But neither his edition of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, nor his *Stranger in America*, had such a high and novel aim as the Manual now before us; nor required such a refined and steady perception of great principles, nor such a subtle process of distinguishing an immense number of kindred, often apparently identical things, to the ordinary observer, as is everywhere remarkable in this volume.

We find, however, that it is impossible within any space we can afford to convey even an outline of the multifarious yet closely connected views which run through the work; much less to do justice to our own doubts relative to some particular points which appear to us partially unsound, or paradoxical. We feel at the same time that it would be highly presumptuous were we hastily, or after a single perusal of this volume, to set up anything like an opposition to one who has devoted many years to the study of the great subjects which he handles. In these circumstances we shall therefore only mention what are some of Mr. Lieber's funda-

mental doctrines, and afford a taste of the manner in which he urges them.

The work is divided into two books; for although another volume is to follow, the author says, the present is complete in itself. In the first of the books, the principles of Ethics, General and Political, are discussed; the doctrine aimed at being in opposition to that which denies the existence in man of original and innate ideas of right and wrong, the history of our sympathies being adduced and abstrusely argued upon in support. There is, he says, on the part of the very lowest in the human scale, "a feeling that *he ought*, or *he ought not*, to be entirely independent of the expediency or judiciousness" of the action. Again, "man has an inalienable moral character, and cannot by his own consent or the force of others become a non-moral being;" although all men do not look upon the same things as *right*, nor the same as *wrong*.

In the second book which treats of the State, the general reader will be less puzzled to follow the author than in the first, and will also have his sympathies and imagination far more forcibly affected. Indeed, in this branch of the work, though it rests on much that has preceded it, the heart is elevated by the noble views explained, while the intellect is enlightened, and the moral distinctions in the nature of things are delightfully perceived.

Mr. Lieber's great doctrine here is, while denying the theory of the *Social Compact*, as if entered into after experience shows the benefits arising from the intercourses of mankind, that man by his physical and mental nature is necessarily a social being; and that as society constitutes the state, "the state is natural, necessary, and uninvented." But the same thing cannot be declared of the government of the state, whatever may be the form or construction of that government. The state is therefore above the government; it is sovereign. The curious and political reader must resort to the work itself to see how this great principle is made to bear on property, justice, and law. Three passages will serve to convey a sense of the author's manner and drift:—

"We have seen how important an element of all that is human the family is; and a man has a right to be protected and not interfered with in his sacred family relations. Who is destined by nature to be the protector, cherisher, and fostering guardian over the body, mind and virtue of children, if not the parents? A Greek merchant told me, during my sojourn in Greece, that Ali Pacha, of Janina, sent once for his daughter, 'because he had seen her on a ride and she had pleased him;' of course that she was to be installed in his seraglio; and, as was the custom, to be married after some years to one of his menials. The father would have had the undoubted right to defend his daughter in any way whatsoever; the question could only be as to expediency. If the authorities forcibly carry away the children from their parents to educate them in some specific religion, and on no ground of unfitness of the parents for their important task, they have the right to defend their offspring by any means whatsoever, though they may abstain from using it, not to expose the life of the children or their own necessary for the support of their children."

Of the force and sphere of *public opinion*, we are told,—

“ I understand by public opinion the sense and sentiment of the community, necessarily irresistible, showing its sovereign power everywhere. It is this public opinion which gives sense to the letter and life to the law; without it the written law is a mere husk. It is the aggregate opinion of the members of the state, as it has been formed by practical life; it is the common sense of the community, including public knowledge, and necessarily influenced by the taste and genius of the community. How is it formed? It is formed as the opinion of any society is formed, which must always consist of leaders, superior men, men of talents, or well-informed men, who had an opportunity to see or inform themselves, and less gifted men, or less informed persons, the acquiescing or trusting ones. Not that the leaders prescribe with absolute power; they only either pronounce clearly what has been indistinctly felt by many, or they start a new idea, which, in being received by the acquiescing ones, has to accommodate and modify itself to the existing circumstances. The leaders themselves are under the strongest influence of that sense and sentiment of the community, for from early childhood they live in the same relations with the others. Public opinion is not only an opinion pronounced upon some subject, but it is likewise that which daily and hourly interprets laws, carries them along or stops their operation, which makes it possible to have any written laws, and without which any the wisest law might be made to mean nonsense. It is that which makes it possible to prescribe and observe forms, without their becoming a daily hindrance of the most necessary procedures and actions; it is that mighty power which abrogates the most positive laws, and gives vast extent to the apparently narrow limits of others; according to which, a monarch ever so absolute in theory cannot do a thousand things, and according to which a limited magistrate may dare a thousand things; which renders innocent what was most obnoxious, and makes, at times, useless the best-intended measures, protecting sometimes even crime.”

Courtiers entertain or promulgate very erroneous views relative to the seat and source of sovereign power :—

“ Power, it will be remembered, has an inherent tendency to absorb, increase, extend; and interested men will always be found in abundance to help along this tendency, because it is pleasing to power to increase. Every prince, used in the above sense, finds his courtier. Republics are not freer from base courtiers than monarchs. The power holder finds always ready instruments; and we ought early to learn how to guard against the flattering insinuations of those who live in the wake of power. Power loves to be flattered; the same flatteries are ever repeated. The Turkish emperors, the Solimans, Mustaphas, Mahmouds, loved to hear their fury compared to the ire of God and the lightnings of the heavens; and we have seen already how the revenge of the French people in the first revolution was complacently or cunningly compared to vast natural phenomena. Demagogues are but courtiers, through the court-dress of the one may consist in the soiled handkerchief of a Marat, that of the other in silk and hair-powder. The king of France was told in 1827, ‘ The royal absolute power exists by natural right. Every engagement against this right is void. Thus the prince is not obliged to hold his oath;’ and in America the people of a large state were lately urgently

advised to break a solemn engagement, because they, the majority, had sovereign power. When Napoleon was at the summit of his power, the Archbishop of Paris wrote to his Bishops in a pastoral letter—"Servants of the altars, let us sanctify our words; let us hasten to surpass them by one word, in saying, he (Napoleon) is the man of the right hand of God." And one of the Presidents of the United States (General Jackson) was told in a pamphlet, that he was the actual representation and embodiment of the spirit of the American people, the personification of American democracy, that is, of the American nation."

One of Mr. Lieber's works which we reviewed two or three years ago, is entitled, "Reminiscences of Niebuhr," the celebrated Roman historian. If our readers will go back to that paper, they will obtain some knowledge of the eventful career of our author, they will learn that he is a German by birth, and has visited many countries. He is now and has been for a number of years Professor of History and Political Economy in one of the American colleges. Mark his mastery of the English tongue.

ART. XXI.—*A Brief Treatise on Geology.* By BIBLICUS DELVINUS. Second Edition. London: Seely. 1839.

IN this work it has been the author's design and effort to make out a Scriptural system of Geology, not by setting himself in opposition to well-known facts and well-accredited theories, but by viewing Geology through the medium of divine revelation. In other words, his purpose has been to vindicate the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, of the deluge, and the notices found in the sacred volume of physical phenomena; not by supposing that these accounts were accommodated to the understanding of the vulgar, but by endeavouring to show by facts and suggestions, that a sound system of philosophy, much more fully developed than is generally represented, is to be found in Holy Writ. A great deal of geological and theological knowledge plainly and vigorously stated, is brought together in a small compass, to support views eminently calculated to reconcile the lights of science and revelation. The second ought not to be the last edition of such a well-intentioned and able work.

ART. XXII.—*The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THE object of this little work is to afford such a view of the technical details of Printing and Publishing as shall enable authors to form their own judgment on all subjects connected with the publication of their productions. Many of the hints are valuable, and will be found particularly serviceable to persons in the country who may be ambitious to appear in print. The few simple directions presented in one page for the correction of typographical errors in the proof sheets submitted to the author will much facilitate this necessary and important process; although some of the cabalistic signs presented by the author, we believe, are not generally used, as here set down, by printers. We may instance No. 7, where the mark itself should be turned that is meant to correct a

turned letter. We observe, also, that the author of this little Assistant has not always set the best example in the case of punctuation. Let any one look merely to the title page, and then say whether he has not been too sparing of his commas, &c. We copy it correctly in this respect:—

“The Author’s Printing and Publishing Assistant comprising Explanations of the Process of Printing Preparation and Calculation of Manuscripts choice of Paper, Type, Binding, Illustrations, Publishing, Advertising, &c. With an Exemplification and Description of the Typographical Marks used in the Correction of the Press London Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street 1839.”

ART. XXIII.—*The Ballantyne Humbug Handled, in a Letter to Sir Adam Ferguson.* By the Author of the “Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott.” London: Murray. 1839.

WE anticipated, and not without an anxiety that was painful rather than curious, that Mr. Lockhart would reply to the statement of the Son and Trustees of James Ballantyne, in regard to what they considered gross aspersions on the character of that Printer in the Life of Scott. We could not but predict that if the biographer returned to the charge, he would not only be most unsparing in the course of his castigation, but that he would adduce additional facts and proofs in support of his original representation. And this he certainly has accomplished not in the most enviable manner; his irony and personalities being so bitter and home-thrusted that we think, were Scott to be his judge, a severe frown would be thrown at the alert and fearless-tongued son-in-law.

It is far from our purpose, however, to assert that the Ballantynes have not come off “second best,” although the complication of the affairs between them and Scott renders it impossible to decide satisfactorily to ourselves where the blame in any one particular arose. The former are clearly made out to have been anything but men of business, and at the same time to have owed the consideration they obtained to their connection with the latter. But why should Scott have allowed himself to remain in such total ignorance as he seems to have done of the true nature of his affairs? And why should a man of his discernment have been so bad and dull a judge of the other party?

But without traversing ground which we formerly did as guided by Mr. Lockhart’s very open, as we thought, and oft-reiterated acknowledgment of Scott’s facility, culpable ignorance, head-and-foot entanglements and extravagant ambitions, we extract some short specimens of the present Handling:—

“In the case of these Ballantynes,” says Mr. L., “the follies and absurdities which met every unfilmed eye in their personal manners and habits were too gross to be susceptible of caricature.” Again, “Will any honest man stand by his conspectus of this company’s affairs during the first two years? And if not, who is to blame for the misrepresentation? Is it Sir Walter, the sufferer by the loss, the only monied partner, but who had no knowledge of the details? or is it James, who continued to draw out of the concern largely, and who at least ought to have known, that according to the rules of trade these estimates were fallacious? or,

finally, is it John, and John alone, who was certainly a sharp, clever fellow, and not likely *prima facie*, to be entirely incapable of distinguishing between a business gasping for existence, and one flourishing in the vigorous health of fifty per cent profits? One word more as to John's accounts. In my narrative, I stated that he owed his dexterity in the mancipation of figures to having passed part of his early career in London, under the roof of a banking-house. On this head the 'Refutation' gives me a flat contradiction (p. 14). It would, I suppose, be considered as (in the words of Johnny's old Scotch lady) 'na material to the story,' whether he had acquired his accomplishments in that way, or at a City banker's, or at Mr. Willis, the West-end tailor's. But I confess I was rash in asserting that he had been in a banking establishment at all; for I find, on examining my authority for the statement, that it was only his own word." And again, "Doubt, if you can, that the Ballantyne businesses, under the mismanagement of these worthies, had engrossed a very large share of the hard-won fruits of Scott's genius and labour—genius and labour alike wonderful, but not so wonderful as the long suffering forbearance, unwearied kindness, and inexhaustible charity of the man whom James Ballantyne's trustees, 'acting in concert with the family,' dare to represent as the greedy, rapacious plunderer of beings, who derived, in fact, from his overflowing bounty, from the dawn of their manhood downwards, every jot of credit or consideration they ever enjoyed, every gratification their luxurious appetites and ludicrous vanity ever received."

These passages must suffice as specimens of the spirit and pungency of this clever Letter; and we hope it will be the last document in a controversy that is painful to the public, and by no means essential, as far as Scott is concerned, to the sustainment of our long lasting and deep admiration of his genius and virtues.

ART. XXIV.—*The Animal Creation: its claims on our Humanity Stated and Enforced.* By the Rev. JOHN STYLES, D.D. London: Ward. 1839.

THIS essay gained for the author a prize of a hundred guineas, offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—having been considered the best in support of the claims which the inferior creation of living beings have upon the kind and considerate treatment of man who reigns over them. We have sometimes felt, when reading tracts or treatises exposing and condemning cruelty to animals, that there was not only in the manner of handling the subject a cant of language and a fanaticism of feeling, but that the great primary desideratum was overlooked,—viz. efforts to elevate the standards of morals and of sentiment among the classes most obnoxious to the charge. We might, indeed, assert that had the society which awarded a prize to the author of the present essay, exerted itself so as years ago to have got the declivities a Holborn Bridge removed, an incalculable amount of torture and destruction to animals would have been got rid of. We do not say that the effort must have been successful; neither are we prepared to state that it has not been vigorously applied. Our meaning is, that while commercial, wealthy, and corporate bodies are deaf to the groans of the most interesting and useful class of animals, upon a scale so terrible as that to

which we refer,—and while thousands of the working classes are necessarily the hackneyed and immediate authors of the wholesale and daily cruelty, it is to be feared that neither eloquent sermons nor forcibly argumentative books, will be of much permanent service. Think, again, of the appalling experiments of scientific men, upon harmless and confiding creatures, it may be !—for if it be said that the suffering in this way of a brute, may guide to results of unquestionable and far extending utility, the patron and promoter of dog-fights, and the like, may also talk largely and vauntingly of the necessity of perfecting and keeping up a particular breed, the degeneracy of which would affect the country practically and in its economical relations; and argue besides, that there is no other test by which to maintain the superiority in question, than one which occasions, through the taste of certain fanciers, suffering to a few individuals of any species.

It is very far from our intention by these remarks to ridicule or throw doubts upon the design or the services of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Every honest and zealous effort ought to be encouraged, and much wanton outrage has no doubt been prevented by means of this combination; although, we fear, that there is so much barbarity in the breasts of some beings who wear the shape of humanity, as that it must not only wreak itself upon the unoffending horse and the faithful dog, but in a ratio, when sure of doing it with impunity, corresponding to the restraint in public, or, it may be, as a sort of compensation for the fine levied on conviction at the instance of the Society.

Dr. Styles' essay is by far the best we have yet seen on the subject he has chosen. It deals in none of the sentimentality and the offensive rhetoric to which we have alluded above. If any thing in the shape of language, of verbal appeals, and unanswerable argument can touch those who wantonly give pain to an animal, his essay must do so. But that to which we would chiefly invite attention is this, that the real merit and pith of the work go to the elevation and enlargement of the very sentiments and principles which we regard as the true foundation of all the positive as well as negative benefits contemplated by the Society which has so fortunately enlisted him into its service.

ART. XXV.—*The Reign of Lochrin*. A Poem. London: Whittaker. 1839.

A ROMANTIC legend in Spenserian verse, carrying us back to the manners and events of ancient times in this country. This is a work of more than moderate merit in these fertile times of minor poetry. The author's power and versatility are not confined to sonorous stanza-making, and an unusual variety of harmony in his numbers; but his ideas, which are decidedly poetical, flow abundantly upon him from many quarters. To extract one or two of the stanzas would afford a very inadequate notion of the whole; but we can safely recommend the production to all who have a healthy taste for poetry, and who long for proofs to aid the cherished hope that its *reign* is not for ever closed amongst us. We wish, however, that the author had not wasted so much forced and affected cleverness as appears in his notes. They are a drawback upon that which is really good as well as beautiful.

ART. XXVI.—*A Fantastical Excursion into the Planets.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

A SUBJECT where satire, wayward imaginings, and curious speculation may be indulged at will; and therefore, the latitude being so great, the performance becomes a good test of the author's taste, judgment, fancy, and invention. Here is room also for the display of learning, and hits at moon-struck and other erratic geniuses. In the present instance we have met with much better things than we expected from such a hazardous attempt.

ART. XXVII.—*Hints to Mothers, &c.* By THOMAS BULL, M.D. Second Edition, neatly enlarged. London: Longman. 1839.

THE first edition was a work which we expected would have a wide circulation. Its rules and advice were so plain, simple, practical, and sensible that it could hardly be supposed that anything short of the most stupid ignorance, the most deep-rooted prejudice in behalf of old-fashioned ways, because they were old-fashioned, could withstand such instructions. The work is now, however, very largely improved. Many "Hints for the Lying-in Room" are added, directed particularly to the nursing and treatment of the child, the superintendence of the mother in ordinary cases being shown to be available so far as to give directions that are sound, and to instruct the person that has the immediate and active management of the infant, so as to preserve it from many injuries which officious ignorance would inflict.

ART. XXVIII.—*Magnetical Investigations.* By the Rev. WILLIAM SCORESBY. Part I. Longman.

THESE investigations relate particularly to the capacity and retentiveness of Steel for the magnetic condition, and the processes for determining the quality and hardness of steel; a branch of high practical importance, resulting from the discovery of some of the most interesting scientific principles and facts in the whole range of natural phenomena.

ART. XXIX.—*Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset.* By H. DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c. London: Longman and Co.

MR. DE LA BECHE is one of the most distinguished geologists in this or any other country. In the present elaborate work, extending to about *six hundred and fifty* octavo pages, he has, as Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey, published all that was worth knowing in the researches of other eminent scientific inquirers regarding the mineral and other features, qualities and capabilities of a district than which none, perhaps, anywhere exists that is equally rich and precious. But he has done more than collected and condensed all that had before been discovered regarding the particular field treated of; for, by long, patient, skilful, and minute investigations of his own, he has added much that is new or more fully demonstrated than it ever was before; while to the whole he has imparted a perspicuity and unity of system that all must feel to be beautiful. The maps and other plates which illustrate the letter-press command our admiration; the accuracy of science and the exquisite details of art being most harmoniously combined.

ART. XXX.—*An Essay of the Evils of Popular Ignorance.* By JOHN FOSTER. London: Hamilton. 1839.

THIS Essay has been published by the Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction; and contains letter-press, though in the shape and at the cost of a pamphlet that would fill a respectably-looking volume. But it deserves to be recommended to the public on other grounds; for it presents an arousing picture of the ignorance that prevails around us, of the apathy generally existing among the well-educated on this subject, and of the glorious results which might rationally be expected if everyone in the land could read the Bible and be pressed affectionately concerning the incalculable benefits to be derived from an acquaintance with the doctrines of morality and religion.

ART. XXXI.—*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. London: Moxon. 1839.

"ROSALIND and Helen," "the Masque of Anarchy," "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills," &c. fill this volume. Another volume will complete the series. The notes continue to be exceedingly interesting, even were there nothing more about them than the affectionate outpourings of the widow's heart.

ART. XXXII.—*The Barber of Paris; or, Moral Retribution.* By PAUL DE KOCK. London: Whittaker. 1839.

PAUL DE KOCK is one of the most popular writers in France, although not a few of his ideas do not exactly coincide with English notions and feelings. A grand feature in his works is the sympathy with which the writer everywhere displays whatever his eye falls upon, be it humorous and joyous, or sorrowful and solemn; but never loving to keep the heart in mourning or to dwell in the Satanic school. His plots are remarkably clever, yet original, full of variety and amusement. Upon the whole, we think the translator has imbibed his author's spirit and manner, although we could have wished a little variation in some of the passages.

ART. XXXIII.—*School Botany.* By JOHN LINDLEY, Professor of Botany in University College. London: Longman. 1839.

AN explanation of the Characters and Differences of the principal Natural Classes and Orders of Plants belonging to the Flora of Europe, in the Botanical Classification of De Candolle. It is intended for the use of students, and undoubtedly will be highly serviceable to every one who is in earnest to become acquainted with the science of which it treats. The authority of De Candolle, backed by the author's own peculiar and original views on the subject, carry the work far above the ordinary character of manuals. To the tyro, however, it perhaps cannot be recommended as the first stepping-stone. Wood-cuts add to its value and beauty.

ART. XXXIV.—*The Sorrows of Deafness.* By G. H. BOANQUET. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THE alleviations of the sorrows of deafness, not by quackery or medical treatment of any kind, but by a deep sympathy for the sufferings of those whose hearing is dull, and judicious attention to their moral sensibilities as well as physical infirmities, are the points which are principally inculcated and very touchingly by the humane and considerate author.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1839.

ART. I.—*The Court of King James the First.* By DR. GODFREY GOODMAN, Bishop of Gloucester. With Letters, now first published. By JOHN S. BREWER, M.A. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1838.

THOSE who may expect from the title of this work new light upon the Court or the times of James the First, will be thoroughly disappointed. The Court of James is not even the precise subject of Goodman's desultory memoirs. The publication was intended, it is true, as a reply to a severe and fierce pamphlet by Sir Antony Weldon upon that theme, which appeared in 1650; but the Bishop ranges and rambles from one point and subject to another, like a kind-hearted and earnest gossip, remembering with simple, sincere, and natural feeling all with whom he had come into close contact, or whose influence had immediately affected his fortunes; by no means confining himself to one reign, or to any such definite department as the term Court indicates.

Godfrey Goodman, who was nephew of one of the translators of our Bible, rose to the summit of his power and celebrity in the time of James, his reminiscences, however, going back to the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. In 1617 he was appointed to the Canonry of Windsor, to the Deanery of Rochester in 1620; and to the Bishopric of Gloucester in 1625; the friendship of Buckingham and the favour of the King, ensuring such promotion. When the great rebellion broke out the Bishop suffered severely, having been plundered of his property and driven into obscurity. And now, instead of fame as a preacher, distinction as a theologian, and high favour at Court, the friendship of one or two individuals, the trials of poverty, and the solace of reading and writing, were his lot. He died in 1655,—having thus, from the length of his life and his opportunities as an eye or an ear witness, been enabled to speak of actors and events during a period the most fertile of any in English domestic history for a chronicler's purpose.

As a divine, Goodman was more than suspected by the Puritans

of a leaning to "papistical notions;" for he was openly and formally charged with such "arrant-errors." We find in a quaintly expressed petition, by Prynne and others, accusations, quite characteristic of the time,—that he, the Bishop, "had at his proper cost re-edified and repaired the high cross in the town of Windsor in the county of Berks, near the Royal Castle; and on one side thereof caused a statue, or picture, about an ell long, of Christ hanging upon the cross, to be erected in colours with this inscription over it in golden letters—*Jesus Nazarænus Rex Iudæorum*; and on the other side thereof, the picture of Christ rising out of his sepulchre." Again,—“he presumed to broach no less than six gross points in one sermon before your Majesty, which your Majesty appointed him to recant, though he did it not, but obstinately defended them, most unorthodoxly styling the Church of Rome God's Catholic Church.” Goodman also gave great offence by his fondness for such ornaments and decorations as new "altar-clothes," all which tended to confirm the opinion that he was not other than a papist at heart. Indeed he is said to have died in the Romish communion.

We have stated enough as regards the life of the Bishop and the narrative before us, to prepare the reader to expect a pleasant book of anecdote and variety of observation, commonplace though it be. There is in it, as already said, nothing that can materially affect previously entertained views of the times and the actors that he writes about. But considering the man's opportunities, character, and experience, there is abundance of agreeable gossip. He was not a man of genius; he was not a philosopher, who could see further than ordinary men. Neither did his opinions, or his life, impress the age in which he lived, nor after times. But he was a courtier of elegant tastes and acquirements, it is evident; he was scholarly, he was honest; he loved and was grateful to his benefactors; nay, he appears to have been incapable of harbouring bitter or malignant feelings towards his enemies. The single fact of his dedicating a theological work to Cromwell ought to be regarded as proof not only that the writer's private character, bearing, and habits were so mild and harmless as to operate as a set off against his suspected and ascertained doctrinal errors, even though a mark so distinguished as that of a deposed bishop, but to command the appreciation of the Protector.

It is impossible to read the Bishop's narrative without feeling and perceiving that it faithfully represents the man: it is impossible not to believe him when he declares, "What I shall relate of my own knowledge, God knows is most true, and my conjecturals I conceive to be true, but do submit them to better judgment: and whereas the knight (Weldon) is pleased to speak some things on the word of a gentleman, truly what I write shall be in *verbo sacer-*

dotis, which I did ever conceive to be an oath." When speaking of his many manuscripts, we find him desiring that they "should be perused by some competent scholar;" and humbly as well as candidly adding, "if anything among them was worthy of publication it should be printed."

Before presenting any specimens of what the "competent" Mr. Brewer has here set before us, it is proper to mention that the posthumous papers had by some accident been dispersed, and perhaps were in consequence concealed from the inspection of some "scholar" who might have thought some of them "worthy of publication." The performance, however, which is now printed has been either in the original or a transcript preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the evidence of its authenticity consisting of a memorandum "inserted in it by Bishop Barlow," and its internal evidence, which the Editor holds to be "conclusive."

The Bishop is a hearty vindicator of the several royal personages of whom he had knowledge,—his simplicity and honesty, however, sometimes disclosing facts that guide to conclusions very different from those which his affection innocently dictated. For example, he cordially praises James, and honestly dwells on the good and shades away the bad, so that, were the reader not to think for himself nor to keep in mind the position of the writer, the contempt previously entertained for that monarch's character, and the meanness of the man, would be much disproportioned to the truth. Still, James, "Kingcraft" and inordinate notions about the "divine right," are curiously and unconsciously disclosed in spite of the vindicator. Take an instance:—

"King James, not interposing any further in controversies of religion, began now to teach subjects their loyalty and obedience, and that they were subject wholly to the king, who immediately, under God, was to govern them. And to this end there came forth a book entitled 'God and the King;' wherein were many opinions tending wholly to the advancing of regality; as that kings receive their regality wholly from God, that the church and the people confer nothing to their power. Now, seeing that all kings have not alike power, all have not alike bounds and limitations, but some kings are more absolute than others; therefore it must either be showed where God made the difference, or else the difference must be ascribed to some other, and consequently the power: and if the power be transferred, then surely for the abuse of the power and for exercising any tyranny princes are to be accomptable; and being accomptable, it must not be only in shows and words, but such a course may be taken as may tend to reformation; for it is not credible that God should create millions of millions to serve one prince, but only the office of a prince is erected to preserve those millions. This King James did acknowledge by giving this motto on his coin—*salus populi suprema lex*; and therefore those were but opinions of some others, who in their falsehood and flattery did breach them to the infinite prejudice of kings, for it

made them odious, and made the people rather desire to be governed by a representative body. These flatterers proceeded further, that if princes should intend to destroy their subjects, yet their subjects were bound to obey them; yea, further, if they should destroy all religion and labour as much as they could to bring in atheism, yet their subjects had no other way to resist them but with their prayers and tears unto God. These were strange and lying positions."

The Bishop all along evinces a praiseworthy anxiety to defend the character of any of his old patrons and friends, but does not appear to have at any time been alive to the nicest or highest apprehension of moral sentiment, or to have ever experienced the loftiest emotions of which human hearts are susceptible. He sees nothing but perfection and notable example in the following worldly picture:—

"And whereas he speaks of the King's jealousy, truly that might have been forborne; and I am confident there was no such cause. And whereas he says that he did not delight in the Queen's company, truly at that time they did keep company; they had children; one of them was born at Greenwich, and two of them lie buried at Westminster, where is their monument at this day. It is true that some years after they did not keep much company together. The King of himself was a very chaste man, and there was little in the Queen to make him uxorious; yet they did love as well as man and wife could do, not conversing together. She had many suits from the King; the King did prefer many upon her recommendations; when she died and left some things unfinished which she had past, the King made all good; whatsoever she gave the King made it good; and it was no small matter that she should give all her linen to Mrs. Anna, so mean a gentlewoman. Nor were they small sums of money which she had from the King, that she should be continually in building, both at Denmark House and in Greenwich. And to conclude, the King gave her a most royal funeral; and that he was never taxed or tainted with the love of any other lady, I dare boldly say, that there are many thousands in England that would be his compurgators."

James's *feeding* propensities,—his childish fondness for sweet fruits, &c., do not escape the gentle regret of the Bishop. He says,—

"If it were fit for me to deliver mine own opinion, being the last man that did him homage in the time of his sickness, truly I think that King James every autumn did feed a little more than moderately upon fruits: he had his grapes, his nectarines, and other fruits in his own keeping; besides, we did see that he fed very plentifully on them from abroad. I remember that Mr. French of the Spicery, who sometimes did present him with the first strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, and kneeling to the King, had some speech to use to him,—that he did desire his majesty to accept them, and that he was sorry they were no better—with such

like complimentary words; but the King never had the patience to hear him one word, but his hand was in the basket."

The coward and the silly contriver appear from what we now quote :—

"When Somerset did apparently fall, then all the means were wrought to bring on Mr. George Villiers, which they were not so forward to promote as the King did long to have it effected; and upon a St. George's Day, the Queen and the Prince being in the bedchamber with the King, it was so contrived that Buckingham should be in some nearness to be called in upon any occasion; and when the Queen saw her own time, he was called in. Then did the Queen speak to the Prince to draw out the sword and to give it her; and immediately with the sword drawn she kneeled to the king and humbly beseeched his Majesty to do her that special favour as to knight this noble gentleman, whose name was George, for the honour of St. George, whose feast he now kept. The King at first seemed to be afraid that the Queen should come to him with a naked sword, but then he did it very joyfully; and it might very well be that it was his own contriving, for he did much please himself with such inventions."

The Bishop saw a great deal that was attractive and excellent in the characters of both Buckingham and Somerset, and paints them accordingly. But we must hasten to sketches or anecdotes of one or two other persons that are more arresting in history. Take an index of the profusion in Henry the Eighth's household, the particulars of which might be correctly ascertained by the writer from some one who, like him, took a wordly cognizance of comparative trifles, or at least conducted himself without deducing from external circumstances any profound lesson :—

"The state and magnificence of the English court did especially appear in the time of King Henry the Eighth; the order and allowance of his house was contrived by Cardinal Wolsey in as magnificent a manner as any Prince hath in the world; here was no putting to board-wages; the meanest yeoman had three good dishes of meat, every gentleman's table had five dishes, the clerk comptroller had eight dishes—very substantial meat, more than would have served forty or fifty people, and his table cost the King, buying the meat at the King's price, very near 1,000*l.* per annum. The Lord Chamberlain had sixteen dishes; two joints of meat went for a dish."

We have a pleasant reminiscence of Queen Elizabeth. No wonder, from the account now to be quoted, and many other passages in her life, carriage and speeches, that she was the idol of the English nation; being herself so truly English, the mould, in fact, of much of what is now regarded as characteristic of the people of this country :—

"In the year '88, I did then live at the upper end of the Strand near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report unto us, (it was in December, much about five of the night, very dark,) that the Queen was gone to council, and if you will see the Queen you must come quickly. Then we all ran; when the Court-gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. There we came where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten Sermons; and when he had staid there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen turned unto us and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!' Then we cried again, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen said again unto us, 'You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince:' and so looking one upon another awhile the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are ever best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did but talk what an admirable queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they have then gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief."

But it is not every one that the Bishop can honestly afford to praise. He falls foul of the whole race of lawyers for example, having smarted, it is probable, at their hands. Chancellors and Judges are not spared. The grasping practices of the whole fraternity, their denial of justice, their habits and barefaced manner of accepting bribes, are with pungency and pith noted and chastised by the indignant ex-prelate. Follow him into Chancery and listen to his statement of what occurred in his time in that leviathan court:—

"Now for the profits of these two great offices, the Chancellor and the Treasurer, certainly they were very small if you look to the ancient fees and allowance; for princes heretofore did tie themselves to give but little, that so their officers and servants might more depend upon them for their rewards. Mr. Coleman, who was to order my Lord Egerton's house and the course of his expense, told me, that when my Lord had considered the charge together with the newness of the profits, he was very sorry that he had accepted the office. How have the Lord Chancellors lived since, how have they flowed with money, and what great purchases have they made, and what profits and advantage have they had by laying their fingers on purchases. For if my lord desired the land, no man should dare to buy it out of his hands, and he must have it at his own price; for any bribery or corruption, it is hard to prove it; men do not call others to be witnesses in such actions; yet the Knight (Weldon) affirms that one who was censured in the Star Chamber for slandering the Lord Bacon and charging him with bribery, the same man was acquitted by Parliament and the bribery proved.

"The selling of offices hath been very common and usual. I have

heard that the cursitors office of Yorkshire hath been sold for 1,300*l*. Certain it is, that an attorney in the Star Chamber did usually pay 1,500*l*. for the office ; and I have heard the justices of the peace, by their presents, new-year's gifts, and pensions, did not forget the Lord Chancellor."

Lord Bacon, among others who are specified, comes off with the sharpest hits, appears in the vilest light. Says the Bishop,—

"Certainly he was a man of very great intellectuals, and a man who did every way comply with the King's desires; and he was a great projector in learning, as did appear by his '*Advancement of Learning*,' to which book I would have given some answer if I durst have printed it. Over other men he did insult, and took bribes on both sides; and had this property, that he would not question any man for words against him, as knowing himself to be faulty, and therefore would not bring his adversaries upon the stage. Secretary Winwood was a man of courage, and the difference fell out upon a very small occasion, that Winwood did beat his dog from lying upon a stool, which Bacon seeing, said that very gentleman did love a dog. This passed on; then at the same time, having some business to sit upon, it should seem that Secretary Winwood sate too near my Lord Keeper; and his lordship willed him either to keep or to know his distance. Whereupon he arose from table, and I think he did him no good office. It is certain there were many exceptions against Bacon: no man got more dishonestly, and no man spent more wastefully; and how fit this man was to carry the King's conscience, whom I believe no other man would trust! And so, no marvel, at length he came to be discovered; and even after his fall he still continued ambitious, and did practise so much as he could to rise again. Finding that King Charles was forward in wars, especially with the Spaniard, he was pleased to write a treatise to justify him and to encourage him. Such servants as he had and whom he supposed to have gotten in his service he would send for, and tell them, that although he were not able to do himself good, yet he was able to prefer a servant; but I suppose it was nothing but only to make them supply his occasions."

We think that the worthy Bishop judged wisely in refraining from attempting "some answer" to the "*Advancement of Learning*."

Before leaving the Court of Chancery let us have an anecdote relating to Sir Thomas More, the Bishop evidently dwelling with complacency upon times prior to the Reformation, when the Chancellor's office was generally filled by a dignified member of the priesthood:—

"Then was the Chancery so empty of causes, that Sir Thomas More could live in Chelsea and yet very sufficiently discharge that office; and coming one day home by ten of the clock, whereas he was wont to stay until eleven or twelve, his lady came down to see whether he was sick or not; to whom Sir Thomas More said, '*Let your gentlewoman fetch me*

a cup of wine, and then I will tell you the occasion of my coming ;' and when the wine came, he drank to his lady, and told her that ' he thanked God for it he had not left one cause in Chancery, and therefore came home for want of business and employment there.' The gentlewoman who fetched the wine told this to a Bishop, who did inform me."

Our last extract from the Bishop's memoirs presents us with, we have not a doubt, a correct account of his promotions. The "Knight" preferred some strong and acrimonious charges in regard to simony, and other alleged perversions of royal power in the affairs of the Church ; and what better proof could the vindicator of James and his government advance, in support of his reply, than the history of his own case :—

" Because here is mention made of much simony, and of pensions and the like, give me leave, for the discharge of my own conscience and in my thankfulness to God and the memory of King James, to relate a truth, and so let God be merciful to my soul as I shall relate nothing but the truth. Being a little known to King James, when I never used any means unto him, nor to my knowledge did ever any man speak one word in my behalf, then did King James in a morning send John Packer unto me, to tell me that his Majesty had a full resolution to prefer me, and to bring me to some good place in the Church ; and, lest his Majesty should forget me, he had therefore commanded Buckingham to put him in mind of me ; and lest Buckingham, having many suitors, might forget me, the King commanded John Packer to put him in mind of me ; and lest John Packer should forget me, the King had sent him unto me to engage himself unto me that he would solicit my business. Hereupon I never came unto John Packer but I had instantly access ; I never proposed anything unto him but I had a true and real answer ; no dilatory or complimentary words. The year following I displeased his Majesty, and thereby I lost a very good preferment ; the year after, I had the Deanery of Rochester, which was a very good preferment, and very agreeable to my disposition, for I did ever love seamen, and those of the King's navy were my special friends. When I came to give his Majesty thanks, his Majesty did seem to be more joyful in giving it than I could express joy in receiving it ; using these words—that I should not give a farthing. When I was made Bishop, in my instruments there was the mistaking of some words, which I did fear was wilfully done only to draw on a fee ; then the secretary had for mending those words twenty pieces ; then I sent a piece of plate to Buckingham, which I think cost me between forty and fifty pounds. This he would not receive ; but sent it back again, and rewarded the messenger with three pieces. So that I think no honest man could blame King James or the Duke of Buckingham."

Goodman's work is contained in the first of the present volumes. In the second we have contemporary illustrative letters said to be "now first published from the Original Manuscripts." We sus-

pect, however, that the Editor is mistaken in regard to some of the documents, in respect of a first appearance in print. For example, that passionate letter of "Sir Walter Rawleigh to his Wife, after he had hurt himself in the Tower," (an attempt at self-destruction) we think was published in an early number of the "Retrospective Review." At least we have a clear recollection of a passage in one of the letters that was published in that journal, of the following sorrowful sentiment, nay, the identical words. "Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again ; it is now nothing to me ; thou art no more mine, nor I thine." But be this as it may, the document deserves to be preserved and deeply meditated upon. We quote portions of it :—

"Recieve from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines, these the last words that ever thou shalt receive from him. That I can live to think never to see thee and my child more, I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion bath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child, I cannot, I cannot endure the memory thereof: unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves, trust God, and be contented with your poor estate ; I would have bettered it if I had enjoyed a few years. Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again ; it is now nothing to me ; thou art no more mine, nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others ; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing ; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. For myself, I am left of all men, that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill ; all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatsoever else, malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man ; he hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations, notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost ! he hath separated us asunder ; he hath slain my honour, my fortune ; he hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. Oh, God ! thou dost know my wrongs : know then, thou my wife and child ; know then thou, my Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against. But my wife, forgive thou all as I do ; live humble, for thou hast but a time also. God forgive my Lord Harry [Cobham], for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecill, I thought he would never forsake me in extremity ; I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child, and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed that I died in despair of God's mercies ; strive not to dispute it ; but assure thyself that

God hath not left me, nor Satan tempted me. Hope and despair live not together; I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy. The mercy of God is immeasurable, the cogitations of men comprehend it not. In the Lord I have ever trusted, and I know that my Redeemer liveth: far is it from me to be tempted with Satan; I am only tempted with sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. Oh, what will my poor servants think at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish, who sent them, to my great charge, to plant and discover upon his territory! Oh, intolerable infamy! Oh, God! I cannot resist these thoughts; I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts, and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle! Oh, death! hasten thee unto me, that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. Oh, death! destroy my memory, which is tormentor; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up thy poor child. I recommend unto you my poor brother, A. Gilbert. The lease of Sanding is his, and none of mine; let him have it for God's cause; he knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them, and them to God. And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child; but part I must by enemies and injuries, part with shame, and triumph of my detractors; and therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things but thine own honour, and the love of mine. I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be but thy politique husband; but let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him, and the difference is but in the number, and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds!"

The only other document which we can find room for, from the second of these volumes, is a letter from Prince Charles and Buckingham, written when they were in Paris, and on their journey to Spain. It will be borne in mind, that the sister of the "Yonge Qweene," viz., Henrietta Maria, was afterwards England's Queen, the wife of Charles:—

"**DERE DAD AND GOSSE.**—Wee are sure, before this, you haue longd to haue some news from your boys; but before this time wee haue not bine able to send you it, and wee doe it with this confidence, that you will be as glad to reede it as wee to right, th . . . it be now our best intertainment. And that (wee) may giue the perfectter account, we will beg (in) this where my last ended, which was at . . . First about fue or six a clocke on Wensday morn(ing,) wee w(ent to) say, the first that fell sicke was your (son,) and he that continued it longest was (my) selfe. In six owers wee gott ouer (with as) fare a passage as cuer

men had : we all (got) so perfectlye well, when wee but saw (land) that wee resolved to spend the rest of (the) day in rideing post; and lay at Mont(reuil) three post of a' Bullougne. The next (day) wee lay at Breteur, a leven post far(ther;) and the next to Paris, being Friday. (This day,) being Saterdag, wee rest at Paris, though (there) be no greate need of itt; yet I had fore f(alls) by the way without anie hareme. Your sonnes horses stoumbles as fast as any (man's;) but he is so much more stronger before then h(e was,) he houlds them vp by maine strenkth of ma(nhood &) cries still On, on, on. This day we (went,) he and I alone, to a periwicke mak(er,) where we disguised our selves so artefic(ially) that wee aduentured to see the Kinge. (The) means how wee did compass it w(as this. We) addressed oure selues to the King's gouerner, Monsieur du Proes, and he courtiouslye caried us where wee saw him oure fill. Then wee desired Monsieur du Proes to make vs acquainted with his sonne, becaus wee would torouble the ould man no longer, which hee did; and then wee saw the Qweene mother at diner. This euening his sonne hath promised vs to see the yonge Qweene, with her sister and little Mounsieur. I ame sure now you fere we shall be discourd; but doe not fright your selfe, for I warrant you the contrarie; and, findeing this might bee done with saftie, we had a greate tickling to ad it to the historie of oure aduentures. To(morrow,) which will be Sondag, wee will be, God willing, vp so erlie, that wee make no question but to reach Orleans; and so eueri day after, wee meane to be gaineing (su)mthing till we reach Madride. I haue nothings more to say, but to recommend my pour little wife and daughter to your care, (and) that you will bestow your blessing upon

" Your humble and obedient"

" Sone and seruant, *

" CHARLES. *

" Your humble slaue and doge,

" STEENIE."†

Mr. Brewer's Notes are judiciously introduced, but by no means very striking either as affording evidence of extensive research, nor for novelty of illustration. Still the work as a whole forms an acceptable collection of anecdotes and a picture of manners of a bygone eye, from which the historian may pick somethings that will enliven his pages.

* " These three lines in the Prince's hand."

† " Orig. Hol. Tan. lxxiii. 229. The margin and other parts of this letter are gone. The words in brackets are supplied by conjecture."

ART. II.

1.—*On the Present Unsettled Condition of the Law, and its Administration.* By JOHN MILLER, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn. London: Murray. 1839.

2.—*An Address to the Public, and more especially to the Members of the House of Commons, on the present unsatisfactory state of the Court of Chancery; with Suggestions for an immediate Remedy.* By GEORGE SPENCE, Esq., one of her Majesty's Counsel. London: Ridgeway. 1839.

Two remarkable facts are connected with the subject of Law Reform in England. The one is, that every man, suitor, and lawyer, or that may have turned the slightest attention to this paramount branch, is ready to declaim about it, and to adduce illustrations of its most confused, ineffective, mischievous, and absurd condition, theoretically as well as practically; especially when viewed in relation to present times. The other fact is, that a number of persons, lawyers, and legislators, who must be presumed to have been the most competent to reform such an anomalous mass, and reconstruct out of its innumerable parts a simpler, sounder, and more practical body, and who have set their hands and hearts to the work, have not only been generally much at variance concerning the proposed measure, but have never in the course of all their endeavours been able to reach the core of the evils alluded to; having, on the other hand, frequently added confusion, perplexity, and rubbish to that which before was inextricable or contradictory. There can be no doubt as to the honesty, the talent, and the industry which have directed many of these efforts. A Bentham, a Romilly, a Peel, a Brougham, &c., have addressed themselves to the task, some of them more speculatively than others; and yet, at this day, the evils of our laws are perhaps as multitudinous, oppressive, and deficient—at least these evils are more sensitively felt than ever before by the entire community; the poor being without the benefit in very many instances of institutions intended for the support and enforcement of universal justice, and the rich exposed to a wholesale system of plundering under the very administration countenanced by these institutions.

We may safely conclude from the simple statement of these facts and circumstances that the evils complained of are of the most complicated and inveterate kind, so as hitherto to have baffled the exertions toward amendment of the minds to be presumed best calculated to grapple with the subject. Perhaps the only circumstances connected with the history of Law Reform, upon which the mind can rest with complacency is this, that many members of the higher grades of the legal profession have perseveringly and disinterestedly applied themselves in the work of ameliorating the laws, not

merely by legislative measures, but in the course of their daily practice. In illustration of this gratifying fact, we quote what Mr. Miller says, relative to the conduct of many eminent conveyancers :—

“ The law of real property has at last assumed a shape infinitely more subtle and intricate than any system which has ever before been allowed to have a place in the practical business of mankind. Let a private gentleman of the best education and understanding peruse part of any treatise on conveyancing with the greatest patience and attention, and he will scarcely comprehend the drift of a single page of what he has been reading. A foreign jurist, though well acquainted with the English language, will find himself in the same condition. It is a branch of the law which is comparatively unknown to a large part of our own barristers, and is understood but imperfectly by many even of the Masters in Chancery and Judges of the realm, whose duty it frequently becomes to decide upon it.

“ The inherent and undeniable defects of the system have to a considerable degree been obviated by the honour and integrity which has so long distinguished the most eminent members of that branch of the profession to whom the business of conveyancing is intrusted. So little are they disposed to promote litigation or create unnecessary and merely technical difficulties, *that they serve in fact as a domestic forum*, for the amicable settlement of the interests of the parties for whom they severally act ; and in most cases, no delay or expense is caused which as the law now stands could easily be avoided.”

That the subject of Law Reform is one of such generally felt importance as that it cannot long be allowed to occupy merely the separate and uncombined attention of certain eminent individuals, is every day becoming more manifest. The publication of the two works mentioned at the head of this paper are of themselves significant intimations ; for while they prove how strongly the evils of our laws have been pressed upon the minds of the profession, the able and earnest exposure of these evils will, unquestionably, arouse to a higher pitch than before the attention of the public, and especially of those whose duty it is to legislate on the subject. Mr. Miller happily expresses himself in reference to the urgency of Law Reform when he says,—“ The symptoms which are presenting themselves from day to day, leave little doubt that the delay or denial of it will lead, at no distant date, to a loud and impatient call for a new and entire code, and a scheme for the cheap and speedy administration of justice ;” and the spirit and purpose of his Essay will be apprehended from the announcement which immediately follows the above declaration of his opinion, viz., that “ to avert at chance of so alarming a proposal, and to prompt those public servants upon whom the task devolves to lose no time in enlarging, shortening, and purifying the channels of law and equity, so as to fit

them for the present exigencies of society, is the sole end and object of these summary observations."

According to this announcement as well as to the title of the work, Mr. Miller takes a comprehensive and popular view of the construction of the English code, and of its anomalies both as to origin and administration. No one but a master of such a complicated subject could have brought within such a small compass as he has done, and in such a readable and impressive manner, the monstrous defects, inequalities, and perversions of the whole system, but a man who has long deeply lamented evils of such a widespread nature as those he exposes. Two or three extracts will convey an idea of his matter. First, look at the manner of law-making amongst us, and at some of the results:—

"Ruffhead's edition of the Statutes, brought down to 1838, now extends to thirty-two immense quarto volumes; while the progress of original, amending, re-amending, explanatory, and consolidating acts which they contain, from the time of King John to Queen Victoria, present a labyrinth of legislation which has nearly become intolerable. No man can confidently say what the Statute law is on almost any one subject. In proof of the extreme ignorance or carelessness with which acts are prepared and passed, it is only necessary to turn to the Schedule annexed to the latest Post office Act, which is 1 Vict. c. 32. It contains no fewer than six erroneous or superfluous notices on matters of a statutory nature. It repeals the 1 Wil. and Ma. sess. 3, c. 3. No such session is upon record. It repeals 25 Geo. III. c. 57; which was previously repealed by 3 Geo. IV. c. 126, s. 1. It repeals 43 Geo. III. c. 31; which was repealed by 46 Geo. III. c. 142, s. 1. It repeals 43 Geo. III. c. 119; which was repealed by 10 Geo. IV. c. 26, s. 1. It repeals 49 Geo. III. c. 45; which was repealed by 11 Geo. IV. and 1 Wil. IV. c. 20, s. 1. And it repeals 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 58; which was repealed by 9 Geo. IV. c. 60, s. 1. Examples of similar and more material mistakes might be accumulated to any extent, and under every head of regulation and enactments, from the same inexhaustible storehouse."

The very constitution and practical procedure of the various courts present nothing like uniformity or intelligible system and regulation. For example,—

"The Court of Admiralty, Court of Arches, Prerogative Court, and Diocesan Court of the Bishop of London, are all held in the same room in Doctors' Commons; and therefore, whatever the number of judges might be, only one of them could sit at one time. As in Doctors' Commons there are fixed judges without being accommodated with separate courts, in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council there is a separate court without being provided with separate judges. In these respects the House of Lords is somewhat in the same condition; and neither that House nor the Committee of the Privy Council have any fixed days for the despatch of legal business. The Court of Admiralty and Ecclesiastical

Courts have four terms in the year, not corresponding with those of the Common Law and Equity Courts; and as many sittings are held out of term as in it, for the disposal of business of the same nature."

It is only by selecting a few samples of the anomalies and absurdities of English law and its manner of administration, that we can possibly afford any notion of the whole. But had we space and patience, a detail of the proceedings in a single court and in a single action, by which the technicalities, the subtleties, and the manœuvres of practice might be exhibited, and which not merely create interminable demands upon the purses of the suitors, but produce bitter heart-burnings, corroding anxieties, and intense hatred of the laws, which hatred frequently reaches the legislative as well as the administrative body, the monstrosities and the ruinous nature of the law as it at present exists would come out with still more appalling force, so as to convince the reader that a frightful suicidal evil, threatening the wealth, independence, and peace of the nation exists. Let us go to the Court of Chancery, obtaining first of all our introduction at the hands of Mr. Miller:—

"A suitor in a court of equity is amongst the most helpless of all human beings. He seldom perceives clearly himself the real source of his grievances, and still seldomer can give such a detail of them as to awaken the interest or compassion of others. All that they know is, that they have somehow or other been drawn within the vortex of the court either as plaintiffs or defendants, and that there they are now fixed, without seeing how they can extricate either themselves or their property. They are destroyed, not by an act of obvious violence or error, but by the simple process of exhaustion. The voluminousness of pleadings, examinations, affidavits, and exhibits; the interminable references of the Court to the Master, and appeals from the conclusions of the Master to the Court; and the innumerable technical difficulties which retard and embarrass every stage of the procedure, all sit lightly on the judge, counsel, and solicitors, but are terrible to the litigants, by whom the cost of all these operations must be ultimately paid. It is because I know such things to be constantly going on, and observe the extensive distress and ruin which they entail upon the suitors, which obliges me to express a doubt whether this country, wealthy as it is, be either able or inclined to endure the present cumbrous formalities of courts of equity much longer."

The present "State of the Court of Chancery" is indeed a sufficiently broad and complicated subject for the handling, in the way of exposing its enormities, of any man. It is to this limited branch that Mr. Spence has applied his searching pages, wherein he produces a powerful and graphic picture, that will astonish and alarm every person who has not been a victim before the tribunal in question.

Mr. Spence's first object is to communicate a summary view of the present state of the court, its great arrears,—its great delay,

—and to show that an immediate and decisive remedy is called for. The following is part of his opening sketch ; viz., of the business of the court at the last period to which it can be made out from the printed cause books, which are delivered at the commencement of each term, that is, the 11th of January, 1839 :—

“ There were then five hundred and fifty-six causes and other matters, including twenty demurrers, waiting to be heard by the Lord Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor. The causes at the head of the list, excluding those which had been delayed by accidental circumstances, had been set down and ready for hearing for about *three years*.

“ There were at the same time three hundred and three causes, and other matters, including three demurrers, waiting to be heard before the Master of the Rolls. The causes at the head of this list had been set down and ready for hearing about a year and a half.

“ The total amount of the matters to be heard, therefore, was *eight hundred and fifty nine*. A greater arrear than this probably will never appear in the printed lists, for with such an arrear it becomes almost useless to set down a cause, unless it can be brought on out of its turn to be heard as a short cause, or to take a decree by consent.”

Then as to the delays at the Rolls and in the Master's Offices :—

“ At the Rolls, according to the rate of proceeding during the year 1838, it would appear that about a year and a half elapsed between the time when the causes were ready for hearing, and the time when they were heard. *Two years* may, I think, without risk of exaggeration, be taken as *the average space of time during which causes have waited for a hearing at each stage in the Court of Chancery during the last year*. A delay of one year, nay of six months, if on the increase, would surely be quite sufficient to call for a remedy.

“ Each cause in the list, on an average, comes before the Court twice at the least.

“ It is necessary, in order that the amount of the evils arising from the delay in hearing causes, may be properly estimated, to explain what these several hearings are.—I will take for illustration one of the most common suits, namely, for payment of a legacy. When such a suit is first heard, the court, being satisfied that the legacy claimed is due, makes a decree which only directs one of the Masters to ascertain what property the testator left, and what debts he owed. When the Master has made his report, stating these particulars, the cause is set down to be heard on *further directions* ; it is on this hearing that the creditors in the first place, and then the legatee, *obtain payment* of their demands. There must be two hearings in the simplest case ; in some cases it becomes necessary to have a third or even a fourth hearing before any *payment* can be obtained. It is *this* hearing, therefore, which is the *effective hearing* for the suitor. In every such suit, then, according to the last year's rate of proceeding, *four years at the least must be wasted in absolute inactivity*. This is over and above the delays which must

occur, some necessarily, others unnecessarily, in the office of the Master, and in the other offices.

Mr. Spence remarks that nothing short of necessity could make it advisable for any one to resort to a court so circumstanced, to prosecute a contested claim; and Lord Langdale has said, such a state of things as has now been indicated "discourages *bona fide* litigation, and encourages its opposite; for parties are tempted to resist just demands, calculating upon the chances of delay and the weight of heavy expenditure, and to enter upon and persevere in unjust actions. But there are other evils that result from delays. Says Mr. Spencer:—

"In these successive intervals of delay, it necessarily happens that by reason of the death or marriage of some of the parties to the cause, or the birth of children, or from settlements of the property being made, or the like, the cause, *even when called on*, cannot be heard without a new or supplemental suit to bring before the Court the new parties who have become interested, or the new rights which have accrued; hence fresh delay, and with it fresh expense. Each of these new suits, according to a calculation which may be depended upon as not being too high, causes an expense of fifty pounds at the least. Eight per cent. per annum has been ascertained to be the number of causes which become abated by death alone. There are many instances of three, four, five, or even a greater number of such additional suits becoming necessary in the progress of a cause. This evil, of course, increases with the arrears. In the Vice-Chancellor's court, the number of causes marked as abated, or to stand over in January, 1838, was eighty-four; in 1839, it was a hundred and five."

Again,—

"The Vice-Chancellor, owing to the pressure of other urgent business, has not heard any portion of a cause in the regular list since the 24th day of July last. It is a very much longer time since a cause in the regular list was heard through and disposed of. The cause of Toms against Toms stood No. 131 in the list of January, 1838; it stands No. 71 in the list of January, 1839, where it *remains to this day*, (20th of March.) Striking off the ineffective causes which preceded it in both lists, the numbers would be 61 and 3; it has therefore advanced about sixty only in the list during one whole year. Now, at this rate, in case we should have a Chancellor who could do no more than keep down his appeals, which past experience teaches us is not at all impossible, it would be *six years* at the least before the last causes in the list of January, 1839, could be heard for the first time, giving them the benefit of the usual chances. If a hearing on further directions should be required, that second hearing could not come on until *thirteen years* from this time,—*possibly fifteen or even twenty years*, if any of the parties should die. From this time, therefore, unless some effectual remedy be adopted,

all the evils and delay and expense which I have above adverted to, may be tripled. No man, as things now stand, can enter into a Chancery suit with any reasonable hope of being alive at its termination if he have a determined adversary.

The learned author asserts a truth of which the country is perfectly and ought to be gratefully aware, when he says, that every possible exertion is made on the part of the judges to expedite the business of the courts of equity. But the system of the law, the cumbersome forms, the intricate, or contradictory enactments, place it beyond their administrative authority, and their mental as well as physical powers, to do more than they have done. The remedy must come from the legislature and be upon a thorough and complete scale.

Were we to enter upon the oppression that arises from the fees of office, and which fees in certain cases are concomitant on delays, and when no advance whatever is made, the picture would become still more disheartening. For example, Mr. Spence says, "there is a fee of six shillings and eightpence, called a *term fee*, due to each clerk in court, in a cause for every term after it has been set down for hearing, until it is heard," inflicting upon the suitors "a tax of about *seven thousand pounds a year*, for which they receive no services, no consideration—it is a positive loss."

What a picture is this; and what are the remedies which have lately been proposed by some of the highest legal authorities and leading men in parliament, for amendment and reform? Lord Cottenham, Lord Langdale, and Lord Lyndhurst have each proposed plans. The principal features in the two first, are the separation of the political and judicial functions of the Lord Chancellor, and the creation of a new court of appeal in the stead of that of the House of Lords. Lord Lyndhurst does not go so far, for he only insists on the appointment of one judge more, in addition to those already existing; a singularly deficient reform, we should think, seeing the number of causes that are set down year after year, that are always accumulating, and waiting to be heard, and the many years of delay that have long been the subject of the deepest lament. And yet, considering the prejudicial influence of faction and party spirit which is in existence, this last proposal is the only one that Mr. Spence has at present any hopes of seeing introduced; and accordingly his "suggestions" embrace only the means of carrying it into effect.

Really we cannot see anything but the certainty of an indefinite protraction of efficient reform, even in the case of Lords Cottenham and Langdale's plans, much less in the paltry creation of Lord Lyndhurst, believing, as we do, that the entire frame of our laws, legislatively and administratively speaking, calls loudly for complete reconstruction. Upon this subject, and the mischief of insignificant alterations, as well as the dangers arising from party opposition, we

cannot say anything half so pointed and just, as that which we now, in conclusion, quote from Mr. Miller's Essay :—

“ It is peculiarly unfortunate, that at a conjuncture when the number and magnitude of the affairs which press upon the consideration of the Legislature require its members to display more comprehensive views and greater resolution and activity than at any antecedent period of our history, both Houses of Parliament, and especially the House of Commons, should debate so much and settle so little. Instead of displaying the energy and foresight which characterizes statesmen, or the despatch which belongs to men of business, nothing whatever is done which can by possibility be deferred; and what is done, is done in haste, and done badly. In this state of the great council of the nation, it can hardly be expected that the law or the administration of justice should meet with more close or continuous attention than other affairs of equal moment. Some relief is given, more is promised, and with this the executive servants of the Crown think the country ought to be contented. But the extent of public patience may be overrated. Those official persons who think that the safest course for them is to remain as passive and quiescent as they can, who calculate that with some amendments and additions the same system of law and judicature which has already lasted so long will last their time or for ever, take a very imperfect survey of the scene which lies before them. Their position and that of their predecessors is essentially different. As the mass of the people become more intelligent, law and legal proceedings are scanned by greater numbers and with greater keenness; as litigants become more poor and less submissive, costs of suit are paid with greater difficulty and reluctance; while the movements of courts of justice, but especially of courts of equity, unhappily become more slow at the very moment those of every other branch of business are becoming more expeditious. These concurring causes sufficiently point out the propriety of setting seriously and systematically about a revision of every branch of the jurisprudence of the country before it be too late.”

ART. III.

1.—*Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillan*. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris.

2.—*Marion de Lorme*. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris.

3.—*Le Roi s'amuse*. *Drames*. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris.

THE writings of M. Hugo appear to us to exhibit a most entire and perfect picture of the present moral and intellectual state of French literature and the public mind of that country. This gentleman's works are already numerous, and additions to them are daily announced; they are full of the virtue and vices which may be said in some measure to possess France. His popularity and influence are alike great with his countrymen; and his productions exercise great power over the French literary world at this moment. M. Hugo's writings being conceived in a very republican spirit, are likely to increase the breach between old forms and new ideas. This peculiarity of his works has rendered him an object

of distrust to the government, and has often subjected his plays to an arbitrary prohibition.

We have less fault to find with the execution of these works, than with the spirit in which they are conceived. M. Hugo has abundance of ability; pity it is so ill employed. His style is vigorous, startling, and effective; but his power wants repose, his contrasts are often harsh and unmellow, and his effects are frequently theatrical. We do not now speak of those dramatic situations which are essentially good, only in proportion as they are theatrically effective. These M. Hugo conceives powerfully, and introduces skilfully. But his language, his feelings, his spirit, is theatrical, (not dramatic); his very thoughts attitudinize, and we object to that; it is, however, a national defect, and to expect him to be entirely free from it, were unjust and unreasonable. It is no small merit, that he has succeeded in rendering the cramped versification, to which his language condemns him, so natural and so pathetic. Poetical it never can be; but it is an unspeakable relief to have got down from the stilts of the dramatic jargon of Louis the Fourteenth's time. M. Hugo, to be sure, goes to the other extreme; and if the muse of Racine and Corneille wore high heels, powder, and a hoop, his Melpomene, on the other hand, runs dishevelled, and slipshod to boot; which is not altogether so well. It is to be hoped, that the golden mean will be discovered ere long.

The prefaces of "*Marion de Lorme*," and "*Le Roi s'amuse*," contain some curious politico-literary facts; which exhibit in a striking light the want of principle, since more openly manifested, in the tyrannical restraints imposed by the French government upon the freedom of the press; and also place M. Hugo's own character in a favourable point of view, of which, we are happy to say, he seems fully aware. If conscientious self-approbation be a blessing, M. Hugo seems highly blessed. We believe him to be an honest man, *in spite* of his asserting so energetically himself.

The play of "*Marion de Lorme*" was written in 1829, but, submitted to the revision of the *censure*, was vetoed, and remained a forbidden thing, until the "*admirable revolution*," (as M. Hugo styles it) of 1830, let loose upon the public, as the first-fruits of its beneficence, the torrent of obnoxious matter which had been accumulating in the receptacles of the *censure*.

At this juncture, M. Hugo was vehemently solicited to bring out his piece; but, unwilling to base the popularity of his work upon a momentary political excitement, he very prudently declined producing it then.

M. Hugo had, it seems, on the accession of Charles the Tenth, in a fit of enthusiasm for a monarch who exclaimed against literary censorship, indited a royal *canton* in praise of the said liberal monarch.

Recollecting this, at the time when the revolution of the Three Days had civilly dispensed with the royal services of Charles, he, from a motive of delicacy, forbore celebrating the triumph of the people by the enacting of his long-forbidden piece; not choosing, to use his own words, "to be one of the vents by which the public anger should exhale itself." Of his merit in this proceeding, as of his merits generally, as we before observed, M. Victor Hugo appears to enjoy a comfortable conviction. A more appropriate occasion, in his opinion, offering, he produced his play, which, like his other performances, was rapturously received by his admiring countrymen—we will presently see how deservedly.

It seems that "*Marion de Lorme*" was written before "*Hernani*," although the latter piece, not falling under the disapprobation of the *censure*, was represented upwards of a year previous to the production of the other. To these succeeded "*Le Roi s'amuse*," written in 1822, produced at the *Théâtre Français*, and, on the day after its first appearance, withdrawn by order of the government on the score of immorality.

The indignation of the author, though very natural, was quite ineffectual in restoring his piece to the honours of public exhibition; and the preface, which he published with it, contained a statement of facts, which became his sole mode of appeal to the "enlightened public mind." In this preface, we find some curious passages; the following, for instance;—M. Hugo is speaking of the prohibition of his play:—"And who is it that this tyrannical exercise of power has singled out to attack? an author, [the gentleman means himself] so situated, that if his talents are doubtful, his character is not; an honest man; one professed, demonstrated, and proved to be such; a venerable and rare thing in these times." There follows a whole page of self-consolation much in the same style; and we really feel the less hesitation in offering any criticisms upon M. Hugo's works, that he seems so cased in proof-panoply of self-esteem; that we should think he was invulnerable to all shafts of censure.

A little further on, he assigns as the *real* reason of the interdiction of his piece, a certain line in the third act, (we are sorry that our knowledge of court scandal does not enable us to indicate it to the reader,) which it seems may be construed into no very flattering allusion to Louis Philippe. At the same time that the author disclaims all intention of making such allusion, forbearing even now to proclaim the offensive sentence, which, thus quoted, it seems would immediately suggest its own application, he holds the revelation *in terrorem* over the refractory monarch, who, professing to be a *republican people's king*, has thought proper to give himself the despotic airs of a king of the old school.

"*Hernani*," the first-written of those at the head of this article,

is by no means so iniquitous in its plot as its successors. Some rays of humanity yet struggle through the improbability of the fable, and the author's fancy is not yet overrun with those diabolical conceptions with which some of his other works abound, to the dismay of all good Christians and sober-minded creatures who attempt to read them.

The heroine, Donna Sol, is betrothed to her uncle, Don Ruy de Silva ; but, in the mean time, her affections are engaged by an unknown cavalier, whom she receives in secret, and who is the chief of a horde of brigands.

It appears that the King of Spain, Charles the Fifth, is also enamoured of her ; and the difficulties of the lady between her three lovers, and the various perils and escapes of Hernani, her favoured one, take up the first part of the piece. The old Don, however, afraid that he shall die before he gets married, if he does not make haste, carries off his fair niece to one of his strong-holds, and they are on the point of celebrating their nuptials, when the whole castle is thrown into confusion by the arrival of Hernani, in the disguise of a pilgrim. Finding his mistress, as he conceives, unfaithful, he immediately proclaims himself as the robber chief, upon whose head a princely price was set ; but the old lord assures him, that if he were the Devil in person, the rights of hospitality would be extended to him, and his life and liberty be secure while under his roof. He leaves the lovers together, not at all suspecting his niece's low-life attachment to the highwayman ; and presently returning finds his bride locked in the arms of Hernani. The worthy old gentleman's rage then knows no bounds, and he is about to fight with the traitor on the spot, when news is brought that the King is before the castle, in pursuit of Hernani. Now, though it does not irk Don Ruy to kill the gentleman who kissed his niece, it is quite against his ideas of propriety to give up a man who has sought shelter under his roof. He therefore conceals the robber, and stands the brunt of the King's rage unmoved, who, unable either by entreaties, commands, or threats to obtain the bandit, at length desires the old lord to give up either Hernani or his niece, Donna Sol ; upon which the poor old man, faithful, as he conceives, to the laws of honour, and ignorant of the King's passion for his niece, delivers her up to his Majesty, who departs in peace with his prize. No sooner are they gone, than Don Ruy draws Hernani from his place of concealment, and insists upon prosecuting the duel they had begun together ; when, happening to mention the hostage which the King had been pleased to accept, Hernani, in despair, informs him of the danger in which he has placed his niece, by surrendering her to the monarch. All other thoughts now give way to the desire of both to recover the young lady ; and, putting aside their animosity for a short time, they agree to assist each other in rescuing Donna

Sol from her perilous situation ; Hernani pledging his solemn words to old De Silva, that, that object once accomplished, he will give up his life to his honourable old enemy ; and, in token of this, he gives him his own bugle-horn, telling him, at whatever time and in whatever place he pleases, to sound it, when he (Hernani) will at once surrender himself to his vengeance. This bargain made, they sheathe their swords, shake hands, and set off, the best friends in the world, in pursuit of the lady.

The fourth act consists chiefly of the failure of a conspiracy formed against Charles the Fifth, at that moment elected Emperor, and his magnanimous forgiveness of the conspirators, among whose number are Don Ruy de Silva and Hernani, who, upon this occasion, throws off his assumed character of a bandit, and claims the princely privilege of wearing his hat before the King, being no less a personage than his kinsman, John of Aragon.

The new-made Emperor, however, has no idea of being hard upon any of them ; forgives them all, restores Hernani to his noble rank and princely possessions, and moreover, with infinite generosity, relinquishes all his pretensions to Donna Sol, whom he places safe and sound in her lover's hands. How she came there just then it is difficult to imagine, the scene being laid before the tomb of Charlemagne in Aix-la-Chapelle. That, however, does not much matter ; the public is not apt to be particular in these points, and, when all ends wells, all is well in their sympathetic opinions.

All parties are now satisfied ; the Emperor with himself and his new dignity, Hernani with his mistress, and she with him. Old De Silva, however, is by no means well pleased at this transfer of his bride, and the fourth act closes with the general joy of the whole company, excepting him alone.

The conclusion is rapid. The fifth act celebrates the marriage feast of Don John of Aragon and Donna Sol. His father's palace has received him again ; and revelry, and mirth, and music fill the scene. At length the gaudier light of pleasure dims, the guests withdraw, and the lovers are left alone in their happiness. At this moment, which, in conception and execution, is by far the most striking of the piece, the fatal horn sounds Hernani's summons, from all his full-blown joys, to death. The old lord De Silva appears, and claims the fulfilment of Hernani's oath. In vain the latter, unmanned by the exceeding bitterness of leaving life when crowned with all its imaginable blisses, implores a short delay. The stern old man insists upon his right, and presents a vial of poison to the youth. This, however, Donna Sol seizes, and drinking the one half, gives the rest to her husband, both of them presently falling, like stricken flowers, at the feet of the obdurate old noble, who ends the piece by killing himself, and going, as he himself declares,

and the reader easily believes, to hell.—The three corpses keep possession of the stage.

All the absurdity of this plot does not of right belong to M. Hugo ; that is to say, that, exaggerated as we may deem such a very nice sense of honour, it is not unnatural, and, if we may believe old chronicles, was not unusual in Spain, where similar absurdities form the plot of some of their best plays. “ *La Estrella di Seviglia*,” of Lopes de Vega, where a man kills the brother of his mistress, and almost drives himself and her mad by so doing, simply because the King commands the deed, is, to our apprehensions, far more fantastical ; yet the play is an immense favourite in Spain, and the plot is there considered a very rational plot.

Some of the writing in “ *Hernani*” would positively be poetry, if it were not French ; and we think M. Hugo always exceedingly happy in the expression of tenderness and passion. We subjoin some passages, which we quote from Lord Francis Egerton’s translation ; which has the advantage of resembling its original in an unusual degree. The following, spoken by old Don Ruy to Donna Sol, is graceful and touching.

“ When, as I muse my garden glades along,
Some shepherd youth disturbs me with his song,
Whose sound from the green fields can reach my bowers,
Thus I apostrophize my crumbling towers ;
‘ My ducal dungeon-keep, my loop-hole wall,
My woods, my harvests,—I would give ye all ;
Would give the fields my swarm of vassals tills,—
Would give my flocks upon a thousand hills,—
Would give the ancestors, who watch intent,
Chiding my slowness, for a son’s descent
Among them, and expect him even now,—
For that same peasant’s hut and youthful brow.
For round that brow, unscored by age’s lines,
The dark locks cluster, and beneath it shines
An eye like thine ; and thou may’st well behold,
And say, ‘ That man is young, and this is old.’
Thus to myself I speak, and speak it true ;
All, to be young, and fair, and gay as you,
All would I give. I dream !—I young and gay,
Who to the tomb am doomed to lead the way !

“ *Donna Sol*.—Who knows ?

“ *Don Ruy*.—Yet trust not that the youthful tribe
Can feel the constant love their words describe.
Let but a lady listen and believe,
They laugh to see her die, or live to grieve.
These birds of amorous note and gaudy wing
Can moult their passions like their plumes in spring ;

The old, whose notes are tuneless, hues less bright,
Are steadier to their nest and in their flight.
Time on our furrowed brow the graver's part
May play; he writes no wrinkles on the heart.
Give to the old the mercy which they need,—
The heart is always young enough to bleed.
With all a bridegroom's love, a father's pride,
I love thee, and a hundred ways beside.
I love thee as we love the flowers, the skies,
Earth's breathing perfumes, heaven's enchanting dyes;
And when thy step, so graceful yet so free,
The aspect of that stainless brow, I see,
That heaven seems opening as I gaze on thee. }

" *Donna Sol.*—Alas!

" *Don Ruy.*—And mark; the reasoning world approves,
When towards an honored grave an old man moves,
If woman deign his useless age to tend,
And smooth his progress to his journey's end.
It is an angel's task, and thou shalt be
That angel, in a woman's form, to me."

The old nobleman's rebuke of Hernani and the King is spirited:—

"What business brings you here, young cavaliers?
Men like the Cid, the knights of by-gone years,
Rode out the battle of the weak to wage,
Protecting beauty, and revering age.
Their armour sat on them, strong men as true,
Much lighter than your velvets sit on you.
Not in a lady's room by stealth they knelt;
In church, by day, they spoke the love they felt.
They kept their houses' honour bright from rust,
They told no secret, and betrayed no trust;
And if a wife they wanted, bold and gay,
With lance, or axe, or sword point, and by day,
Bravely they won and wore her. As for those
Who walk the streets when honest men repose,
With eyes turned to the ground, and in night's shade,
The rights of trusting husbands to invade;
I say the Cid would force such knaves as these
To beg the city's pardon on their knees.
And with the flat of his all conquering blade
Their rank usurped, and scutcheon would degrade.
Thus would the men of former days, I say,
Treat the degenerate minions of to-day."

The opening of the fifth act, as the revel closes, and Hernani and Donna Sol are left alone, is beautiful:—

" *Donna Sol.*—Dearest! at length they leave us. By yon moon,
It should be late.

“ Hernani.—And can it come too soon,
The hour that frees us from the listening crowd,
To breathe our sighs, so long suppressed, aloud ?

“ Donna Sol.—The noise disturbed me. Must we not confess,
Rejoicing stuns the sense of happiness ?

“ Hernani.—Tis true ; for happiness is kin to rest,
And writes its lessons slowly on the breast.
When busy pleasure strews its path with flowers,
Or breaks the silence of its quiet bowers,
It flies ; and if it smile, its smile appears
Far less allied to laughter than to tears.

* * * * *

* * Why should I bear in mind
The tattered garments that I leave behind ?
In mourning to my palace I repair,
An angel of the Lord awaits me there.
I bid the fallen column's shaft aspire ;
On my ancestral hearth I light its fire ;
I ope its casements to the wind, which sports
'Mid the rank herbage of its grass-grown courts ;
I weed that herbage from the creviced stone,
And seat my house's honor on its throne ;
My King restores me to each ancient right,
My seat in council, and my crest in fight.
Come, then, in blushing beauty, come, my bride,
Lay the sad memory of the past aside ;
That past is all unsaid, unseen, undone ;
I start afresh, a glorious course to run.
I know not if 'tis madness fires my breast,—
I love you,—I possess you,—and am blest !

* * * * *

“ Donna Sol.—One little moment to indulge the sight
With the rich beauty of the summer night.
The harp is silent, and the torch is dim,—
Night and ourselves together to the brim
The cup of our felicity is filled,
Each sound is mute, each harsh sensation stilled.
Dost thou not think, that, e'en while nature sleeps,
Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps ?
No cloud in heaven ;—while all around repose,
Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,
Which loads the night air with its musky breath,
While all around is still as nature's death.
E'en as you spoke,—and gentle words were those
Spoken by you,—the silver moon uprose ;
How that mysterious union of her ray,
With your impassioned accents, made its way
Straight to my heart ! I could have wished to die
In that pale moonlight, and while thou wert by.

Hernani.—Thy words are music, and thy strain of love
borrowed from the choir of heaven above.

" *Donna Sol.*—Night is too silent, darkness too profound.
Oh for a star to shine, a voice to sound,—
To raise some sudden strain of music now,
Suited to night!

" *Hernani.*—Capricious girl! your vow
Was poured for silence, and to be released
From the thronged tumult of the marriage-feast.

" *Donna Sol.*—Yes; but a bird to carol in the field,—
A nightingale, in moss and shade concealed,—
A distant flute,—for music's stream can roll
To soothe the heart and harmonize the soul,—
O! 't would be bliss to listen!

(*Sound of a horn in the distance.*)

We now come to M. Hugo's next dramatic production, *Marion de Lorme*; and here his moral atmosphere is enveloped in a much thicker mist than before, and we lose sight, in a pitiable manner, of the real bearings and relation of things.

Marion de Lorme, the noted courtesan of Louis the Thirteenth's reign, one of the earliest specimens of that tribe of profligate women, whose beauty, talent, and exceeding impudence gave them so much influence in the licentious times that followed the regency of Anne of Austria, is the personage selected by M. Hugo for his heroine.

Having fallen in love with a young man, whom she has met by accident, and who is ignorant of her character, she leaves Paris in disguise, and takes up her residence at Blois, where her lover resides.

For a while their intercourse is happy. Didier, her lover, himself an enthusiastic and noble creature, believes her to be all that his idolatrous affection pictures her; and she, loving for the first time a virtuous nature, is filled at once with adoration and respect for him, horror of her former life, and fear lest he should discover her real name and situation.

We will let him give his own account of himself; and through our most prosaic translation, which has no earthly pretension but that of being *literally* literal, the reader will perceive that M. Hugo has invested his hero with much of the unaccountable gloom and despondency, the bile, in short, (for we presume, as there is no other assignable cause, it must be that,) of the Byron school:—

" *Didier.*—Hearken to me, Mary.
My name is Didier, I have never known
Father or mother; naked I was left
An infant on the threshold of a church.
An old and low-born woman, in whose soul
Some pity lived, took me, and tended me.
She was my mother;—gave me Christian nurture,

And, dying, left me all her worldly heritage,
 A yearly stipend of nine hundred livres,
 On which I live. Alone, at twenty years,
 Life seemed both sad and bitter. I went travelling
 And grew acquainted with my fellow men.
 And some of them I hated, more despised,
 For on that sullied glass, the human face,
 I read but pain, and pride and misery;
 So that I sit me down, youthful in years
 But old in spirit; of this life as weary,
 As they should be who are about to leave it.
 I struck 'gainst all things, all things wounded me;
 The world seemed bad to me, and men yet worse.
 Thus was I living, gloomy, poor, and lonely,
 When first I saw you and felt comforted.
 And yet I do not know you;—in the street
 One night in Paris I beheld you first;
 Then once or twice I met you, and still always
 Your looks were gentle, and your speech most kind.
 I feared to love you, and I fled; strange destiny!
 Again you meet me here,—my guardian angel!
 At length, worn out with love and doubt, I spake,
 And you with favour heard.—Yours is my heart,
 And yours my life; what may I do for you?
 Is there on earth the man or thing you hate?
 Have you a wish my soul can buy for you?
 Oh! do you need one prompt to give his life
 Joyfully for you;—whose heart's blood poured out
 Were richly paid, but by one smile of yours?
 Oh! speak, command, dearest, for here am I!

“*Marion (smiling.)*—You're strange, and yet I love you thus.

“*Didier.*—You love me!

Beware, nor with light lips utter that word.
 You love me!—know you what it is to love
 With love that is the life-blood in one's veins,
 The vital air we breathe, a love long smothered,
 Smouldering in silence, kindling, burning, blazing,
 And purifying in its growth the soul.
 A love, that from the heart eats every passion
 But its sole self;—love without hope, or limit,
 Deep love, that will outlive all happiness;
 Speak, speak, is such the love you bear me?

“*Marion.*—Truly.

“*Didier.*—Oh! but you do not know how I love you!
 The day that first I saw you, the dark world
 Grew shining, and your eyes lighted my gloom.
 Since then all things have changed; to me you are
 Some bright and unknown creature from the skies.
 This irksome life, 'gainst which my heart rebelled,
 Seems almost fair and pleasant; for, alas!

Till I knew you, wandering, alone, oppressed,
I wept and struggled, I had never loved.
“*Marion.*—Poor Didier!”

It happens, however, that a regiment is stationed at Blois, the officers of which have, one or all, been admirers of Marion. One of these young sparks discovers the fair Lais's retreat and disguise, and Marion, to obtain his silence, half confesses the purpose of both. We cannot go into every detail of the piece. Didier and Saverny, the young officer, meet, quarrel, and fight, immediately under a placard, which the Cardinal de Richelieu has had posted up, forbidding duelling, on pain of death to the parties concerned. The city authorities intervene, Saverny pretends to be dead, and is carried off by his friends; and Didier is conveyed to prison, whence Marion contrives to bribe his escape, and they fly together in disguise, among a company of strolling actors. We are now introduced to an old nobleman, the uncle of Saverny, who, in great distress of mind, is about to celebrate his beloved nephew's obsequies; Saverny himself having, with one of his brother officers, escorted an empty bier to the chateau, which bier was supposed to contain his body. Of course he is so disguised as not to be recognised by his worthy uncle, and trusts to time to reconcile the old gentleman to the cheat, when the Cardinal's displeasure at the duel shall be over, and the search everywhere making for Didier, the only person concerned who was supposed to survive, has ceased. At this very chateau is staying an emissary of Richelieu, who is on the look out for the fugitive Didier. Here he meets young Saverny, who knows nothing of him, and, under favour of his disguise, discusses the matter of the duel in all coolness with him; and hither, as ill luck would have it, come the Thespians, and with them Marion and Didier. Among these strolling players, who are allowed to take up their quarters in one of the out-houses of the chateau, Saverny sees and recognises Marion, and, much puzzled at the circumstance of her appearing there, communicates it to Laffemas, Richelieu's emissary, who was on the point of leaving the chateau, to pursue his quest of the unfortunate Didier. This, however, fatally alters his purpose. He insists upon seeing the whole troop, and to the agony of Marion, and the consternation of poor Saverny, who was unaware of the mischief he was causing, presently discovers the sham actor among the real mimes, and claims Didier as his prisoner. But Saverny had inflicted a far deeper wound on his former rival. In indicating Marion to Laffemas, the young gallant had shown a picture of her, which he wore round his neck, and which Didier, then standing in the back ground, had also seen. This leads to a dialogue between them, in which Saverny discloses to Didier the real character of Marion, of which he had supposed

him aware. The enthusiast and her lover is at once precipitated from his high and holy faith, and beholds, in the object of his deep and pure affection, a disgraced and degraded being. We will translate the scene. We should premise, that, at the very opening of the play, Didier, in a street affray at night, is the means of saving Saverny's life. After a few lines of mere explanation, in which they account to each other, Didier, for not being, as Saverny thought him, in prison; and Saverny, for not being, as Didier thought him, dead, in consequence of their duel; Saverny, whose quarrel with him was the mere result of high spirits, and a few aristocratic airs on his own part, professes an honest regard for him, rejoices that they have both escaped so well the affair of the duel, and, remembering only that at their first meeting Didier had saved his life, asks him in return what he can do for him.

"*Didier.*—Give me that woman's picture which you wear.
(*Saverny gives it to him; he looks bitterly at it.*)

Yes, 't is her eye, her brow, her snowy neck,
And oh! her heavenly look;—'t is very like!

"*Saverny.*—D' ye think so?

"*Didier.*—Tell me, was it then for you
She had this picture taken?

"*Saverny.* (*Nods, then bowing to Didier.*)—It's your turn.
You are the loved the chosen among many,
The happy fellow.

"*Didier.*—Am I not most happy!

"*Saverny.*—I wish you joy!—faith, she's an honest wench.
Her lovers are all men of family.

The sort of mistress one may be proud of.

'Tis a good boast, too, and tells prettily

To have it said of one,—'He's Marion's lover.'

(*Didier offers to return the picture; he declines receiving it.*)

No, keep the miniature;—she's yours, and so
Her picture comes to you of right.

"*Didier.*—I thank you.

(*He puts the picture in his bosom.*)

"*Saverny.*—That Spanish dress becomes her wonderfully.

And so you're my successor!—pretty much

As Louis succeeds Pharamond, indeed;

For I was jilted for the two Brissacs,

Yes, faith, the two;—why even the Cardinal,

And then D'Effiat, and then the three St. Mêmes,

And the four Argentaux;—oh, in her heart,

You'll be in the very best of company;

A little crowded—that's a trifle.

"*Didier.* (*aside.*)—Horror!

"*Saverny.*—But pray inform me now,—to tell you plainly,
'T is here believed that I am dead. To morrow,
I'm to be buried. As for you, I take it,

You found some cunning way to cheat your gaolers ;
Marion has opened all the gates for you ;
Why your adventures must make up a history.

" *Didier*.—Yes, a strange history.

" *Saverny*.—For your sake, doubtless,
She smiled upon some archer of the guard.

" *Didier*. (*with extreme vehemence*.)—God's thunder ! dare you
think it !

" *Saverny*.—Well, what then ?

What, jealous ?—why the thing's fantastical.

Jealous of whom ? of Marion de Lorme !

Poor wench ! pray now read her no homilies.

" *Didier*.—Fear not. (*Aside*.) Oh God ! this angel was a
devil !"

We have quoted this scene, in order to give M. Hugo's own account of his heroine ; we now proceed with the story. Didier, disgusted alike with his mistress and his life, surrenders himself at once to Laffemas, and is about to be dragged to prison, when Saverny, thinking but that means to rescue him, comes forward, takes off his disguise, and avows himself alive, and not dead, to the infinite ecstasy of his poor old uncle, and the satisfaction of all present. But the malicious agent of the Cardinal's sanguinary will, instantly arrests him also, as guilty, since not dead ; and both the young men are carried to prison, to await the fulfilment of the sentence, which Richelieu's edict had proclaimed against duelling, that is, death.

The fourth act, which we should imagine tolerably dull on the stage, gives a clever, but rather exaggerated picture of the interior of the palace, and the state of slavery in which Louis the Thirteenth was kept by the ambitious and cruel Cardinal. Saverny's old uncle and Marion de Lorme by turns appear as supplicants for the duellists, and are both refused ; the King not daring to reverse the Cardinal's sentence, though much inclined to do so. This inclination is carried to a climax, by the information given him by his sister, (who, by the by, is a most lugubrious personage,) that both the young men were expert falconers ; the King, among other graver lamentations, deploring the disuse into which the sport of hawking is falling. The jester takes advantage of his Majesty's merciful mood, presses the matter in every point of view, plays by turns upon his pride, his pity, his conscience, and his love of hawking, and finally, after many misgivings, obtains from the King the full pardon of both the young men, which he delivers to Marion.

In the fifth act we have the prison, and its inmates, the two young men. Drawn together by their common misfortune, their sympathy and tenderness for each other are very touching, and

the contrast between the light-hearted kindness of Saverny, and the solemn and sad meditations of the heart-broken Didier, is exceedingly effective and affecting.

The old Marquis de Nangis, (Saverny's uncle,) bribes one of the gaolers to assist his nephew's escape; but when the latter finds his companion is not to be rescued with him, he rejects the offer, and remains with Didier to abide the issue. At this moment, Marion arrives at the prison gate, and, showing the King's pass, is refused admittance. At the same instant Laffemas appears, and showing a pass from the Cardinal, the door flies open to him. Marion eagerly displays to him the pardon which she holds; and he unrolls before her eyes the *revocation* of it, signed by the King, a few hours after. Her despair then knows no bounds, and the wretch Laffemas takes advantage of it, to offer her as the terms of her lover's rescue, the same alternative which Angelo proposes to Isabel, in "Measure for Measure;" of course the reader's own mind will naturally suggest the wide difference between the women, as making all the difference in the transaction. However, it is consented to by Marion, who at length thus obtains access to her lover. She brings him a disguise, and offers him the means of escape; these, however, he rejects, charging her with having deceived and betrayed him. While she entreats and he reproaches, the gun is fired which announces the arrival of the Cardinal to witness the execution. All flight is of course impossible now. We give the parting of Didier and Marion:—

"*Didier.*—(to Saverny.) My brother, 't is for me you're sacrificed,

Let us embrace!

"*Marion.* (rushing towards him.)—He does not embrace me!
Didier, embrace me too!

"*Didier.* (pointing to Saverny.)—This is my friend, Madam.

"*Marion.* (wringing her hands.)—Oh! hardly do you deal with the poor woman.

Who, on her knees, of King and Judge implored

Your pardon, and now begs of you her own.

"*Didier.* (about to leave her, suddenly exclaims.)—My heart is bursting! No, no, 't is impossible

With a calm brow to bear this agony.

Oh too much loved! thus to be left for ever,

Come to my arms! death is at hand,—I love thee,

'Tis joy unspeakable once more to tell thee so!

"*Marion.*—Didier!

"*Didier.*—Come, thou poor lost one! Speak, all of you,

Say, is there one amongst you, who could now

Shut close his arms from an unfortunate,

Whose very soul was given up to him?

Oh, I have wronged thee! Shall I die before thee

Unpitying, unpardoning ? Oh, hear me !
Among all women, and all those who hear me,
In their own hearts approve of what I say ;
She whom I love, she with whom dwells my faith,
She whom I worship, it is thou, dear, thou !
For thou to me hast been most kind and gentle.
Hear me ; my knot of life is now untied ;
I am about to die, and all things show
In their true light and colour to my eyes.
'T was thy exceeding love that made thee blind me,
And in this hour thy sin is surely expiated.
Ah ! by thy mother, in thy cradle left,
Thou wert perchance, like me, a thing forsaken ;
While yet a child, thy innocence was sold
By others ; lift thy forehead from the dust !
Bear witness all ; now, in this hour, when life
Fades like a shadow, and the lips are true,—
In this dark hour, my foot upon that scaffold
Which innocent blood doth make a holy place,
Mary, angel of heaven ! lost on earth,
My love, my wife, oh hearken to me, Mary !
By that great God, towards whom death hurries me,
I do forgive thee !"

Upon Marion's bitter lamentations, he consoles her by showing her how irrevocably his happiness was already lost ; and concludes by requesting this " angel of heaven, his love, and wife," to remember him, when some other more fortunate lover shall approach her ; and here the tenderness and pathos of the scene are again turned into a mockery, by this allusion to the woman's degraded character and situation. We strongly recommend our readers to contrast this scene with the conclusion of Heywood's " Woman killed with Kindness" ; in which an unfaithful wife, who is dying of the shame and sorrow of her sin, receives her husband's pardon. The old playwrights were not mealy-mouthed in the use of language ; but we cannot help thinking, that, in matters of morality, they beat the modern dramatists hollow.

That a woman, who has been seduced from virtue, and forfeited her honour, should excite our commiseration, our sympathy, and even, under some aspects, our admiration, is not impossible. But that a woman whose whole life has been a course of heartless and shameless profligacy should do so, is totally impossible. For a sin of passion there may be some circumstances, if not of excuse, at least of attenuation, to be found. But from a series of venal prostitutions, committed boldly in the world's eye, and gloried in with a spirit of the most abandoned levity, our moral sense, our human sympathies, our very physical nature, revolts in total disgust. A woman who has led such a life may be a fitting object for the di-

vine and pardoning spirit of Christian charity ; but she is not a fitting subject for an artist to present to our senses, our judgments, or our hearts, for admiration, approbation, or affection. The woman taken in adultery, and she “ who was a sinner,” found mercy at the feet of the most merciful ;—and surely they should meet forbearance in the judgments of their fellow sinners. But, when the latter is brought before us, tricked up in all the vile and unchaste adornments of a courtesan, our insulted sense of right at once turns from such an appeal, and points to the only aspect under which such a one can claim our sympathy. Again, to have made this woman the object of the love of such a man as Didier, is what we will not forgive M. Hugo for. Such things have been, it is true ; but they were occasions for wise men’s wonder, and good men’s sorrow ; strange mysteries of infatuation, showing too painfully the weakness of human nature, and casting down from its high altar that holy worship—pure and deep affection.

We now come to the last of this series of M. Hugo’s plays, “ *Le Roi s’amuse* ;—and what shall we say to that ? That, in our opinion, it is alike unfit to be exhibited or read ; an absurd, immoral, and indecent composition. We hardly know by what part to take up this monstrosity, so as best to display it to our readers, and least to offend them by the sight. M. Hugo is a radical ; and truly he delineates kings with the spirit of one. Francis the First, the hero of the cloth of gold, the conqueror of Marignan, the knight of Bayard’s dubbing, the patron of Marot and Ronsard, the friend of Leonardo da Vinci, the rival of Charles of Spain, is brought before us, not in any of the finer aspects of his reign and character, but a heartless, worthless, witless debauchee. His jester, Triboulet, the hero of the piece, is a species of hump-backed Mephistophiles, who passes his life in eating his heart, (a right bitter bit, we should think,) insulting the nobles of the court, and pandering to the King. The first act is a mere sketch of the court, and consists of the dissolute discourses of the courtiers, mixed with the all-pervading gall of Triboulet’s satire, whom they all hate and fear. It terminates, however, by the appearance of one M. de St. Vallier, father of the King’s celebrated mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who comes to reproach Francis with the seduction of his daughter, and, being scoffed at by the King and the King’s fool, curses them both most emphatically, and departs. Besides, however, a very bad temper, Triboulet has a very pretty daughter, whom he keeps hermetically sealed from sight and speech of man, as he supposes ; yet who, nevertheless, is seen by the King, who visits her in the disguise of a student, and, without suspecting her relationship to the jester, obtains her affections. Some of the courtiers have detected Triboulet in his stolen evening visits to his daughter, and, supposing them paid to a mistress, determine, in order to torment him,

to carry her off; which they effect, and bear Blanche, (the name of the girl,) to the palace, where she finds herself in the presence of the King, in whom she recognises her lowly lover, and who basely takes advantage of her terror, and the circumstances which have thus delivered her into his hands. At this time, Triboulet, phren-sied with the loss of his child, which he has just discovered, reaches the palace, where his vain attempts to conceal his agony afford much mirth to the courtiers by whom he is surrounded. His attention is directed to the King's apartment, where he becomes convinced Blanche is detained, and, rushing in despair against the door, he calls aloud upon his child. The amazement of the nobles at this discovery is extreme; and, while they in vain endeavour to oppose the frantic father, Blanche herself escapes from the inner room, and falls into his arms. A scene of infinite anguish follows between the father and the child, which will remind the German scholar of the scene between Verrina and his daughter in Schiller's noble play of "*I'iesco*." From this time, the jester's soul is filled but with one desire, that of revenge. For a long while he is withheld from his purpose, by the love which he finds Blanche bears to her betrayer; but, at length, he determines to bring her to his views by awakening her jealousy. He conveys her to the vicinity of a house inhabited by a ruffian street-stabber, and an abandoned woman, his sister. To this resort of infamy comes Francis; and Blanche is at once tortured and disgusted, by beholding her lover lavish upon another, and such a one, the caresses and terms of endearment which he had bestowed upon her. With a withered heart, the poor girl turns from her post of observation, and tells her father, who himself has brought her there, to do his pleasure. He immediately sends her away, bidding her disguise herself in boy's clothes, and leave the town. As soon as she is gone, he calls out of the hovel the assassin, and, tendering him the usual reward, bids him murder Francis, who of course is there incognito. He promises to return himself and fetch the body, which he directs should be tied up in a sack. He then retires, to leave the cut-throat to his work; the King falls asleep in an upper room of the house, and the girl and her brother remain alone, the latter sharpening his knife methodically for his job, and the former supplicating a reprieve for her visitor, whose good looks and gallantry have won her heart. A dismal storm rages without; night is fallen, and poor Blanche, in her boy's clothes, comes stealing back to see what has become of her perfidious lover. She resumes the situation from which she before had observed what was passing in the house, and overhears the horrible dialogue between the murderer and his sister. The knife is sharpened, and he is about to ascend to the garret, (for it is nothing else,) where Francis lies asleep. Maguelonne implores him to have

mercy ; upon which he tells her that he expects a man back, who is to pay him for the murder, and also fetch away the body, and that therefore the deed must be done. All the mitigation which the girl's entreaties obtain of this sentence is, that if, before the appointed time, any one else should come to the house, a thing rendered improbable by the late hour and fearful night, he shall be substituted for the King ; the bravo taking it for granted, that one dead body is just as good as another, and that it cannot matter much whom he delivers, tied up in a sack, to Triboulet when he returns. Poor Blanche hears all this ; she sees the horrid face and form of the ruffian, the dismal hole where these atrocities are perpetrated, the keen and glittering knife ready for its bloody task ; but, urged on by her love for Francis, she devotes herself, and strikes upon the door. The details of the scene are here terrible. She sees the murderer pass his knife over the whet-stone, and conceal himself behind the door, ready to strike her as she enters. Her youth, her love, her father, her God, by turns seize hold of her mind, and half draw her from her purpose. Chilled through with the bitter cold rain, and the fearful anticipation of being mangled and hacked to death, she falters, yet again strikes the door ; she falls on her knees, forgiving and imploring forgiveness, and knocks again ; the door is opened, and the curtain falls as the knife is lifted over her. The end is short ; we wish it had been shorter ; the bloody bombast of Titus Andronicus is a joke to it. Triboulet returns, pays the price, and receives the sack ; and, sending away the cut-throat, remains alone in the storm and the night, to enjoy the consciousness of his revenge. He apostrophizes the dead body with every insult and reproach, treads upon it, buffets it, and having exhausted his rage and hatred, is dragging it to the river ; when the door of the hovel opens, Francis escapes from it, crosses the stage, singing his famous distich,

“ Souvent femme varie,
 Bien fol est qui s'y fie,”

and disappears in the darkness among the streets. Triboulet, terrified and enraged, drags the sack again from the brink of the river, and tears it open. But the darkness of the night prevents his seeing the face ; he sits down on the ground beside the body, and waits for the next flash of lightning. It glares upon the corpse, and he recognises his child.

We have neither leisure nor inclination to make more than one extract from this “ bloody farce without salt or savour.” We take it from one of Triboulet's scenes with his daughter, the only ones that are not positively offensive in the piece.

“ *Triboulet.* My child ! Oh, clasp thy arms about my neck !
 Lie on my heart ! once more with thee life smiles,

My burthen 's gone, I'm blest, I breathe again.
Thou 'rt fairer every day ! say, lack'st thou aught ?
Say, art thou happy here ? kiss me once more.

" *Blanche*.—How good you are, dear father !

" *Triboulet*.—No, I love thee,
That's all. Oh, art thou not my life, my blood,
Oh God ! what would become of me without thee !

" *Blanche*.—You sigh, you have some heavy secret sorrows !
Tell them to your poor child, father ; alas !
I do not even know my family.

" *Triboulet*.—You have none.

" *Blanche*.—But I do not know your name.

" *Triboulet*.—What matters it ?

" *Blanche*.—Our neighbours in the village,
Where I was living when you came to fetch me,
Thought that I was an orphan, ere they saw you.

" *Triboulet*.—I should have left you there ; it had been wiser ;
But 't was impossible longer to live
Without one human heart to feel for me.

" *Blanche*.—Since you will tell me nothing of yourself——

" *Triboulet*.—You never go abroad ?

" *Blanche*.—'Tis now two months.

I have been here, and in that space eight times
Have I been out to church, no oftener.

" *Triboulet*.—Good.

" *Blanche*.—Father, tell me something of my mother !

" *Triboulet*.—Oh, waken not that bitter recollection,
Nor to my thoughts recall, that I once found
A woman, to all women most unlike ;
Who, in this world, where spirits never mate,
Seeing me lonely, helpless, poor, and hated,
E'en for my misery pitied me, and loved me.
She died, and carried to her grave with her
The holy secret of her faithful love ;
That love which flashed like lightning over me,
A ray of heaven, that shone down to my hell.
O, may the earth, still ready to receive us,
Lie gently on that breast, which was my pillow.
Thou'rt all I have, thank God that I have thee !

" *Blanche*.—Oh, how you weep, how cruelly you suffer !
I cannot bear to see you weep thus, father.

" *Triboulet*.—What wouldst thou say, if thou couldst hear me
laugh ?

" *Blanche*.—Oh, father, let me know at least your name,
Pour all your sorrows in my bosom.

" *Triboulet*.—No ;

Why should I speak my name ? I am thy father.
Hear me ; away from here I may be hated,
Despised, accursed ; what is my name to thee ?
Here, and to thee, in this one holy spot,

I will be nothing but a father, Blanche,
A dear and honoured father.

“ *Blanche.*—And so you are.

“ *Triboulet.*—Beats there elsewhere one heart that answers mine?

I love thee as I hate all things beside.
Sit by me ; come, come, let us speak of that.
Say, dost thou love thy father ? Wherefore should we,
When thus together hand in hand we sit,
Speak, think, of any other earthly thing ?
My child ! oh, only blessing Heaven allows me !
Others have parents, brothers, kinsmen, friends,
A wife, a husband, vassals, followers,
Ancestors, and allies, or many children ;
I have but thee, thee only. Some are rich ;
Thou art my treasure, thou art all my riches.
And some believe in God ; and I believe
In nothing but thy soul. Others have youth,
And woman's love, and pride, and grace, and health ;
Others are beautiful ; thou art my beauty,
Thou art my home, my country, and my kin,
My wife, my mother, sister, friend, and child,
My bliss, my wealth, my worship, and my law,
My Universe ! Oh, by all other things
My soul is tortured. If I should ever lose thee—
Horrible thought ! I cannot utter it.
Smile, for thy smile is like thy mother's smiling.
She, too, was fair ; you have a trick like her,
Of passing oft your hand athwart your brow
As though to wipe it. Innocence still loves
A brow unclouded and an azure eye.
To me thou seem'st clothed in a holy halo ;
My soul beholds thy soul through thy fair body ;
E'en when my eyes are shut, I see thee still ;
Thou art my daylight, and sometimes I wish
That Heaven had made me blind, that thou might'st be
The sun, that lighted up the world for me.”

Blanche is a very beautiful flower in the middle of all these rank weeds ; but M. Hugo sins as much in bringing her into contact with such a thing as he makes Francis, as in linking Didier to Marion de Lorme. These are things, M. Hugo, that—*Shakspeare* never did. Imogen, in her holy sleep, though looked upon by the unholy eyes, remains pure as unspotted snow ; and Desdemona, though spoken of in words of coarse ribaldry, that makes one shudder, presents no image to our heart but that of emaculate innocence. But then *Shakspeare* never drew their heavenly spirits into companionship with that which was base ; their devoted affections were nobly bestowed upon noble objects, and,

however surrounded by vile accidents their mortal frames might be, their souls held fellowship with that which was chaste and holy alone; the very spirit of purity dwelt within them, and their perfect and divine modesty and dignity of nature, encircle them as with a spell, round which all foul things fall harmless.

“*Le Roi s’amuse*” has been followed by several other dramatic compositions, some yet more abhorrent to good taste, as “*La Tour de Nesle*,” and as “*Lucrece Borgia* ;”—others, again, of less revolting detail and incident, “*Marie Tudor*,” and the last, “*Angelo, Tyran de Padoue* ;” but all alike devoid of moral truth and sane feeling. It is with infinite regret that we behold talents, such as those of M. Hugo, exerted to scatter baneful influences as far as his works are known.

ART. IV.—*Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.* Arranged by CHARLES SEVERN, M.D. London: Colburn. 1839.

WARD was not only Vicar but medical practitioner at Stratford-upon-Avon, nearly two centuries ago, his Diary extending from 1648 to 1679. Like some other common-place, bustling, and cheerful men, he was an indefatigable contributor to a common-place book; having actually, as we are told, filled seventeen manuscript volumes of memoranda, which are preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London, and from which Dr. Severn has selected as many entries as fill an octavo extending to 315 pages. We shall copy a few specimens, in order that our readers may have a gauge whereby to test the genius of the reverend apothecary, and to pronounce whether a collection of such a miscellaneous character, as our specimens will prove this to be, is worthy of greater consideration than that of any medley of trifles which a weak but lively provincial functionary may gather, whose avocations take him often from home, and who makes it a rule to record all the jests, anecdotes, and memorable things that have currency in the neighbourhood. Here are the samples:—

“I have heard this to be a certain truth, that women that have blew lips are allways scolds. Mr. Dod heard this att London.”

“I have heard of a gentlewoman in Oxford, who hearing that one was accounted a beautie who had a heave, sleepe look with her, when shee weent to the play, sate uppe the night before, that she might look sleepily too.”

We ourselves have heard something as good as this and of a like sort, viz., the case of a country damsel, whose complexion was none of the clearest, but deeply tawned, who bethought her, in anticipation of a ball, of the use of bread and milk poultices, which she had

discovered bleached the parts where such things were applied. Accordingly she had recourse to this expedient the night before the festival at which she hoped to win a lover ; but behold, wrinkles as well as a temporary removal of the natural hue was the result. We proceed with the trival diarist :—

“ A good match might be made betwixt a blind woman and a deaf man.”

“ Some say when man lost free will woman found itt, and hath kept itt ever since.”

“ King Henry's wives comprised in this tetrastic :

‘ Three Kates, two Nans, and one dear Jane I wedded,
One Spanish, one Dutch, and four English wives ;
From two I was divorced, two I beheaded,
One died in childbed, and one me survives.’ ”

But women and wives do not alone engage the caustic Mr. Ward. There is indeed hardly anything of which he has not some *bon-mot* to utter, some sage reflection to offer, or some anecdote to record, which he must have deemed it criminal to let be lost. Thus :—

“ Lawyers' gowns hurt the commonwealth as much as soldiers' helmets.”

“ I heard of one neer Oxford who borrowed 50*l.* of his father-in-law, so itt was to be concluded when itt was to bee paid, and they being a little knavish concluded the 30th of next February, hee being an ignorant fellow, assented, the lawyer drew the writings according, but the fellow cannot get his money to this day, hee lives at Marston near Oxford.”

“ I have heard of Parson Philpot, that hee would have a consort of hogges, and whenne hee would have them sing hee kept them hungry, and set their trebles and bases in their several ranks and orders.”

“ King Edward the First forbad sea-coal to bee burnt in London, in regard of the great smoke which it made.”

“ Wee have utterly lost what was the thing which preserved beer so long, before hops were found out in England.”

“ Rowland Lacy, when hee heard his father was tapt,” says hee, “ Is my father tapt ? Then he will not last long, for nothing in our house lasts long after itt is tapt !”

“ Some physician's recipes prove decipes.”

Our readers will now be ready to ask if these are fair samples of the entire contents of this Diary, and if nothing better could not be found in the whole of the seventeen volumes pondered by the editor ? The question leads us to notice the cream of the joke.

The Diary extends from 1648 to 1679. Ward therefore was an inhabitant of Stratford-upon-Avon some thirty years after the death of Shakspeare ; and as Dr. Severn observes, while he “ bent over the beds of the aged and the dying, to impart religious con-

solation, or, in his character of medical friend, ministered to the infirmities of sickness and decay, he must frequently have conversed with those to whom Shakspeare was well known, and who had 'walked awhile with him in the world, as acquaintances, friends, and neighbours."

In these circumstances, surely such a diligent diarist must have something to tell of the "gifted being whose name has immortalized the obscure village where he dwelt." And such is the truth. Still, the specimens of the Diary already quoted, excite suspicions of John Ward's capacity and taste when brought to be tried upon the Bard of Avon; and those suspicions will be strengthened when we inform the reader, that it is not till the year 1663 that the industrious chronicler of all that was notable, past and present, in the field of his labours and daily intercourse, makes any mention of that miraculous person. Well then, but, say our readers, perhaps great amends are afterwards made for the omission,—do let us have all that is authentic and new on this subject of engrossing anxiety. We obey:—

"Shakspear had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon. I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Johnson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakspear died of a feavour there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter. Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramattick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare. A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny,* to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment."

And this is the whole amount of the precious revelation, tradition, and discovery!—a discovery which has been deemed wonderful and mighty enough to support the weight and redeem the trash, which as we have already said, and shown by samples impartially chosen, fill every other page and record in the Diary.

Take the whole of the communication, and add to it, as equally authentic, if you will, the Editor's conjectural note, and what is there in it so striking as that Mr. Ward, the most inquisitive, gossiping, and vivacious of mankind, had been cramming volumes with every odd and end that he could lay his hands upon for fifteen

* "Probably Shakspeare's daughter Judith, who lived to be seventy-seven years of age."

years, before he ever thought it worth his while to say a word about Shakspeare; and that even after all, the resolution to peruse his plays seems merely to be that of one who made himself important in the eyes of himself and others by talking of what he meant to do as well as that which he had already done. And yet Dr. Severn will have it that the diarist "had formed a far more accurate opinion of the distinguished eminence of Shakspeare than did the learned and industrious Heylin." But why then had he nothing to record in proof of that judgment and opinion formed for himself? The answer must be, that since nothing appears in his Diary on the subject between the years 1663 and 1676, he either had never fulfilled his resolution to peruse the plays, or having perused them, discovered nothing in them that deserved even a notice among the *omnium-gatherum* with which he stuffed his seventeen volumes.

The only thing in the volume that has interested us, is the enthusiasm of the Editor, which he has brought to bear upon the subject of the Bard of Avon; and were enthusiasm and conjecture substantialities, his observations would throw light upon several points which the diarist has marvellously overlooked. We quote a specimen or two:—

"‘The effect of time,’ says Dr. Severn, ‘and proximity on human judgment with regard to contemporaries, is aptly illustrated by the scantiness of Mr. Ward’s record of that divinely gifted being, whose name has immortalized the obscure village where he dwelt, and whose simple tomb had so recently invested the humble roof of its rude church with a halo of splendour and fame unknown to the proudest mausoleum that earthly wealth, or human pride, ever piled over the ashes of mortal grandeur. With unavailing regret we perceive how numerous, varied, and precious our memorials might have been in these volumes, but for the strange and almost universal sentiment which prevents men from appreciating the talents of those with whom they hold familiar intercourse. ‘His father and mother are with us, and his brethren we know,’ is the language of envious mediocrity, ever prone to treat the genius it can neither understand nor value with insulting disregard. Many a priceless gem must also have been scattered, forgotten, and lost, amidst the rude but useful and engrossing avocations of the vicar’s rustic flock; and as John Ward bent over the beds of the aged and the dying, to impart religious consolation, or, in his character of medical friend, ministered to the infirmities of sickness and decay, he must frequently have conversed with those to whom Shakspeare was well known, and who had ‘walked awhile with him’ in the world, as acquaintances, friends, and neighbours. At these professional and consolatory visits it must be supposed that by a man of Mr. Ward’s kindness of heart, mental research, and social feeling, many interesting conversations must have been entered into; but regardless of a ‘pearl richer than all their tribe,’ it appears they talked not of Shakspeare, who had proved his love to his native village by returning to it, and again becoming the associate of his former friends, after his splendid career, when he had, with unblemished character, acquired an ample

competency, and won a name that must last as long as the annals of English history. What Mr. Ward does record of him, who wrote 'not for an age, but for all time,' little though it be, must be regarded with deep interest by all who have felt the power of the immortal bard."

On this passage we have only to state that its last sentence is by much too strong; for we deny that the "little" contains anything that is new which can be relied upon; while the suppositions and inferences which pervade the whole of the paragraph, put the Rev. John Ward exactly upon a level with the rustics of the obscure village and neighbourhood among whom he ministered. What prevented him, if the intelligent and sapient personage represented,—his curiosity and opportunities being peculiar,—from appreciating the dramatist as fully as Queen Elizabeth is supposed by Dr. Severn to have done? We quote the passage in which the Queen's discernment and taste, together with other probable enough suggestions are alleged, as the last specimen of the Editor's warm imaginings concerning Shakspeare:—

"Shakspeare purchased the lands which he attached to New Place, anno domini 1602, at least twenty years after he had been engaged in performing and writing for the stage in London, during which time he unquestionably had an ample opportunity of making such a provision for the purchase of his house, out of the honourable earnings of his pen, without the necessity of having recourse to the Earl of Southampton's assistance. Patronised by Queen Elizabeth, by whom, doubtless, his genius was thoroughly appreciated (and who is said to have 'distinguished him by many fair marks of her favour'), it is far more likely that she very liberally rewarded the efforts of his muse, than that he should owe to the private friendship of one individual the means of making the purchase of New Place, especially as we are now informed by Mr. Ward, that 'Shakspeare's allowance for two plays a-year was so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year.' Out of this ample income, which, according to Malone's calculation, would be more than equivalent to 3000*l.* a year at the present day, it would have been perfectly easy for Shakspeare to make such a reservation as would fully suffice to complete any purchase 'he had a mind to.'"

Now, to conclude and to notice the really only important circumstance connected with the present publication, we have to inform our readers that, for a length of time, certain means have been used to raise extraordinary expectations about the revelations on the most engrossing of all literary subjects, so as to herald the appearance of this volume. Intimations have been circulated insinuating far more than was expressed, all for the sake, as it turns out, of puffing into notice a miscellany of trash, the catering of a weak-minded egotist. The public should indignantly reject and resent the affront offered to Shakspeare's memory, in that he has been made the voucher of a worthless work,—in that his name has been sacrilegiously usurped to trumpet forth a profitless and paltry speculation.

ART. V.—*Thirty Years in India, &c.* By MAJOR H. BEVAN. 2 vols
London : Richardson. 1839.

MR. Bevan's experience of India commenced in 1808, and extended with but slight interruption to 1838. He went out as a cadet, without patronage or extraneous interest, but gradually made advances, to military rank, even in spite of considerable obstacles and disasters. Belonging to the history of his vicissitudes, we may mention, that he returned in 1832 as an invalid to England, where he married, that he returned to the eastern clime, when his leave was out, and that he there lost his partner and three of their offspring in the course of two days, cholera being the fell foe. An infant was left, with whom, after his sore bereavements, he hastened back to his native land, where he has for some time solaced, or at least occupied himself by recording a "Soldier's Reminiscences of Native and European Life in the Presidencies."

These reminiscences are exactly what we should expect from a matter-of-fact soldier, who has got the air and mellow experience of a veteran. The very term *Major*, in its fullest and most significant meaning, is fraught with all that we feel and wish to express in fond recognition of a Soldier. It is a far better, and more characteristic word than Colonel. Major bears the same sort of honourable distinction as compared with that higher title, conventionally and militarily speaking, that Marquis does to Duke; we mean the novelists' notion of the French *noblesse*; and Major Bevan is all that we have indicated. He is not a "fine writer." He pretends to no system or sort of philosophy. His style is plain, straightforward, and if not that of a scholar, of a gentleman. He has had experience enough among stirring scenes, and these he describes graphically. In spite of the idleness or monotony of distant stations at which he had much experience, his activity and dexterity originated adventures that became in his hands themes of pleasant and exciting description. He was eager to learn native languages, and was consequently brought into contact with parties whom his excellent qualities of head and heart failed not to make friends, and his observation to appreciate. Legends and traditions hence became his property. Then he was an engineer and a land surveyor, and was consequently conversant with scenes of which Anglo-Indian officers have not, generally, much knowledge. Above all, and naturally enough, considering his remote, and peculiar occupations, his characteristic elasticity and vivacity, he seems to have had more experience in the chase, more prowess, and self-confidence than often fall to the lot even of the legitimate descendants of Nimrod. We must add, that amid all the scenes and occasions which he describes, connected or intermingled with all his notices of comrades or remarkable characters that

he mentions, although there be nothing in the shape of elaborate disquisition or speculation, the attentive reader will gather facts which he himself may advantageously use in the processes of reasoning upon the past, the present, and the future conditions of British India, both as to the manners and dispositions of the natives, and the policy of the English. Having said this much generally of Major Bevan's work, which is manifestly a strikingly faithful portrait of the man, we proceed to call from it some passages, those of personal adventure, as it will be seen, forming the staple of the contribution.

The glimpses we obtain of the life and manners of the Indians, both from the stories of a legendary or current and popular mind, and from the incidents of which the author was himself an eye-witness, frequently indicate much more than he, perhaps, contemplated when they were first presented to him. How much woful superstition, for example, is there identified and inseparably connected with the following spectacle, which encountered the eyes of Mr. Bevan at a very early period of his eastern experience :—

“ I reached Calcutta the latter end of October in a budjerow, sent to convey the cadets from the ship up the river. Wishing to see the country, some of us landed while at anchor, waiting for the tide, when we witnessed a most revolting sight—a woman and child left on the slimy banks of the river by their relatives, to be taken down the river by the receding tide. The child was dead, and partly devoured by the Pariah dogs, though the woman had used all her remaining strength in vain to drive them away with a stick she still held in her hand, but she was unable to use it with effect, owing to her excessive weakness. A number of birds, called adjutants, vultures, crows, &c., were waiting quietly at a distance, till the dogs had satisfied themselves on the body of the child, which was torn to pieces. We were anxious to rescue the woman ; but the boatmen who accompanied us, told us it could not be allowed, as they were both exposed in consequence of having an incurable disease, in order that the ‘ holy water of the Ganges ’ might waft their souls to the realms of everlasting happiness, for such is the superstitious idea of all Hindoos.”

At a much later period of Mr. Bevan's Indian experience, he met, in the course of one of his hunting excursions with two natives, of the Konkany cast, brother and sister, who were injected with a sort of leprosy called Elephantiasis. Their appearance was most repulsive ; their skin being perfectly red, and their hair and eyes of the same colour. Their voices were shrill and nasal. They said that they had been born in that state. In consequence of their calamity, they were regarded as outcasts, and obliged to live apart from all others.

Of the White Indians, or Albinos, who are often met with in the more inland tracts of the Peninsula, we are told.—

“ Their colour is that of a dead European of a very fair complexion. They are almost blind till brought into some dark or shady place, so susceptible are they of the common light of day. Their constitutions are extremely delicate; they are for the most part timid and irresolute, and are seldom known to live to an advanced age. In these respects the Konkanies I have mentioned were similar to the Albinos, and they shared the degradation of these miserable beings. Fortunately the females rarely bear children; but, when they do, their offspring is of the natural colour of the tribe to which they belong, it however always manifests a strong constitutional tendency to leprous disease.”

At an early age of our author's history in India, he was sent from Madras on a surveying expedition to a remote part, where his solitude would have been heart-wearing had he been incapable of finding occupation and enjoyment, when beyond the reach of European society. His accommodating nature, however, and his enterprise, mastered the loneliness; for he set himself to the acquiring of the language of the natives, by making the culture of their friendship and good offices subservient to his various purposes and pastimes. It was his practice, accordingly, to invite to his tents in the evenings a few of the most intelligent of the villagers in his neighbourhood, and for the benefit he received, to find amusement for them, treating them occasionally with a Nautch, and giving them betel-nut at their departure. In this way, he made advances in the knowledge of the language, and added constantly to his general information of the people and of the country. By the bye, he vindicates the Nautch from the charge of being a licentious dance, in so far as his observation has gone, declaring that there is “ more for the rigid moralist to condemn in one Italian ballet,” than in all the Nautches he had ever witnessed in India. He adds, that clergymen of acknowledged piety, Bishop Heber among others, have often witnessed these dances at native entertainments, and considered them as innocent as any of a kindred nature in Europe.

But the young cadet required some active employment in the way of pastime in the intervals between professional engagements and evening entertainments,—that of field sports being naturally pressed upon him, in the course of his surveyings, where lakes, forests, and every variety of wild nature abounded. We must therefore allow him to describe some of his adventures and those of others, belonging to that class of recollections, which he declares “ every old Indian will admit to be among the most treasured of a veteran's reminiscences.” Here is one scene of the kind alluded to :—

“ Having learned that a tiger had been entrapped by some villagers sixteen miles to the eastward of Manintoddy, the novelty of the sight, with the hope of getting a shot, induced me to go to the place. I therefore started, in the company of two other officers; when we reached the

place we found a thick piece of underwood, about thirty yards in diameter, surrounded by strong nets thirteen feet high, and supported on stout poles, well secured. Nearly one hundred people were stationed at intervals round the poles, each armed with a long spear. A portion of them kept constant watch during the night and day, to prevent an escape, which the tiger attempted several times, especially at night, by springing against the netting, to the meshes of which he clung, till forced to quit his hold by the spearman. Two days and nights elapsed before we could induce the people to make an attack. Our anxiety was great, but the head men told us we must wait patiently until the Brahmins should perform certain ceremonies that were absolutely necessary to propitiate the aid of their gods, in order that no accident might occur to any person. At the same time they added, that not a shot could be allowed, or even an arrow discharged from the bow at the tiger, as spears must be the only weapons used. The delay I attribute to the wish of getting a larger concourse of people, as the headman of the village levied a contribution proportioned to each person's means, ostensibly for the purpose of providing them with food, and sacrificing to the deities. When the final arrangements were completed, ten men entered the jungle with bill-hooks, and cut a way towards the centre of the place where the tiger was supposed to lie. They were guarded by twenty able spearmen, and on approaching towards the middle of the jungle, a splendid royal tiger rushed out with a roar, and sprung over the men who were cutting the brushwood, but he was received by the spearmen with great coolness, and transfixed on the spot. In his death-struggle he broke off the heads of several spears, with as much ease as if they had been twigs. During this affair, much to the astonishment of all, a tigress sprung against the netting on the opposite side, but was quickly repelled by the spearmen outside. She retreated into the jungle, near the party cutting it down, and after a little time, making another effort to spring over the netting, she and her cub were dispatched, but not without a desperate struggle. No accident occurred, as the greatest order and regularity was observed. It appears only one tiger had been originally traced to this thicket, after it had killed a buffalo and its calf. No suspicion existed of the tigress and her cub."

Now for a night adventure of the sporting class also :—

" We pursued our way for about half a mile, and while passing some rice fields unexpectedly disturbed a herd of elephants, whose trumpeting evinced that they did not much relish being disturbed from their agreeable repast in the grain fields, where they were leisurely feeding. As the natives are somewhat alarmed at meeting these animals, we took a different direction, and for some time lost the intended track, and got entangled in an extensive morass, the deep holes of which were partly filled with mud and partly with water, into which we often plunged in the dark. At last we came on a herd of deer, but they passed us at full speed. This we understood to be caused by some animal in pursuit, and immediately after the growl of a tiger was heard, which again so frightened the people that there was some difficulty in making them proceed any

further. We also encountered a sounder, or herd of hog, but, strange to say, these animals are not influenced by the lights in the same manner as deer, elk, hares, &c.; whether this arises from their instinct, or difference of vision, cannot be determined, but in my various night excursions I have never been able to get a shot at any of the wild hogs, as they make off on the approach of the lights. The too premature anxiety of my friend, in showing himself in advance of the lights, frightened away a herd of deer, but the man who carried the torch kept after them at a smart pace, cautioning us in a low tone to keep immediately in his track. We soon came up with them; the brightness of their eyes first attracted notice, and on approaching within twenty or thirty yards, the usual distance to fire with certainty, our four barrels brought down two fine does, and wounded a large buck."

The natives make use of many expedients, some of them very simple and inefficient, a novice may think, for the capture of those formidable animals they have to encounter, and wish to extirpate, or those harmless but noble ones, which are eagerly sought for, and highly prized: for example the antelope is thus overcome,—

"A number of pits are dug sufficiently deep to hide a man sitting in them, at about sixty yards apart, in the form of a semicircle. At each extremity of the pit sticks are driven into the ground, to which twine is fastened with feathers a few feet apart; these are kept fluttering by the wind, and prevent the deer from running away outside the pits,—a direction which they naturally take, as nothing appears to prevent their approach. Thus the marksman, who waits patiently till they are sufficiently near, is enabled to take a deliberate and unerring aim with his matchlock, or old musket. Occasionally a herd of cattle, or flock of sheep, are used to drive the antelope in the wished-for direction. The buck antelope is also taken alive by means of a tame one, driven into a herd, where he is immediately attacked by the wild buck. They fight desperately, seldom allowing more than one male to a herd. The buck, in the fury of his outset, gets entangled in the toils fastened to the horns of the decoy, and is held there till the huntsman runs up and secures him. The tame antelope sometimes gets gored and put to flight, and after such an accident it becomes too timid to be of further use."

On the Malabar coast, vultures are decoyed in the manner indicated in our next extract:—

"The vultures are often seen soaring at an immense height in great numbers, wheeling round in circles. On perceiving the carrion and one of their own species, they descend with rapidity to the spot, where snares and nets have been previously laid, in which they soon become entangled, and the fine down is plucked off from under their wings and breast, when they are again let free: this article brings a high price; it is chiefly used in the manufacture of muffs and tippetts. When at a loss for carrion, the natives kill and cut up a vulture, and the birds are found perfectly ready to prey upon their own species thus prepared."

The wild dogs of India are also sagacious and successful hunters, appearing to pursue by the scent. In consequence of the numbers in a pack, and their perseverance, they run down the fleetest animals, and master the most ferocious. Accordingly the elk becomes their prey, and the royal tiger, the monarch of the India forest, will not molest them in any way, but will retire on their approach, being no match for their united attacks. The natives consider these dogs inoffensive to man.

To return for a moment to the Major's sporting exploits, and to one of his stratagies, which may be novel to many who are destined to spend a large portion of their lives in situations somewhat akin in India to those which are mentioned in the present volumes, we observe that he used with much success, by night, a firefly on the sight of his gun, finding the tiny light of the greatest service in directing the eye along the barrel, and thus enabling him to cover his object correctly.

Our last sporting anecdote is that of one of his comrades, and introduces us to a species of animal that excites quite a different emotion in the breast than any of the four-footed creatures of which we have been reading :—

“ On his return from Bombay, Lieutenant C. had a still more singular adventure near the same place. He entered the jungle in search of game, preceded by a favourite powerful dog, that had courage to seize anything. The dog ran a little ahead, and suddenly made a noise, as if choking. ‘Run, master! a cheetah has caught your dog,’ said the natives. Lieutenant C. advanced cautiously, and saw a large heap, just the colour of a royal tiger, black and orange. In a few seconds he beheld the head and neck of an enormous boa-constrictor slowly uncoiling itself and gliding towards him. He waited until half of the snake was out of the coil or lump, and then fired both barrels. One ball entered immediately behind the eye, the other about four inches from the head. The whole coil instantly fell, and revealed the poor dog crushed to death within the folds. In the mean time all Lieut. C.'s followers had fled, and he was forced to go to a village for assistance. Having with some difficulty mustered a little band, he returned and brought out the snake, the dog, and a spotted deer that the snake had killed, the scent of which had probably tempted the unfortunate dog. The carcass of the deer was so bruised that even the lowest caste in the village refused to touch it, declaring that it was full of *zakar*, or venom of the *ashgur*, as they called the snake. The boa was twenty-three feet eight inches long, and about six feet in circumference. There was a large cake of fat all the way inside from the head to the tail, and of this the natives showed great anxiety to obtain possession, declaring that it was an infallible cure for all diseases. The body was hung up on the banyan-tree opposite the choultry, or inn of the village. People flocked from all parts of the country to see the monster, and many of the natives used to try whether it was possible to cut through the carcass with a blow of a

sword; but even after it was skinned, no person was found who could penetrate more than half way at a single stroke."

We must now turn to some passages which possess a different kind of interest; and what more natural than to expect, from a veteran, battle-field stories. The following, however, may not exactly accord with the sanguine imaginings of young aspirants after military glory.

"Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the Commander-in-chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder. The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory. The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heartrending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine. We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp. Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed. The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gun-shot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive

as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore."

There is a number of stories and anecdotes in these volumes of individuals, native and European, with whom the author during his lengthened service had intercourse. Some of them are melancholy in the extreme. We quote one specimen :—

"The extraordinary death of the doctor is worthy of notice. On his removal to another regiment, having been falsely accused of taking or using improperly part of the medical stores, he was for a short time (till cleared of the charge by the opinion of a court of inquiry) suffering under a depression of spirits. Soon after, an officer of this regiment, one morning, sent to borrow a sword from another; but the servant making a mistake, went and asked the doctor for his, who, on giving it, thought it was for the purpose of placing him under arrest again (as it is the usual mode), and while under this erroneous impression he blew out his brains."

Our last extract of all is deserving of the consideration of every European Officer in India, as well as of authorities in the highest stations :—

"A great error committed by young officers on first joining the Indian army, is to affect contempt for the soldiers whom they are to command, calling them 'black fellows,' 'niggers,' &c. A residence of a few months at a Mofussil station soon clears the head of all that nonsense; the sepoy has many opportunities of obliging his officer, and he never neglects them if his heart be won by kindness. There is nothing so efficacious in destroying the feelings of mutual prejudice as the sense of mutual dependence. It has been frequently asserted that the condition of the native officers is so very anomalous that it must of necessity lead to the agitation of awkward questions of precedence. I have never heard of any such being mooted, though the constitution of native officers is not unlikely to lead to such discussions. The sepoy recruit must not be more than twenty years of age, nor under five feet five inches in height. If he is well-behaved, intelligent, and attentive, he is, at the end of five or six years, selected for the rank of lance-naigue, or confidential; a situation much coveted, as it exonerates from sentry-duty, and puts the individual on the road to promotion, though no additional pay is given. This is the only appointment which can be made by an officer commanding a company. After a service of fourteen years, two rupees a month are added to the sepoy's pay, and a similar addition is made at the end of twenty years, provided his conduct has been uniformly good during the entire time. The next step is full-naigue, or corporal, which is rarely granted until after a service of ten years. An average of seven years more elapses before the sepoy can attain the rank of havildar, or serjeant. After a service of about ten years, but earlier if the soldier

has distinguished himself by any remarkable action, the havildar is eligible to become a jemidar, or commissioned officer, who has the command of twenty-five men. The highest rank attainable by a native is that of subedar, who may have the command of fifty men, but is rarely entrusted with more than thirty. All these grades have a proportionate increase of pay, varying from the original sum of seven rupees a month at the time of enlistment, up to one hundred and twenty rupees per month, the pay of a subedar-major. The relative precedence of European and native rank has never been defined, but custom has established the rule, that in no case does a native command a European; even a European serjeant on the same guard with a subedar, is allowed to give the word of command without being viewed with jealousy. I have generally seen kindly feelings prevail between the sepoys and the European troops when quartered in the same cantonments. The sepoy finding a British soldier drunk in the roads or fields is always ready to help him to his rooms, and assist in hiding his delinquency. A subedar and jemidar are attached to every company: they live with their families, mixing neither with the privates nor European officers. Religious prejudices, on the part of the natives, have more effect in keeping up this distinction than the aristocratic reluctance of English officers to mix with persons who have risen from the ranks. I can testify, from my own personal experience, that the native officers are anxious to do all in their power to contribute to the comfort of their European commanders: they are, however, very jealous of their dignity, and are especially anxious to be the sole medium of communication between the European officer and the privates. When I was at the Rhoura Ghaut in 1817, the subedar, under my command came to me of his own accord, to say that he knew my tent was not sufficient to protect me from the scorching heat of the sun, and to propose that some of the men should be permitted to volunteer on fatigue to build me a hut thickly thatched. Similar consideration was shown by the native officers and privates when we were quartered at Nagpore; indeed I could easily multiply instances of their kindness, but those that I have mentioned are sufficient to show that the jealousy between native and European officers has been greatly exaggerated."

It will be seen from the above extracts that the Major's volumes contain much that is amusing and exciting. There are also in them many hints that will be serviceable to others in similar circumstances, and not a few particulars, both in the way of facts and passing remarks that are valuable. We have no hesitation in saying that the work has opportunely appeared, and that the author has contributed more than a mite towards the elucidation of matters and the delineation of territories, of nations and their manners, that at this moment occupy an unwonted degree of public attention.

ART. VI.—*Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece; or, Common Sense and Common Errors in Common Riding.* By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. London: Moxon. 1839.

THE horse is so noble an animal, so gallant and sprightly in his bearing, so fleet, and so sagacious even in a wild and gregarious state, that man, at a very early stage of the existence of our race, must have striven to tame and to master the creature. Nor would human ingenuity and stratagem be long in compassing this object of ambition; for there is nothing to oppose or frustrate the necessary wiles, but the swiftness of foot which belongs to the quadruped which man must have set his eyes mainly upon. A netting of withes, the digging of pits, might speedily entrap one of the herd that flew like the wind from their pursuers. The mastery of one would become the means of catching and taming many, as is practised among some savage or barbarous tribes. The taming process would soon be found to be simple and easily accomplished; for, as is well known, the Red Indians of America, on their prairie ground, by means of a dextrous mastery, in the course of a very few lessons, make the newly caught colt feel that he must obey, and that all efforts to escape are in vain; after which he becomes instantly comparatively tame, and remarkably docile.

Then the uses of the horse, when once thus subdued, could not escape human experiment and pride. How serviceable in the chase and in battle! How ennobling the exercise of horsemanship! How fond are all, savage or civilised, young or old, to associate pastime and prowess with the art of riding. The horse is so splendid a creature, so tractable and sagacious, that every one delights to have him for a servant, for a companion.

Hard, distressing, and revolting it is, however, that the horse is in civilized nations the worst used of all animals. He has been delicately reared for the most part; the more refined the breed the more tender his up-bringing, but the more miserable his latter end. In early life he is pampered and caressed, often by the most delicate hands and considerate persons. But alas, in old age, a hundred to one, that he is terribly wronged, and abused, as well as neglected. He is made to work when the work is beyond his strength. He is starved, and made to lie down in cold, damp, unwholesome places. He is smitten by the most ruffian beings in the shape of man, in the face, or wherever dreadful pain can be most effectually and speedily produced. Yet he openeth not his mouth to complain. He does not even announce that he is hurt. There is no allusion to the past, though he may have been bred in princely parks, housed near to palaces, and fed, addressed, and cared for, by the noblest in the land.

Sad reverse! Yet, not to old age alone are the horse's misusage

and distresses confined. No sooner has he reached the fulness of his stature, (indeed, frequently considerably before this period,) than in very many, perhaps most cases, he is so wrongfully and cruelly treated as to bring on diseases and destroy his constitution, prematurely sending him to end his days in a tan-yard. Lameness, broken-wind, and total blindness are amongst the dire inflictions which oppression and ignorance produce, times without number, in the history of this most interesting, powerful, yet sensitive animal.

It is to the misuse which overtakes the horse, during his active days and middle age, that we wish at present to call the attention of our readers ; a convenient opportunity for adducing facts and illustrations being afforded by the small volume now before us. That volume, it is true, is intended to convey instructions for the benefit of those who wish to learn the art of horsemanship, and to ride well and safely. But it fortunately happens that it is impossible to lay down sound rules on this subject without, at the same time, contributing the best and most sensible lessons, and in behalf of the welfare of the horse,—the prolongation of his health, and what is not less important and desirable, the preservation of his temper, the culture of his good will.

Common sense appears to be more generally lost sight of, in regard to the treatment of the riding horse, for example, to which the illustrations to be noticed or quoted will exclusively refer, than that of any other domestic and familiar animal. And this too, not alone by the ruffianly or the inexperienced, but the amiable and the gentle. We are therefore thankful to have an opportunity to give publicity to a publication that plainly and forcibly exposes the absurdities in question ; a publication, which addressed to common sense, obvious principles, and the conviction of every one who will but reflect, that will do more good than many of the efforts directly made for the prevention of cruelty to the animal creation.

Our own experience convinces us that kindness and common-sense treatment will master, win the confidence, and satisfactorily regulate the conduct and temper of any horse : and on the other hand, that ignorance, anger, wanton infliction of pain, will spoil the most tractable, docile, and kindly of the species. Let us follow the Cavalry Officer, in some of his exposures and explanations, which are conformable to the general views above taken. He begins with the turning the horse on the proper rein, saying, “when you wish to turn to the right pull the right reign stronger than the left : this is common sense.” But, as he continues to observe, the reverse is precisely the common error, the rider passing the bridle-reins, which are in the left hand, to the right, so as to slacken the right rein, and tighten the left across the horse’s neck ; thus pulling his mouth, head, and face in a direction quite contrary to that in which it is meant that he should go. And what are some of the con-

sequences, seeing that the colt-breaker has taught the animal the correct method, that is, observed the horse's natural feeling, instinct, or understanding, if you will? Why, that the animal must unlearn what is natural to him, and reconcile contradictions to supply the want of common sense on the part of his master.

Soldiers, to be sure, are obliged to use the left hand alone in the management of the bridle; and, unless in so far as the lever powers of the fingers of one hand will accomplish, have no other alternative with the reins than to pass them across the horse's neck as now mentioned; and therefore, says our author, "no horse is a good soldier's horse, till he be trained to turn on the wrong rein."

But most riders who have the use of both hands, do precisely the thing which the men who require to leave at liberty the sword hand must observe. Hear the author of the Hints:—

"Strange to say, in turning, both hands are generally passed to the right or left? and I have known many of what may be called the most perfect *straightforward* hands—that is men, who, on the turf, would hold the most difficult three-year-old to the steady stroke of the two-mile course, and place him as a winner to half a length; who, in the hunting field, would ride the hottest, or the most phlegmatic made hunter, with equal skill, through all difficulties of ground, and over every species of fence, with admirable precision and equality of hand; or, who, on the exercise ground, would place his broken charger on his haunches, and make him walk four miles an hour, canter six and a half, trot eight and a half, and gallop eleven, without being out in either pace a second of time; but who have marred all by the besetting sin of side-feeling—of turning the horse on the wrong rein. The consequence is, that they can ride nothing which has not been trained to answer wrong indications.

"This is something like steaming without steering. Set them on a finely-broken horse or a colt, and they become helpless children,—the powerless prisoners of the brutes that they bestride. How often does one see one's acquaintance in this distressing situation, with courage enough to dare what man dare, but without the power to do what the rough-rider had just done! First comes the false indication of the rider; then the confusion and hesitation of the horse; next the violence of the rider; then the despair and rebellion of the horse. The finish is a fractured limb, from a rear or a runaway; the poor brute is set down as restive, and in fact becomes more or less a misanthrope for the rest of his days. I have seen the gentle and brave, under such circumstances, act very much like the cruel and cowardly; that is to say, first rough an innocent animal for their own fault, and then yield to his resistance. It is in consequence of this that we find so many restive horses; that so few thorough bred horses—that is horses of the highest courage—can be made hunters; that, in fact, almost all high-couraged young horses become restive, after leaving the colt-breaker's hands. It is, indeed, in consequence of this that the class of people called colt-breakers exists at all. For if we all rode on their principle, which is

the true principle, any groom, or moderately good rider, could break any colt, or ride any restive horse."

The most inexperienced reader in regard to the nature and habits of the horse, and the art of riding, will at once perceive, from the passage we have quoted, how inseparably good riding and merciful, as well as common-sense treatment of the horse, are connected. We go on to notice some other illustrations:—

"There is a common error, both in theory and practice, with regard to the restive horse. He is very apt to rear sideways against the nearest wall or paling. It is the common error to suppose that he does so with the view of rubbing his rider off. Do not give him credit for intellect sufficient to generate such a scheme. It is, that when there, the common error is to pull his head *from* the wall. This brings the rider's knee in contact with it; consequently all further chastisement ceases. For were the rider to make his horse plunge, his knee would be crushed against the wall. The horse, finding this, probably thinks that it is the very thing desired, and remains there; at least he will always again fly to a wall for shelter. Instead of *from* the wall pull his head towards it, so as to place his eye, instead of your knee, against it; continue to use the spur, and he will never go near a wall again."

Again,—

"Should you have to pass a camp of gipsies, a carriage, or any other object at which your horse may be expected, or has been taught habitually, to shy; if the object be on the left press the right hand on the right rein, about a foot below the left hand, so as to keep his head straight, and to prevent his turning towards the object, and fronting it. This will be sufficient if the horse has always been well ridden; if he has been badly ridden, you must turn his head from the object of his alarm at least sufficiently to see his right eye. And if he has been ill-used for being alarmed, you must turn his head still more towards the hedge or ditch on the right-hand side, so as to make him pass the object with his head inclined from it, and his croope towards it. Do not imagine that there will be any danger of his going into the ditch on that account, the very contrary will be the case. If indeed, you pull his head towards the object of his alarm, and oblige him to face it, he is very likely, indeed, to run backwards from it; and while his whole attention is fixed before him, he will go backwards over Dover cliff, if it chance to be behind him. Under such circumstances, you cannot too soon turn your horse's head, and his attention, from the fancied to the substantial ill. But on common occasions the turning his head to the right, should be as gradual and imperceptible as possible. No chastisement should be allowed in any case. If he make a start, the rider should endeavour not to make a consequent one. You should not, indeed, take more notice of a shy than you can possibly avoid; and unless the horse has been previously brutalised, and to re-assure him, you should not even caress him, lest even that should make him suspect that something awful is about to happen. The common error is the reverse of all

this. The common error is to pull the horse's head towards the object of his fear, and when he is facing it, to begin with whip and spur. Expecting to be crammed under the carriage wheel, the horse probably rears, or runs back into a ditch, or, at least, becomes more nervous and more riotous at every carriage that he meets. Horses are instantaneously made shy by this treatment, and as instantaneously cured by the converse of it. It is thus that all young or bad riders make high-couraged horses shy; but none ever remain so in the hands of a good horseman; who, in fact, in some sort, prevents his horse looking at an object which he would start at, if seen. Should the object which the horse is expected to shy at, be on the right; the right hand must take the place of the left, at the centre of the reins, and the left hand must be pressed on the left rein, about a foot below the right hand. When the right hand holds the reins in the centre, the horse is turned to the right by feeling the tip of the fourth finger of the right hand towards your right shoulder. This indication must also be given when he shies to the left. He is turned to the left by feeling the tip of the first finger towards your left shoulder. The same indication if he shies to the right. In making these indications, the greatest care must be taken to keep the hand exactly opposite the centre of the body, and not to pass it to the right or left, which would shorten the wrong rein, across the neck of the horse; but in these cases the vacant hand may be pressed on the guiding rein as before directed, particularly by gentlemen who have a leg on each side to urge the horse with."

The reader is to understand by the term *indication*, so often employed by our author, the motion and application of the hands, legs, or whip, to direct and determine the paces, movements, and carriage of the horse. The term *aid* is frequently used, to which, however, the Cavalry Officer justly objects, seeing that it is contrary to all the principles of mechanical power and impetus, to say that a rider can communicate strength or motion to his steed, when he has no foreign fulcrum to work upon. On this subject, and on the arts of jockeyship in relation to it, our author has a good deal to say that deserves the attention of those who would rival a Chiffney; but we pass on to some particulars in which there is less of science, and more of such striking instances of good riding and merciful treatment, these being, as it were, synonymous phrases. Here are some exemplifications:—

"A bad horseman throws his horse down, which a good one does not. That is, because the bad horseman hurries his horse over hard or rough ground, or down hill, or over loose stones; allows him to choose his own ground; lets him flounder into difficulties, and, when there, hauls him so that he cannot see, or exert himself to get out of them; and expecting chastisement, the horse springs to avoid it, before he has recovered his feet, and goes down with a tremendous impetus. If he has to cross a rut to the right, he probably forces his horse across it, when the right foot is on the ground. In this case, unless the horse collects himself and jumps—if he attempts to step across it—the probability is that in cross-

ing his legs, he knocks one against the other, and falls. The reverse of all this should be the case. If you have not sufficient tact to feel which of your horses feet is on the ground, you must allow him to choose his own time for crossing, which will be when the left foot is on the ground. You should habitually choose your horse's ground for him, for notwithstanding his often vaunted sagacity and safety, the wisest among horses will, to avoid a moving leaf, put his foot over a precipice. This will become as easy to you as choosing your own path when walking. If your horse has made a stumble or is in difficulties, you cannot leave him too much at liberty, or be too quiet with him. The only notice to be taken is to reassure him by caressing him, if you see that he expects chastisement from previous brutal treatment."

How much torture do riders in general inflict upon their steeds, by the injudicious or ferocious handling of the bridle reins, so as to lacerate, jerk, and destroy the animal's mouth,—the bit, perhaps, being powerful in proportion to the ignorance and wilfulness of the horseman, that is, being ingeniously contrived to tear and cut the mouth, and therefore to exasperate the poor brute, so as to expose it to reiterated, continual, and increased ill usage! But how gentle should be the means and the manipulation:—

"When the horse is in movement, there should be a constant touch, or feeling, or play, or bearing,—it is difficult to express it—between his mouth and the rider's hands. This is called the *appui*. I prefer, however, to use the English phrase of *bearing* on the horse's mouth; since to those who do not understand French, *appui* will convey no meaning at all, and to those who do understand it, it will convey the false idea of the necessity of *supporting* the horse. It is impossible to bestow too much pains and attention on the acquirement of this; it is the index of the horse's actions, the temper, and intentions; it forewarns the rider of what he is about to do, and by it he feels whether his horse requires more liberty or more collecting. And it is impossible that in this bearing on the horse's mouth, or in the indications of the hands and legs generally, or in shortening and lengthening the reins, the rider can be too delicate, gradual, smooth, firm, and light. The hands, in the bearing on the horse's mouth, in their indications generally, as well as in shortening and lengthening the reins, should be perfectly free from any approach to a jerk, a loose rein, or uneven feeling of the mouth.

"The single case in which a jerk in the mouth is admissible, is when your horse is about to kick, and some one is within reach of his heels. The jerk causes him to throw his head up, and he cannot without difficulty raise his croupe at the same time; but, except to save life or limb, supposing no one within reach, hold your hands high, and pull severely but smoothly; do not jerk. This in general will be sufficient to prevent his kicking; but it is better that your horse should occasionally kick, than that he should always go as stiff as if he were made of wood; which is the inevitable result of jerking.

"The horse employs his tongue as a defence against the bit, passively as a cushion to protect the more tender parts on which the bit was in-

tended to work, and actively he uses the muscles of the tongue in resistance to it. This may be proved by using a straight mouth-piece, or one arched upward or downward, but without a porte. From under these a horse will never withdraw his tongue; and he will go with a dead bearing on the hand, though equal, that is not more on one side of the mouth than the other. Even a very narrow porte, not a quarter of the width of the tongue, will suffice, when pressure is used, to defeat this defence, and completely to engage the tongue within the porte. But being then much compressed, it will sustain a great part of the leverage, and the horse will endeavour still more to make his tongue the fulcrum of the bit, and to relieve his bars from that office, by protruding the tongue, and thus forcing the thick part of it within the porte. It is a common error to make the porte narrow, high, and the upper part uneven; and by closing the horse's mouth with a nose-band, to make it act on the roof of the mouth. This is a useless and barbarous absurdity, and, like jerking a horse's mouth, much more likely to excite him to action, than to induce him to cease from it."

With a Chiffney bit, placed in a manner described by the Cavalry Officer, he says,—

"I have seen the taper tips of the most beautiful fingers in the world constrain the highest-mettled and hottest thorough-bred horses, and 'rule them when they're wildest.' It is an implement, which will give to the weakest hand the power of the strongest; which most of the strongest hands cannot be trusted to wield, and which, if ladies' hands are light, equal, and smooth, will give them the power of riding horses such as few men might venture to mount."

The great thing in a rider, says our author, "is to get your horse to be of your party; not only to obey, but to obey willingly." Certain observations and illustrative cases may here be strung together, their wisdom, merciful nature, and ennobling tendency as affecting man, being not more obvious, than their neglect and violation are notorious:—

"Everything should be resorted to, to avoid alarm on the colt's, and force on the man's side, and gradually to induce familiarity and cheerful obedience—to reconcile him to the melancholy change from gregarious liberty, to a solitary stall, and a state of slavery. I should say, he is the best colt-breaker who soonest inspires him with the *animus eundi*; who soonest gets him to go freely straightforward; who soonest, and with the least force, gets the colt without company five miles along the road from home, with the least unwillingness. Violence never did that yet;—but violence increases his reluctance, and makes it last ten times longer. Indeed it causes the colt to stiffen and defend himself; and this never is got rid of. It is true that by force you may make him your sullen slave, but that is not the object; the object is to make him your willing subject, and long, gentle usage will alone do this. Above all things, do not be perpetually playing the wolf to him. Deal in rewards

where it is possible, and in punishment only where it cannot be avoided. It is no doubt our duty to create the happiness, and to prevent the misery, of every living thing. But with our horse this is also a matter of policy. Xenophon has a most charming remark, that we should endeavour to make ourselves to our horse the organ of pleasure, and that he should associate with our presence the idea of the absence of pain. I should like to quote one more golden rule from this most christian-like heathen, namely, that nothing should be done to the horse in anger. The colt should be caressed, rubbed, and spoken to kindly. He should be fed from the hand, with anything he may fancy, such as an apple or carrot, or sugar, and be made to come for it when whistled to, or called by name. A good way to familiarise them is, when their heads are fastened to the cross, or saddle, so that they cannot reach to help themselves, to gather boughs or grass, and give it them on calling their name or whistling. In this way they will soon go with you loose like a dog. When their heads are loose, by throwing pieces of apple or carrot on the ground, they will learn to watch your hand like a dog, and will soon pick up your glove, or handkerchief, or whip, and bring it in exchange for the reward; or, when mounted, put their heads back to place it in your hand.

“These may be ‘foolish things to all the wise;’ but nothing is useless which familiarises the horse; which increases the confidence and intimacy between him and his rider; or which teaches him to look to man for the indications of his will, and to obey them, whether from fear, interest or attachment.”

Again,—

“‘Tis well to have the giant’s strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.” As Lord Pembroke remarks in his admirable treatise, his hand is the best who gets his horse to do what he wishes with the least force; whose indications are so clear that his horse cannot mistake them, and whose gentleness and fearlessness alike induce obedience to them. The noblest animal will obey such a rider, as surely as he will disregard the poltroon, or rebel against the savage. I say the noblest, because it is ever the noblest among them which rebel the most. For the dominion of man over the horse is a usurped dominion. And in riding a colt, or a restive horse, we should never forget that he has the right to resist, and that, at least as far as he can judge, we have not the right to insist. When the stag is taken in the toils, the hunter feels neither anger nor surprise at his struggles and alarm; and, indeed, would he not be very unreasonable were he to chastise the poor animal on account of them? But there is no more reason in nature why a horse should submit, without resistance, to be ridden, than the stag to be slain; why the horse should give up his liberty to us, than the stag his life. In both these cases our ‘wish is father to the deed;’ and if our arrogance insinuates that a bountiful nature created these animals for our service, assuredly bountiful nature left them in ignorance of the fact. And it is to the sportsman and the colt-breaker that we must apply, if we wish to know whose victims

are the most willing; not to the cockney casuist, whose knowledge of the stag is confined to his venison, and who never trusts himself on the horse, till it has been 'long trained in shackles to procession pace.' If he did, he would find that the unfettered four-year-old shows the same alarm and resistance to the halter as the stag to the toils. And, in breaking horses, the thing to be aimed at, next to the power of indicating our wishes, is the power of winning obedience to those wishes. These, and these only, are the two things to be aimed at, from the putting the first halter on the colt, to his performance of the *pirouette renversée au galop*,—which is perhaps the most perfect trial and triumph of the most exquisitely finished horsemanship, and in which the horse must exert every faculty of his mind to discover, and every muscle of his body to execute, the wishes of his rider."

We now quote the last paragraph of a volume, that, while it communicates many lessons for the instruction of those who would be good riders, has, we think, a higher tendency:—

"I cannot finish without one word to deprecate a piece of inhumanity, practised as much, perhaps more, by ladies than gentlemen—the riding the horse fast on hard ground. I pray them to consider that horses do not die of old age, but are killed because they become crippled; and that he who cripples them is the cause of their death, not he who pulls the trigger. The practice is as unhorsemanlike as it is inhuman. It is true that money will replace the poor slaves as you use them up, and if the occasion requires it, they must, alas! be used up; but in my opinion, nothing but a case of life and death can justify the deed. If the ground be hard and even, a collected canter may be allowed, but if hard and uneven, a moderate trot at most. One hour's gallop on such ground would do the soundest horse irremediable mischief. Those who boast of having gone such a distance, in such a time, on the ground supposed, show ignorance or inhumanity. Such feats require cruelty only, not courage. Nay they are performed most commonly by the very persons who are too cowardly or too unskilful to dare to trust their horse with his foot on the elastic turf, or to stand with him the chances of the hunting field; and such is the inconsistency of human nature, that they are performed by persons who would shudder at the sight of the bleeding flank of the race-horse! or who would lay down with disgust and some expression of maudlin, morbid humanity, the truly interesting Narrative of that most intrepid and enduring of all gallopers, Sir Francis Head. But compare the cases. In the case of the race-horse, he has his skin wounded to urge him to a two, or at most a five minutes' exertion from which in ten minutes he is perfectly recovered, and ready, nay eager, to start again. In the case of the wild horse of the Pampas, he is urged for two, three, or perhaps five hours to the utmost distress for wind, as well as muscular fatigue; he is enlarged,—and in three or four days he is precisely the same as if he had never been ridden. But in the case of the English road-rider, though no spur is used, unfair advantage is taken of the impetuous freedom of nature; his sinews are strained; his joints permanently stiffened; he is deprived

at once and for ever of his elasticity and action, and brought, prematurely a cripple, to the grave."

Good riding is not a trivial accomplishment ; it is worthy of the study of the most amiable as well as the most lofty and philosophic minds. The rules to be observed are simple and engaging ; the ends to be served numerous and great. The art, says the writer of the present volume, is "worth acquiring by those whose pleasure or business it is to ride ; because it is soon and easily acquired, and when acquired, it becomes habitual, and is as easy, nay much more easy, and infinitely more safe, than bad riding. Good riding also will last through age, sickness, and decrepitude ; but bad riding will last only as long as youth, health, and strength supply courage." And when we glance again at the incontrovertible fact, that good riding goes hand in hand with good and profitable treatment of the most interesting and serviceable species of animals, that it, in fact, disciplines the mind in an ennobling school, and leads to the most economical as well as beautiful results, who would not think it worthy of his time to reflect upon its rules, their purpose, operation, and uniform tendency, even although their practical illustration should never come within his reach !

In conclusion, we have to express ourselves as being highly pleased with these Hints. They are novel, as well as plain simple and obviously sound. Their two-fold use is a great recommendation. We think, however, that the author might have put into better arrangement than he has done his several ideas, and that also he might have sometimes more clearly expressed himself. Still the work deserves a wide circulation among uncles and fathers, as well as sons and nephews or nieces. It ought to have some weight with the aspiring and the accomplished, that the Greeks appear to have observed the attitudes, and to employed their hands according to the methods recommended in these Hints, as illustrated, it is stated, by the Elgin marbles.

ART. VII.—*Six Years' Residence in Algiers.* By MRS. BROUGHTON.
London : Saunders and Otley. 1839.

Mrs. Broughton's father, Henry Stanyford Blanckley, was British Agent and Consul General at Algiers, from 1806 to 1812. Her mother, who accompanied him, was in the habit, wherever she happened to be, of journalising the occurrences of the day, when they appeared worthy in any manner of such notice. Algiers, at the period of the family's residence there, was, of course, the scene of very many striking and strange events. Not only was the piratical community and its regency the subjects of many sudden and singular commotions and mutations, but the great war between

England and France was hot, the Mediterranean being the theatre of continual maritime and naval engagements between the hostile nations ; the pirates, without any scruple but what arose from impending danger and the certainty of prompt punishment, preying upon all parties. The Algerine ports, too, being free and neutral, several nations paying tribute, were a common rendezvous for prize-takers, whether English or French, to put into ; although Mr. Blanckley during a large portion of his service was so openly favoured, that the nation which he represented had the greatest privileges at the hands of the Dey, our supremacy at sea, no doubt, being the real ground of distinction. It must at the same time be observed that our Consul appears to have most zealously, firmly, and ably maintained the dignity of England, and also to have unweariedly exerted himself in behalf of all, whatever might be their country or rank, whenever the claims of humanity were made upon him ; many instances being recorded in the volume before us of his unbounded hospitality, his merciful interference, and his strong remonstrances against the wrongs perpetrated by a barbaric people, the scourge of Christendom.

Mrs. Blanckley's diary, from the circumstances now noticed, necessarily comprised a great variety of particulars. Household management, the nursery, the domestics, Moor and captured Christian, climate, the productions of the Consul's farm, native manners, visits, the ladies of Algiers, consular society, Algerine politics and revolutions, sketches of enslaved Europeans, &c. &c., are all set down without any regard to connection, without any effort to be smart or brilliant, without even the suspicion, manifestly, that a single entry was ever to be published. There is a total absence of *blue stockingism* in the diarist's records, but all the variety and often the baldness of truth and sincerity ; the very reverse of what a literary tourist who contemplates appearing in print would ever think of producing ; and, therefore, to us the more agreeable and valuable.

From Mrs. Blanckley's voluminous Journal, Mrs. Broughton has extracted what appeared to her the more interesting portions, and thrown them together in the present volume ; adding and interspersing her own reminiscences,—the reminiscences of a child, to be sure, but in some respects on that very account the more full and novel ; for we presume, that no one of Christian birth, excepting a child, could be allowed free access to the domesticities of Mahomedan life, while there are also many things in themselves characteristic and worthy of notice that none but a very youthful person will mark or remember. Besides, Mrs. Broughton has, from her peculiar situation, had a species of training, as well as having enjoyed special opportunities for impressing and enriching her memory. We give in her own words an account of the circum-

stances. "In undertaking," she says, "to transcribe, and where necessary, to explain and enlarge my mother's Journal, I rely in the first place upon my memory, to enable me to make it intelligible to others; since, although in almost all passages I have strictly adhered even to the precise words of the Journal, yet in others it would have been impossible exactly to have copied its terse annotations, as it was originally written in pursuance of a habit apparently followed up almost from childhood, which the Diary of many years, now in my possession, testifies. My mother, when probably pressed for time, merely noted down abbreviated memoranda of the day's occurrences, whilst at other times she is comparatively diffuse in her remarks. It may perhaps surprise some of those who may be induced to read the fruit of my present undertaking, that the memory of a very little girl could have been furnished with any information respecting many events of a more serious nature than those which usually divide the thoughts of such little people with their doll and story-books. Therefore let me in all humility intreat their indulgence, not to judge me on exactly the same line with my compeers, from the consideration of the following circumstances:—I was my most indulgent mother's first-born, (although I ranked but as my dearest father's third daughter,) and from a very early period, by the marriages of my sisters, I became the eldest daughter of the house. As the multitude of my parent's faithful counsellors in that distant land was not very numerous, I was confided in, and not only allowed, but desired to be often present at conferences held on subjects of a grave nature. This was not only very flattering to my *amour propre*, but had the effect of making me very circumspect and observant in my deportment."

Such is the prefatory explanation of Mrs. Broughton, who as editress, and conscious of being about to have her book read and canvassed by the reading community, exhibits a considerably higher style of literary ambition than her mother ever dreamed of. Her zeal and ambition, however, are creditable to her heart and to her pen, although we might have wished, had we been consulted, that her *amour propre* had not so frequently drawn upon the vocabulary of our Gallic neighbours as it has done, as if the English language were barren of every term and phrase that can give point, delicacy, or prettiness to the turn of a sentence, or to the precision and force of an idea. We have also felt that the repetition of her filial, fond remembrances, considering the warmth and sameness of the expressions, is unnecessary, and to the reader enfeebling. The strong phrases too about eternal felicity, and certain recognitions of Gospel language and truth, might, in the circumstances have been as well left out. The editress, however, is unquestionably the subject of earnestness and real, as well as of ardent feelings; giving utterance to the emotions of her devoted heart, in the first and

most unmeasured language at her command, rather than according to the cold calculations of taste. How otherwise could the Dedication have been composed, which we copy verbatim? "The Dedication of this Little Work has been, by Gracious Condescension, accepted by that August Princess, whose fostering has brought to perfection, and whose Illustrious Virtues have been the model, of the Grace, Wisdom, and Goodness, which call forth the admiration of millions who gratefully unite in invoking Heaven's choicest Blessings on Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent; and none can do so with more heartfelt earnestness than Her Royal Highness' most grateful, devoted, humble servant, Elizabeth Broughton." The grammatical construction of this Dedicatory sentence, obscure involved and clumsy though it be, where a plain and direct declaration would have been appropriate, is not half so objectionable as the perfections that are attributed to one of our race.

But to come to the body of the work, with which as a whole we are well pleased, we have only generally to premise, that although the time has fled when the particulars here journalized or remembered would have been most novel, interesting, and instructive, yet that its contents will ever afford agreeable reading, and profitable views of political institutions, social manners, and human character. There is novelty too in the information presented, in as far as plainness, directness, minuteness, and reality of fact go; so that even after all we have read of Turkish and Mahomedan life, and of Algerine barbarism, we are here made to enter with a closer intimacy, and to experience a clearer sight of many characteristic points and events than ever we obtained from more elaborate and pretending books.

Mr. Blanckley and family arrived from Malta, in the Bay of Algiers, on the 9th of October 1806. The Dey, Achmet Pacha, received him very graciously. The Consul, however, refused to salute the hand of his Highness, in the way he would have done to King George, which somewhat surprised the ruler of Algiers; but the moment he was made to understand the grounds of the scruple, "he good humouredly held out his hand, and shook Mr. B's. very heartily." The Consul's deportment seems to have secured the Dey's respect and confidence.

There were many nice matters of etiquette that had to be observed, of which strangers might very naturally at first be ignorant, and therefore become violators. For example, Mr. B's. English butler had unceremoniously appeared on the terraced roof of the house, a privilege which was never permitted to any but the Consuls themselves, "who, out of courtesy, never availed themselves of it, at least after the hour of sunset, when the Algerine belles take their evening promenade, and exhibit themselves and their jewels to

their fair neighbours." By the bye, these terms *jewels* and *fair* might be identified by the higher classes of the Algerine women. We learn, for instance, concerning the household of Rais Ali, the Consul's Dragoman, who had served several years in our navy under the name of Tom Lee, the following particulars, which we recommend our female readers to consider, when about to petition Parliament for a new code of laws to regulate the conjugal relations. The Journalist records, that,—

" ' This morning, I remarked that Rais Ali had a large key stuck in his sash, and enquired what it belonged to. He said it was the key of his house. ' What! have you locked up your wife? ' ' Yes. ' ' And who with her? ' ' Oh! nobody but the cat. I go to-day to buy her a slave. ' I pitied the poor bride so much, that I offered to pay her a visit, at which the Rais appeared much pleased.

" I went, according to my promise, to pay my wedding visit to Rais Ali's wife, but found that he had not yet fulfilled his intention of purchasing her an attendant: for he unlocked the door himself, let us in, and ushered us up stairs, where we found the lady in lonely grandeur. She was literally laden with pearls, and appeared very passive and contented, merely staring at us. She had on a high gold fillagree cap, from which were suspended on each side of her face long rows of pearls, with many of which her neck was completely covered. Her dress consisted of two or three open jackets, or short caftans, without sleeves, merely fastened at the waist; very full trousers, and a silk golden striped shawl, two corners of which were tied round her waist in front, the rest hanging down in lieu of a petticoat. The sleeves of her chemise were made of fine embroidered muslin, and of such extraordinary width, that they were drawn behind her caftan, and were tied in a knot, forming a very becoming drapery. Her feet and ankles were bare, the latter encircled with thick gold leglets. The least agreeable part of her appearance, (for she was sufficiently comely to justify my complimenting the Rais on his choice, or rather luck, for he had never seen her before marriage,) was three perforations in the upper part of each ear, and two others in the part where they usually are made; in each of these places she wore enormous round rings, in which stones were set, so that her ears were quite bent down, hanging in the *elephant* style. After we had quite satisfied our curiosity, we took a silent leave of the quiet lady, who was again locked up by our careful conductor."

In alluding to the occurrence of a Caftan of Honour being conferred on the Dey by the Grand Signor, we have some notices of the other Consuls resident at the Algerine Court, and relative to the rivalships between the English and French functionaries. The passage is worth quoting, were it but to gratify the self-complacency and natural boastings of John Bull.

" All the Consuls have to-day paid their respects to his Highness, with the exception of the French. He always paid his court the night before,

ever since the following circumstance occurred. From time immemorial a scuffle for precedence had taken place between the British and French Consuls General, on every occasion in which they had met in the Dey's presence; none of the Envoys of the other Powers, of course, ever presuming to dispute precedence with the representatives of the two great rival nations. The consular dignity must on these occasions, if the account is correct, have been greatly comprised, as it was not by Machiavelian skill that so momentous a point was usually decided, but by the superior personal agility exercised by his Britannic Majesty's representatives; to the no little edification of the long-bearded courtiers, who witnessed the indecorous exhibitions of European gymnastics. It at last happened that Consul Falconer, a gentleman still remembered by the sobriquet of 'the mad Consul,' was determined that in Algiers at least, a final end should be put to Gallic presumption. On some grand Festa, he therefore arrived at the palace, just before the time of admission to the Dey's presence, and having posted himself at the foot of the great staircase, he there patiently awaited the appearance of the French Consul, who no sooner came up, than the usual race began, until they reached the top of the stairs, and were in the august presence of his Highness, when Mr. Falconer suddenly caught his antagonist round the waist, threw him over the banisters, then composedly walked forward, and paid his respects to the Dey, amidst the shouts of laughter and applause of all present. Happily the poor Frenchman escaped without any other hurt, except the incurable mortification he experienced, which ever after prevented him and all his successors from again entering the lists with John Bull."

There is in an early chapter of the volume some notices of a Mrs. Farara and her family, which are more strange, more romantic, and affecting than those who rack their brains in the concoction of startling tales often reach. It is an oracular affair direfully fulfilled, of the authenticity of which Mrs. Broughton entertains no doubt. We invite those who speculate about second sight, fortune telling, and the like, to a consideration of this story, but which is too long for insertion in our pages.

For the further benefit of our fair readers, we must accompany the Journalist once more to an exclusive scene.

"This evening I went to the wedding of the daughter of the Cadi, or chief judge. The bride is a very lovely creature, a widow of nineteen, and has two beautiful children. Her first husband was strangled, and it has been since proved that he was perfectly innocent of the offence of which he had been accused. But whatever her feelings of regret may have been, she could not avoid entering again into the conjugal state, as singleness or widowhood is considered alike sinful and discreditable. Her family, therefore, have lost no time in finding her another husband. I found her surrounded by a crowd of most brilliantly dressed ladies; indeed, my eyes were perfectly dazzled by the splendour of the jewels by which their salmas, (i. e. golden caps,) and persons were covered; whole

bouquets of roses, jessamines, peacocks' feathers, and butterflies were completely formed of diamonds. In short, my powers of description are baffled, for it would be useless to attempt to give an account of all the wonders on which I gazed. Nor was I less struck with the number of beautiful women amongst them. They are quite as fair as Europeans, and their eyes far surpassed in brilliancy and beauty any I had ever beheld. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, and the politeness of their reception. I was placed on the same low sofa with the bride, but would willingly have exchanged my seat for a higher one, had there been such in the room, for I could not attempt imitating my fair hostesses in their tailor manner of sitting, and the sofa was merely a brocade covered mattress placed upon the floor. The gratification of my curiosity compensated for such trifling inconvenience. Shortly after our entrance, we were served with coffee and sweetmeats. The coffee was served in the most delicately beautiful porcelain cups, about the size of dolls tea-cups; and in lieu of saucers, they were inserted in golden chased cups, which enabled one to hold it without burning one's fingers, the coffee being quite boiling, but disagreeably thick, and to my taste, oversweetened. After we had partaken of these refreshments, a band of female musicians, playing upon a kind of guitar, and a curiously-shaped drum made of earthenware, and covered at one end with parchment, called a Tambouca, and several tambourines, began their strange music; and at the same time a hired dancer stood up in the centre of the apartment holding an embroidered handkerchief in each hand, which she waved and twisted about, and scarcely moving her feet, she threw herself into various attitudes. After a time, another dancer stood up, performing in the same manner, and both sang a plaintive song, to the apparent satisfaction of the Assembly, for it is inconsistent with their ideas of propriety and decorum for ladies of rank and respectability to dance. And those who do so are inferior persons, whose trade and profession it is to exhibit themselves for the amusement of those who pay them for such performances.

“After this exhibition had continued some time, the bride, conducted by some of the principal ladies, ascended a few steps to one of the *shelves* or bed-places, which invariably occupy each end of all Algerine rooms; and having seated herself upon cushions, her companions proceeded to make great changes in her toilet and appearance, some of them adding ornaments to her already highly adorned *salma*, whilst others occupied themselves in actually plastering her lovely face with a profuse quantity of red paint, to which they added patches of gold leaf, so as effectually to mask and disfigure her. I was then invited, through the interpretation of the Italian lady who accompanied me, to pay a visit to the bridegroom, which I very willingly agreed to, and was conducted to a room on the opposite side of the gallery. After having passed under several tier of brocade, silk, and muslin curtains, we found ourselves in the presence of the bridegroom. He was an elderly Turk, with but one eye, and equally great as was the contrast between his appearance and that of his lovely bride, was the change from the noise, show, and company in her apartment, to the quiet and sombre appearance of his, although both were handsomely hung with crimson silk damask. He had only one compa-

nion, a middle-aged Turk, and they both looked very dull and stupid, until, on his asking me if I thought his wife (whom he had never seen) handsome, and on hearing my agreeable answer, he stroked his beard with great satisfaction, and said 'Star bueno, Signora, star buono.' While we sat with him, his friend took his leave; and as the time for the introduction of the bride approached, we also returned to her apartment, and found her additional toilet quite completed. Indeed, with so many additional jewels had she been decorated, that she was quite unable to bear the weight of her *salma* without the support of two of her attendants, who walked on each side of her, and held her head. At the moment of her leaving the room, a veil of purple crape, splendidly embroidered in gold, small pearls, and precious stones, was thrown over her head. In this array she was conducted to the door of the bridegroom's chamber, amidst the universal cry from each individual present, of *Lai, Lai, Lai, Lella*,—a sound of great joy always raised at marriages by the assembled guests. The curtains were raised, but only a certain number of the company, probably the nearest relatives, entered, and conducted the veiled bride to a seat on the left of the bridegroom, who continued seated. Her veil was then removed by one of the ladies, and for the first time the old Turk beheld his wife, or rather her masked countenance. An old woman, who had taken an active part in the whole ceremony, took from the hands of a black woman a small silver ewer containing rose water, and approached the bride, whom she addressed. The bride then raised her two hands, and extending their hollowed palms, the officiating lady filled them with rose water out of the ewer. The bridegroom then, turning round, drank it out of the bride's hands. He then underwent a similar ceremony, the bride drinking out of his hands. During all this time, the shouts of '*Lai, lai, lai*,' continued unceasingly both from those within, and those on the outside of the chamber. This ending the marriage ceremony, we and the rest of the company took our leave of this paired, not matched couple."

There was during the earliest part of Mr. Bs'. residence at Algiers, a war between that regency and Tunis. The former prevailed and made characteristic use of the several victories. The Journalist notes on one day that 40 mules laden with the heads of the rebels were brought into the city, and a short time afterwards 43 more. The following extract from Mrs. Broughton's reminiscences will afford some further light regarding the cruel and savage practices of the inhospitable inhabitants of the shores of Barbary.

"A Moor one morning brought us a small piece of bluish white paper, much creased and soiled. On this were traced a few scarcely legible lines, written, indeed, only with charcoal and water, but which were sufficient to corroborate the sad story told by the Arab who brought the missive. The facts that he related, and those my father afterwards ascertained, were as follow:—An English ship, laden with pigs of lead, and some barrels of gunpowder, was proceeding to some port in the

Mediterranean, (but I neither recollect hearing from whence she sailed or whither bound), when she was, by stress of weather, driven on the coast of Barbary. and off *Gigery* she struck upon a rock. The inhospitable savages who inhabit that country were assembled on the shore, to await the final fate of the tempest-tossed ship; and when they beheld her at length wrecked upon a neighbouring rock, they proceeded to throw themselves into the sea; not, alas! with any feelings of pity and compassion for the unfortunate crew, whom they seized as captives; two of them at the same time taking hold of an unhappy Englishman, and dragging him overboard, thus swam with him ashore, and on reaching it, they ceased not to overwhelm the exhausted man with the most cruel treatment, until they had, by overpowering numbers, completely overcome all resistance on the part of the poor sufferers, who, however, witnessed a just retribution on many of their cruel tormentors.

“ These wretches were so totally ignorant and barbarous, that a great multitude of them caused their own destruction, in their anxiety to appropriate the ship's cargo. Our countrymen saw several of them take possession each of a pig of lead, and fastening it either on their shoulders, or round their waist, jump overboard, sinking, of course, with their booty, to rise no more. On seeing this repeatedly happen, two of these savages thought that they had discovered a better expedient, and therefore tied one of the pieces of lead between them, and leaped overboard with the same fatal result. On the following day an immense number of them were killed, by their having lighted a large fire all around a barrel of gunpowder they had got on shore, and which, when they discovered it to be injured by the sea, they thought they could thus dry, and were consequently all blown up at once. However, the poor sailors were diverted from watching the self-destruction of their captors by their own extreme sufferings from hunger and cold, for they had been completely stripped of all their clothes.

“ In a few days a person, who seemed a man of consequence with the savages, (a Marabout,) came to look at the poor mariners, and by his advice the Gigerans, (to whom he represented that they could obtain ransom for their captives), sent a messenger to Algiers, (the same who brought the slip of dirty paper to my father), with a demand for a certain large sum of money as a ransom for these fifteen Englishmen. On this being told my father, he was very indignant, and instantly sent his Dragoman to the Dey, to demand an order from his Highness for the immediate liberation of these his Britannic Majesty's subjects; and with difficulty could my dear father be made to comprehend the truth of the Dey's reply, which was, that he had not the least command or influence with the men of *Gigery*; that they had never been conquered by, nor been under the slightest subjection to, any Dey of Algiers; that they had ever continued a wild and completely savage people; and that had any Algerine subjects fallen into their hands, he, the Dey, would equally have been obliged to pay a ransom for their liberation; and his Highness advised my father immediately to comply with the demands of the barbarians, through the agency and mediation of the Marabout, as otherwise it was impossible to say to what extremities they might be capable of proceeding towards their unhappy prisoners, if they should be disappointed in

their expectations of booty. My father having been convinced that this was truly the case, immediately despatched proper persons with the amount of the ransom demanded, and after a certain number of days, they returned, accompanied by the thirteen poor fellows, (two having sunk under their misery), who had scarcely a rag upon them; but my mother already had clothing and beds prepared for their arrival. The greatest anxiety my parents experienced was, lest they might be injured by taking too great a quantity of food, after their long state of almost starvation; and they therefore had good soups prepared, and used great caution in having nourishment distributed to them. They remained in our house many weeks, until Mr. Nares' departure afforded them an opportunity for leaving Algiers. I believe they all afterwards entered his Majesty's Navy."

While regarding the conduct of the Blanckleys with the warmest admiration, and feeling proud that such a considerate, humane, and efficient functionary as the Consul had been selected by the British government to fill the arduous and perilous office he held, it is truly painful and repulsive to hear that he was not only most inadequately supported and rewarded; but that he was in fact a pecuniary loser in consequence of his generosity, and the exercise of uncommon talents. The Home Government, it is true, had its head full of other weighty and vital matters; but surely the neglect was gross and impolitic when no particular pains were taken to support Mr. Blanckley, to maintain a good understanding with the Dey, nor even to become acquainted with the temper, the weak and strong points of the Algerine rulers and authorities,—the established manners of the people, their pleasures and pride. Take an illustration:—

"We were awakened by hearing a royal salute fired, on the Niger Frigate anchoring in the bay. Captain Hillyer had been sent by Lord Collingwood with a watch for the Dey, and he accompanied Mr. Blanckley to the palace to present it. It is much to be lamented that so trumpery a present should have been sent, since it is to be feared, that far from its being of benefit in promoting feelings of good-will towards our nation, it may very probably have a very opposite effect.

"On Mr. B.'s presenting it to the Dey, he drew it from the case, and twisting it between his thumb and finger, eyed it with the most contemptuous expression of countenance, and calling to his head cook, (who, it appears, is a person of consequence in his household,) gave it to him, saying that he made him a present of it, as it was more fit for *him* than *Himself*. Mr. B. and Capt. Hillyer were much mortified, and join in regretting that these matters were not better understood at home."

Again, afterwards, and in the case of another ruler:—

"When Mr. B. &c. &c. went to the palace this morning, to present the present from our King, the Dey was in the worst possible humour, on account of not having received an answer to the letter which he wrote to the King, and scarcely would he credit Mr. B. when he assured him

that he had not received a single line from our Government. When a musical snuff-box, which cost 500*l.*, was presented, he asked if the King took him for a child, to be pleased with *ting, ting, ting*. He ridiculed a beautiful cestus, or clasp of brilliants and emeralds; he also seemed to think very little of a bale of broad cloth, but more graciously received some instruments of death, viz., a splendidly ornamented brace of pistols, but peremptorily asked, 'Where is the gun that belongs to them?' No such thing had been sent.

"Had the same expense been bestowed upon a *suitably* arranged present, the interest of our country would have been advanced, instead of weakened, by the disappointment the barbarian now experiences.—Had the opinion of any one versed in oriental customs been taken, a gun, no matter of what intrinsic value, (so that it was brilliantly ornamented, and to match the pistols,) would have been sent, instead of the beautiful *ting, ting* box, and the useless cestus. The result has been anything but to influence the Dey in British favour. He refused to give liberty to two Christian slaves, which favour Mr. B. begged Captain Warren to ask. I had sent poor Ignacio to carry the *regalo*, in the hopes that he would obtain his freedom; but the Dey did not even bestow an aspre upon him, although, on receiving the former present, he gave the bearers of it thirty-six dollars.

"Our chagrin is great, at the impolitic conduct of our Government, in sending such dissatisfactory, yet expensive presents here, actually casting pearls among swine; when an old brig or cutter would have been highly acceptable, many of which are falling to decay in our ports. My poor husband feels the mortification to which he is liable from this mismanagement, and is equally disappointed, especially after the hint he had ventured to give in a certain influential quarter. But patience—as the Turks say."

Of the several Deys who reigned, according to the characteristic fashion of Algerine uncertainty and brevity, while Mr. B. was resident Consul, Achmet Pacha, though numerous were the violent deaths, barbarous cruelties, and despotic acts which marked his government, was by far the most respectable and humane. Some of his tastes and amusements, while perfectly barbaric, were comparatively harmless and amusing. He and his quadruped companions would have brought bumpers to Old Drury. For we read in the reminiscences of Mrs. Broughton as follows:—

"When the Dey granted audiences, he invariably had several lion cubs either lying around him, or serving him as footstools. In Achmet Pacha's time, the one upon which he bestowed that distinguished honour, was kept about him to a later period than they usually basked in the Royal presence; indeed, he was nearly full grown, and my father more than once remonstrated with his Highness upon his still keeping him about his person. And this *mesintelligence* was mutual, for this overgrown *tabruret* had as decided an antipathy to my father as he had to him; no sooner did he catch a view of my father's scarlet uniform, than he would utter a loud roar, and with his tail between his legs, vanish

from the apartment; and as it once happened that the Dey's feet were resting upon his back when my father entered, his sudden withdrawal from beneath them, caused his Highness to *faire la culbute*, by throwing him back upon his seat or throne. Achmet, who, when pleased, was as courteous in his manners as if he had been the sovereign of a more polished court, instantly recovered himself, and laughing heartily, said to my father, 'You see even lions are afraid of the English uniform.'"

In spite of his wit, comparative humanity, wisdom, and sound policy, sudden and terrible was his dethronement; for we also read, as entered in the Journal on the 7th of Nov. 1808, that

"Our Janissary, Sidi Hassan, returned from town in great consternation, and came into the drawing-room, saying that the Turks had risen, and were going to kill the Dey. Our Dragoman, Rais Ali, has taken sanctuary in our house. Further accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying, that the Pacha Achmet was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg, by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to shew the new Dey, his successor, who is called Ali Pacha.

"In the evening we heard that everything was quiet, and the usual order restored in town."

The Dey fell not alone:—

"Sidi Cadua, father-in-law to the late Dey, Achmet Pacha, and the proprietor of our Garden, has been stripped of all his immense property and possessions, with the single exception of *this* Garden, and had been thrown into prison; but on the day, of Bairam, (the Mahomedan feast answering to our Easter), he was restored to liberty. Our Janissary, Sidi Hassan, at my desire, called upon him yesterday, and found the venerable old man seated upon a sheep skin, which alone replaced all the beautiful carpets and splendid cushions with which he had previously been surrounded. He was very grateful for the coffee and other necessities, which I had ventured to send him by Hassac. Such are the vicissitudes of life under this Government."

Some years later;—

"The son of the late Sidi Cadua called upon us. How changed is the scene with this young man!—he came alone. Whilst his brother-in-law, Achmet Pacha, lived, he never moved but with a numerous train of attendants. He distressed me much by the information, that his unfortunate sister, the Dey's widow, has just lost her only son in the small-pox, and that her eldest daughter, Leila Feesa, alone survives, as she had previously lost her youngest little girl. How have distresses of every kind accumulated upon this wretched woman since I visited her in all her

regal splendour—a proud and happy-looking mother of three handsome healthy children!”

Sidi Cadua and the widow had each suffered great indignities and undergone severe punishment; even the bastinado having been her portion.

It was not many months after the massacre of Achmet when Mr. B. and his family were informed that—

“Many people had taken sanctuary under the British flag, and we indeed found the court filled with persons of all persuasions. The Aga has fled for protection to the barracks. We then ascended the terrace, and beheld those of the whole city covered by thousands of women; we could easily distinguish the houses inhabited by Jews, as the Jewesses were throwing themselves about in attitudes of the greatest despair, weeping and wringing their hands. After some time, we saw a flag similar to that of Tunis hoisted on the flag-staff of the palace. Soon afterwards, we heard the cannon fire, and immediately the green flag of Mecca replaced the red one over the palace, which announced that a new Dey had ascended the throne. It is said that Ali Pacha, who has only reigned since the seventh of November last, died this morning by poison, and that it is the Hogia dei Cavalli who succeeds him, by name also Ali. Mr. Blanckley and the other Consuls have all been to pay their respects to the new Dey; Mr. B., as usual, only offered to shake hands with him. And when the others tendered him the homage of kissing his hand, the new Dey would not permit them to do so; but followed the example which Mr. had set, by merely shaking hands with them. From this, he appears to be as yet free from pride; but the mania will no doubt soon attack him. Free from wisdom I pronounce him to be, or he would never have accepted of an office which, to a certainty, will shorten his days.

“I understand that a cup of coffee, containing the powder of ground diamonds, a most effectual poison, was offered to the late unfortunate Pacha, out of respect, as they said; but he refused to drink it, saying that he did not choose to be accessory to his own death. He, therefore, politely declined the honour which the Turks intended him, preferring rather to be led out by the Chaousses, like a culprit, to the usual place of execution, where he was strangled. A distinction was, however, made in his case, as he was strangled at once, instead of undergoing the usual refinement of cruelty, in being twice revived by a glass of water, and only effectually executed the third time that the bowstring is applied.”

During the early part of the new Dey's power, we obtain an index to his taste for and estimation of philosophical pursuits, as well as notice of a name which stands high in the annals of modern science and of its recent discoveries:—

“The Swedish Consul came out with a Monsieur Arago, to introduce him to Mr. B., and to solicit my husband's aid and assistance in getting the latter away from this country with all his astronomical instruments; Mr. Arago had a British passport, on account of having been sent by the Institute of Paris to Yarmouth, to find the longitude. He went after-

wards to Spain in the pursuit of some object connected with science, and was in that country when Ferdinand the VII. was decoyed into France; in consequence of which, the Junta having ordered all Frenchmen to be banished from Spain, this clever young man took refuge in this country, the very moral antipodes to the encouragement of the arts and sciences.

"Mr. B. went to town to solicit the Dey to allow Monsieur Arago to quit this country, and endeavoured to make him understand that his researches were for the benefit of mankind in general; and as a proof of the interest felt in his behalf by the English Government, he shewed him *King George's seal* on Mr. A.'s passport. But the Dey answered, that if he were of any other nation, he might listen to such arguments, but that no Frenchman should leave this kingdom; and that if he wished to find the longitude, &c., he might take his spyglass, and go up one of the mountains in this vicinity, which would answer his purpose quite as well as in any other part of the world. And thus terminated the audience with this enlightened prince."

The philosopher was at last permitted to leave Algiers and to find his way to a more hospitable region.

Mr. B. and family at length found themselves in the most awkward predicament, great offence having been taken by the Algerine Government on receiving the intelligence that one of his Britannic Majesty's war-ships had carried off as prizes three Algerine merchantmen. It was very natural to expect, that, according to the barbarous policy and practice of the piratical power, the British representative would have to answer in person and estate for the injury. The proximity of an English frigate, however, allayed the fears which the rumoured threats of chains and death had raised. At last the Consul and his family bade farewell to the place, their fortunes carrying them elsewhere.

Mrs. Blanckley's Journal occupies about half of the volume, her daughter's interspersed and appended reminiscences filling the other portion, introducing anecdotes, explanations, and adding expansive sketches, and descriptions of a variety of matters and objects which impressed themselves upon her juvenile mind and fancy while a resident in the parts under consideration. We quote her two or three concluding paragraphs, with which we close the present article, that contain, instead of the horrors which no faithful and competent reminiscence could leave unnoticed and entirely untold, some pleasant recollections and tender regrets:—

"At the season of the Bairam, which is one of feasting, immediately following the Ramadan, or Mahomedan feast, we were in the habit of receiving great presents of sweetmeats and delicate pastry confections, by the fair donors' hands, the wives of the principal officers of the Dey and of the *élite* of Algerine society. There were in every one of these seasonable *cadeaux*, two or three very pretty baskets, made of pastry, and containing coloured eggs. I wonder if any antiquary has ever traced the origin of this presentation of Paschal eggs, which thus continues to be a

cosmopolite custom; at least I have remarked it as universal in all the countries of which I have been a denizen. At the time of the Jewish Passover, we were also presented with a great quantity of cakes of unleavened bread, from the most opulent Jewish families, many of whom were strangers to us even by name. These cakes were, in shape and taste, very like our common water biscuits, except that they were frosted over with sugar.

"All the music that can be extracted from the noise of an Algerine band, is most monotonous. I once possessed the written notes of two of their airs, but one of them I have unfortunately lost, and the original of the accompanying copy I preserve amongst my most valued relics of 'the days of Auld Langsyne;' for many is the throb 'of kindness yet;' and unchanged is the love in my heart for its most amiable and accomplished writer, Miss E. D. now Mrs. D.,—

' —The generous friend sincere,
Whose voice still vibrates in my ear,'—

the last member of our once numerous family circle, who yet lingers on the shores of Africa.

"Now, having traced almost all my souvenirs of that country,—so celebrated in ancient annals, as the very nucleus of piracy,—so restless under the march of civilization,—and of yore so passive under its barbarian rulers:—And having said, to the best of my poor ability, my *say* of 'all its birds of the air, and of all its fishes of the sea;' I will, ere I lay down my pen, express the wish that I may not have been altogether unsuccessful in interesting the indulgent portion of the reading world, while I have in the meantime beguiled many a passing hour in retracing those of a happy childhood; and I would fain hope that the *agrément* I have experienced in the performance of my self-imposed task, may have been in some degree shared by (to express myself in old-fashioned *par-lance*) my courteous and gentle reader,—to whom I will now say—

FAREWELL."

ART. VIII.—*A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical.*

With Illustrations. By JOHN JACKSON. London: Knight. 1839.

A few months back we explained generally the process of Wood-engraving, and its distinctive character as compared with engraving upon copper or steel. In the Treatise before us this practical matter is described at length, and with minuteness, by one who is himself a proficient in the art, to which all who wish to be correctly informed will do well to have recourse. The historical part of the work, however, shall agreeably occupy us for a little, which has had the assistance of Mr. Chatto.

It has not been ascertained when engraving upon wood was first practised. There is no doubt, however, of its use in certain shapes, long before it came to be employed as a branch of the fine arts. Nothing indeed can be more readily conceived than that stamps for

various purposes would be made by means of lines and particular forms being cut upon the surface or flat end of a piece of such a common article as that of which we are speaking. What more feasible or natural, than that a person should think of carving out his name or its initials, and filling the hollow parts or smearing the elevations with some sort of colour, so as to leave a corresponding mark on some other surface? Ingenuity would readily employ itself with the invention of devices in the way of ornament to be stamped on a separate substance. Stencilling too, that is, lines and figures cut out of a thin substance, so as to allow a brush or other neutral article, when charged with colour, to communicate through the interstices mentioned the same forms, may be supposed to have at an early period suggested itself. Accordingly there are ancient proofs of either one or other of these processes having taken place upon various substances. Branding also, by means of hot metallic figures, one would suppose would find uses even in very primitive times. But it is needless to waste conjectures in the absence of positive facts as to dates and particular operations, especially since we have no certain evidence of the process expressed in modern times by the term Wood-engraving having been practised before the year 1345 of the Christian era. It may be as well, however, to quote a passage which we find in the volume before us, to show how much uncertainty prevails on the subject, even after that date:—

“Some writers,” says the author, “have been of opinion that the art of wood-engraving was derived from the practice of the ancient calligraphists and illuminators of manuscripts, who sometimes formed their large capital letters by means of a stencil or of a wooden stamp. That large capitals were formed in such a manner previous to the year 1400 there can be little doubt; and it has been supposed that stencils and stamps were used not only for the formation of capital letters, but also for the impression of a whole volume. Ihre, in a dissertation on the gospels of Ulphilas, which are supposed to be as old as the fifth century, has asserted that the silver letters of the text on a purple ground were impressed by means of heated iron stamps. This, however, is denied by the learned compilers of the ‘*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*,’ who had seen other volumes of a similar kind, the silver letters of which evidently appeared to have been formed with a pen. A modern Italian author, D. Vincenzo Requeno, has published a tract to prove that many supposed manuscripts from the tenth to the fourteenth century, instead of being written with a pen were actually impressed by means of stamps. It is, however, extremely probable that he is mistaken; for if his pretended discoveries were true, this art of stamping must have been very generally practised; and if so, it surely would have been mentioned by some contemporary writers. Signor Requeno’s examination, I am inclined to suspect, has not been sufficiently precise; for he seems to have been too willing to find what he sought. In almost every collection that he examined

a pair of fine compasses being the test which he employed, he discovered voluminous works on vellum, hitherto supposed to be manuscript, but which according to his measurement were certainly executed by means of a stamp.

“It has been conjectured that the art of wood-engraving was employed on sacred subjects, such as the figures of saints and holy persons, before it was applied to the multiplication of those ‘books of Satan,’ playing-cards. It however seems not unlikely that it was first employed in the manufacture of cards; and that the monks, availing themselves of the same principle, shortly afterwards employed the art of wood-engraving for the purpose of circulating the figures of saints; thus endeavouring to supply a remedy for the evil, and extracting from the serpent a cure for his bite. Wood-cuts of sacred subjects appear to have been known to the common people of Suabia, and the adjacent districts, by the name of *Helgen* or *Helglein*, a corruption of Heiligen saints;—a word which in course of time they used to signify prints—*estampes*—generally. In France the same kind of cuts, probably stencil coloured, were called ‘dominos,’—the affinity of which name with the German *Helgen* is obvious. The word ‘domino’ was subsequently used as a name for coloured or marbled paper generally, and the makers of such paper, as well as the engravers and colourers of wood-cuts, were called ‘dominotiers.’ ”

Even the country to which wood engraving as a pictorial art is indebted for its origin is not ascertained, although there are various reasons which have led to the belief that it was Germany, the parent of many of the most curious and useful inventions which have distinguished the progress of civilization. One thing admits of no doubt, that the earliest wood-cut known, and which bears the date of 1423 can be traced to a convent near Augsburg. It is now in the possession of Lord Spencer. The following is the account given of it in the present work :—

“The first person who published an account of this most interesting wood-cut was Heineken, who appears to have inspected a greater number of old wood-cuts and block-books than any other person, and whose unwearied perseverance in searching after, and general accuracy in describing such early specimens of the art of wood-engraving, are beyond all praise. He observed it pasted on the inside of the right-hand cover of a manuscript volume in the library of the convent of Buxheim, near Memmingen in Suabia. The manuscript, entitled *LAUS VIRGINIS*, and finished in 1417, was left to the convent by Anna, canoness of Buchaw, who was living in 1427; but who probably died previous to 1435.”

A reduced copy of this very curious relic is given in the present work, as well as many other illustrations of the things described. The account proceeds thus,—

“The original affords a specimen of the combined talents of the *Formachneider* or wood-engraver, and the *Briefmaler* or card-colourer.

The engraved portions, such as are here represented, have been taken off in dark colouring matter similar to printer's ink, after which the impression appears to have been coloured by means of a stencil. As the back of the cut cannot be seen, in consequence of its being pasted on the cover of the volume, it cannot be ascertained with any degree of certainty whether the impression has been taken by means of a press, or *rubbed off* from the block by means of a burnisher or rubber, in a manner similar to that in which wood-engravers of the present day take their proofs. This cut is much better designed than the generality of those which we find in books typographically executed from 1462, the date of the Bamberg Fables, to 1493, when the often-cited Nuremberg Chronicle was printed. Amongst the heaps of rubbish which 'illustrate' the latter, and which are announced in the book itself as having been 'got up' under the superintendence of Michael Wolgemuth, Albert Durer's master, and William Pleydenwurf, both 'most skilful in the art of painting,' I cannot find a single subject which either for spirit or feeling can be compared to the St. Christopher. In fact, the figure of the saint, and that of the youthful Christ whom he bears on his shoulders, are, with the exception of the extremities, designed in such a style, that they would scarcely discredit Albert Durer himself. To the left of the engraving the artist has introduced, with a noble disregard of perspective, what Bewick would have called a 'hit of Nature.' In the foreground a figure is seen driving an ass loaded with a sack towards a water-mill; while by a steep path a figure, perhaps intended for the miller, is seen carrying a full sack from the back-door of the mill towards a cottage. To the right is seen a hermit—known by the bell over the entrance to his dwelling—holding a large lantern to direct St. Christopher as he crosses the stream. The two verses at the foot of the cut,

Cristofori faciem die quacunq̃ tueris,
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris,

may be translated as follows :

Each day that thou the likeness of St. Christopher sees,
That day no frightful form of death shall make an end of thee.

They allude to a popular superstition, common at that period in all Catholic countries which induced people to believe that the day on which they should see a figure or image of St. Christopher, they should not meet with a violent death, nor die without confession. * * * * The engraving though coarse, is yet executed in a bold and free manner; and the folds of the drapery are marked in a style which would do credit to a proficient. The whole subject, though expressed by means of a few lines, is not executed in the very simplest style of the art. In the draperies a diminution and a thickening of the lines where necessary to the effect, may be observed; and the shades are indicated by means of parallel lines both perpendicular, oblique, and curved, as may be seen in the Saint's robe and mantle."

Our author also states that in many of the wood-cuts executed between 1462 and 1500, the figures are expressed, and the drapery indicated, by simple lines of one undeviating thickness, without the

slightest attempt at shading, by means of parallel lines running in a direction different to those marking the folds of the drapery or the outlines of the figure. If, then, mere rudeness of design, and simplicity in the mode of execution, were to be considered as the sole tests of antiquity, upwards of a hundred wood engravings, positively known to have been executed between 1470 and 1500, might be produced as affording intrinsic evidence of their having been executed at a period antecedent to the date of St. Christopher.

When the real facts in the history of some of the most interesting periods of art come to be ascertained, feasible conjecture will often be put to the blush in its attempts to explain anomalies. Thus wood engraving in England has attained a very high degree of excellence; and yet our wood-cuts when compared with the French, are with few exceptions greatly inferior, in as far as design and drawing are concerned. Now, in after ages, it may puzzle critics and artists to account truly and correctly for this incongruity, seeing that a constant and large demand is made for such works, and liberal remuneration the reward of anything of a superior order in this line. The explanation of the matter, however, is fully set forth in the volume before us.

We are first of all told that to draw figures on wood, where black and white are the only means by which a subject can be represented, requires a much higher and more accurate skill, than where positive colours can be employed, as in painting, so as to conceal the defects of outline. Feebleness and incorrectness in the drawing must always injuriously affect a wood-cut, and to the disgrace of England there are very few artists who professionally devote themselves to this part of the work, that possess the requisite knowledge and skill. The fact is accounted for in the following passage:—

“ Considering the number of wood engravings that are yearly executed in this country, it is rather surprising that there should be so few persons who are capable of making a good drawing on wood. It may indeed be said that there is only one *artist* (Mr. Harvey) in the kingdom possessing a knowledge of design who professionally devotes himself to making drawings on the block for wood engravers. Without the aid of his talents modern English wood engraving, so far as regards originality of design, would present a woful blank. Whenever a good original design is wanted, there is only one person to whom the English wood engraver can apply with the certainty of obtaining it; for though some of our most distinguished painters have occasionally furnished designs to be engraved on wood, it has mostly been as a matter of especial favour to an individual who had an interest in the work in which such designs were to appear. In this respect we are far, very far, behind our French neighbours; the more common kind of French wood-cuts containing figures are much,

superior to our own of the same class ; the drawing is much more correct, more attention is paid to costume, and in the details we perceive the indications of much greater knowledge of art than is generally to be found in the productions of our second-rate occasional designers on wood. It cannot be said that this deficiency results from want of encouragement ; for a designer on wood, of even moderate abilities, is better paid for his drawings than a second-rate painter is for his pictures. The truth is, that a taste for correct drawing is not sufficiently cultivated in England : our artists will be painters before they can draw ; and hence comparatively few can make a good design on wood. They require the aid of positive colours to deceive the eye, and prevent it from resting upon the defects of their drawing. It is therefore of great importance that a wood engraver should have some knowledge of drawing himself, in order that he may be able to correct many of the defects that are to be found in the commoner kind of subjects sent to him to be engraved. The superiority of French artists in all that relates to design is as apparent in their lithographs as in their wood-engravings."

There are other special obstacles which the English wood-engraver has to encounter, that frequently injure his best efforts. A want of cordial co-operation exists between this class of artists and the printers ; and in very many instances consequently the engraver's talent as well as the publisher's money is thrown away. We are told that one printer's method of printing wood-cuts often differs so much from that of another, that it is generally necessary for an engraver who wishes to have justice done to his work, to ascertain the office at which a book is to be printed, before he begins to execute any of the cuts. He has to pursue different methods according to the circumstance of it being a steam-press, or a common one *with a blanket*. Certain peculiar niceties therefore beset this department of art ; so that even when the draftsman and the engraver have done all that can be wished, their efforts may fail of their intent and capabilities.

But to return to an historical outline of the progress of wood-cutting,—we observe, that the St. Christopher was but one of many single cuts of Saints which were engraved and distributed amongst the people by the servants of religion, at the early period of the art alluded to in the description of the specimen ; the figures on playing cards, there is reason for believing to have been the initiatory and proper stage in the antecedent history of the art. After the single cuts of Saints which were intended to be pasted into the religious books of the period, the next step in the progress of wood-engraving appears to have been its application to the production of those works which are known to bibliographers by the name of Block Books, and which are supposed to have been first executed between the years 1430 and 1450,—the cuts being in the simplest style, and without any attempt at shading. In these

Block Books the text as well as the illustrations by the aid of art was cut or engraved upon wood. After the invention of moveable types, the cuts were printed by means of friction with a rubber or burnisher, and the types by means of a press, thus requiring a two-fold process. Very considerable advances had by this time been made in wood-engraving; and probably England and France, as well as Germany and Italy, judging from the specimens that have descended to us, had encouraged the art, and bred professors and practitioners in it. In fact, Block Books, consisting of text only, continued for a time to be engraved, several years even, after the invention of typography. The art, however, which had advanced from a single figure with merely a name cut underneath it, to the impression of entire pages of text, was to undergo another change, which brings us to the second era in its history. "Moveable letters formed of metal," says our author, "and wedged together within an iron frame, were to supersede the engraved page; and impressions instead of being taken by the slow and tedious process of friction, were now to be obtained by the speedy and powerful action of the press. If the art of wood-engraving suffered a temporary decline for a few years after the general introduction of typography, it was only to revive again under the protecting influence of the *press*; by means of which its productions were to be multiplied a hundred fold, and, instead of being confined to a few towns, were to be disseminated throughout every part of Europe."

Moveable and *cast* types began to be worked with near the middle of the fifteenth century, and from the very first were combined with wood engravings. The Psalter, printed by Faust and Scheffer, at Mentz, in 1457, the first book which appeared with a date and the printers' names, presented large initial letters, engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink, which, our author declares, are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood-engraver and the pressman have yet produced. They have been imitated in modern times, but not excelled. They are the first letters, in point of time, printed with two colours (two blocks would necessarily be employed), and they are likely to continue the first in point of excellence. By the year 1461 the art of type printing had travelled beyond Mentz, when we find that the letter-press came to be illustrated with wood-cuts of figures, the printer Albert Pfister having sent forth some of the most interesting specimens. At this period, however, the wood-cuts that accompanied typography were inferior to those of the Block Books: and this circumstance is accounted for in the following manner:—"The progress of typography was regarded with jealousy by the early wood-engravers and block-printers, who were apprehensive that it would ruin their trade, and as previous to the establishment of printing, they were already formed into

companies or fellowships, which were extremely sensitive on the subject of their exclusive rights, it is not unlikely that the earliest type-printers who adorned their books with wood-cuts would be obliged to have them executed by a person who was not professionally a wood-engraver. It is only upon this supposition that we can account for the fact of the wood-cuts in the earliest books printed with type being so very inferior to those in the earliest Block Books."

The earliest book with wood cuts that is known to have been printed in England, is a second edition of Caxton's "Game and Playe of the Chesse," having been produced it is supposed in 1476. Other publications by the same printer in succeeding years are illustrated in a similar manner, the cuts, in so far as execution and design go, being by no means so excellent as to entice any other country to claim them.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century we find that maps were engraved on wood, a material very inferior to copper for such a purpose. We are told that in a folio edition of Ptolemy, printed at Venice in 1511, a mixed process was resorted to in the production of that work, the outlines, with the indications of the mountains and rivers, being on wood, and the names of places in type. But not to go more minutely into the sketch of the progress of wood engraving, or as detailed in reference to different countries, we have now to observe that, with Albert Durer, the Augustan age of the art commenced; not, says Mr. Jackson, as is generally supposed from his having himself engraved the numerous wood-cuts which bear his mark, but from his having thought so well of the art as to have most of his greatest works engraved on wood from drawings made on the blocks by himself.

The earliest specimens bearing Durer's mark that are known, were published in 1498, viz. his illustrations of the Apocalypse. In reference to the style and peculiarities of these works we have the following observations:—

"In most of the wood-cuts supposed to have been engraved by Albert Durer we find cross-hatching freely introduced; the readiest mode of producing effect to an artist drawing on wood with a pen or a black-lead pencil, but which to the wood engraver is attended with considerable labour. Had Albert Durer engraved his own designs, I am inclined to think that he would not have introduced cross-hatching so frequently, but would have endeavoured to attain his object by means which were easier of execution. What is termed 'cross-hatching' in wood engraving is nothing more than black lines crossing each other, for the most part diagonally; and in *drawing* on wood it is easier to produce a shade by this means, than by thickening the lines; but in *engraving* on wood it is precisely the reverse; for it is easier to leave a thick line than to cut out the interstices of lines crossing each other. Nothing is more common than

for persons who know little of the history of wood engraving, and still less of the practice, to refer to the frequent cross-hatching in the cuts supposed to have been engraved by Albert Durer as a proof of their excellence : as if the talent of the artist were chiefly displayed in such parts of the cuts as are in reality least worthy of him, and which a mere workman might execute as well. In opposition to this vulgar error I venture to assert, that there is not a wood engraver in London of the least repute, who cannot produce *apprentices* to cut fac-similes of any cross-hatching that is to be found, not only in the wood engravings supposed to have been executed by Albert Durer, but in those of any other master. The execution of cross hatching requires time, but very little talent ; and a moderately clever lad, with a steady hand and a lozenge-pointed tool, will cut in a year a *square yard* of such cross-hatching as is generally found in the largest of the cuts supposed to have been engraved by Albert Durer. In the works of Bewick, scarcely more than one trifling instance of cross-hatching is to be found ; and in the productions of all other modern wood engravers who have made their own drawings, we find cross-hatching sparingly introduced ; while in almost every one of the cuts designed by Durer, Cranach, Burgmair, and others who are known to have been painters of eminence in their day, it is of frequent occurrence. Had these masters engraved their own designs on wood, as has been very generally supposed, they probably would have introduced much less cross-hatching into their subjects ; but as there is every reason to believe that they only made the drawing on the wood, the engravings which are ascribed to them abound in lines which are readily made with a pen or a pencil, but which require considerable time to cut with a graver."

To render the term *cross-hatching* intelligible to all our readers we quote an explanation :—

" In order to explain more clearly the difficulty of executing cross-hatchings, let it be conceived that the engraver's object is to produce a fac-simile of the drawing : now as each black line is to be left in relief, it is evident that he cannot imitate the cross-hatchings by cutting the lines continuously, as in engraving on copper, which puts black in by means of an incision, while in wood engraving a similar line takes it out. As the wood engraver, then, can only obtain white by cutting out the parts that are to appear so in the impression, while the black is to be left in relief, the only manner in which he is enabled to present *cross-hatchings*, or *black lines crossing each other*, is to cut singly with his graver every one of the white interstices. Such an operation necessarily requires not only patience, but also considerable skill to perform it in a proper manner,—that is, cut each white space cleanly out, and to preserve the lines of a regular thickness. From the supposed impossibility of executing such cross lines, it has been conjectured that many of the old wood-cuts containing such works were engraved in metallic relief: this opinion, however, is sufficiently refuted, by the fact of hundreds of blocks containing cross-hatchings being still in existence, and by the much more delicate and difficult work of the same kind displayed in modern wood engravings. Not only are cross-hatchings of the greatest delicacy now executed in

England, but to such a degree of refinement is the process occasionally carried, that small black *touches* are left in the white interstices between the lines. Cross-hatchings, where the interstices are entirely white, are executed by means of a lozenge-pointed tool, and the piece of wood is removed at two *cuts*, each beginning at the opposite angles. Where a small black touch is left within the interstices, the operation becomes more difficult, and is performed by cutting round such minute touch of black with a finely pointed graver."

The "History of the Virgin" by the same artist appeared in 1511. "Christ's Passion" was a third work. He also had a variety of his pictures of single subjects engraved on wood; and for his patron Maximilian the First, he executed two splendid and elaborate pieces by means of wood-cuts, called the "Triumphal Car," and the "Triumphal Arch." Of the former of these two we have the account which we now quote:—

"The Triumphal Car consists of eight separate pieces, which, when joined together, form a continuous subject seven feet four inches long; the height of the highest cut—that containing the car—is eighteen inches from the base line to the upper part of the canopy above the Emperor's head. The Emperor is seen seated in a highly ornamented car, attended by female figures, representing Justice, Truth, Clemency, and other virtues, who hold towards him triumphal wreaths. One of the two wheels which are seen is inscribed 'Magnificentia,' and the other 'Dignitas;' the driver of the car is Reason,—'Ratio,'—and one of the reins is marked 'Nobilitas,' and the other 'Potentia.' The car is drawn by six pair of horses splendidly harnessed, and each horse is attended by a female figure. The names of the females at the head of the first pair from the car, are 'Providentia' and 'Moderatio;' of the second, 'Alacritas' and 'Opportunitas;' of the third, 'Velocitas' and 'Firmitudo;' of the fourth, 'Acrimonia' and 'Virilitas;' of the fifth, 'Audacia' and 'Magnanimitas;' and the attendants on the leaders are 'Experientia' and 'Solertia.' Above each pair of horses there is a portion of explanatory matter printed in letter-press; and in that above the leading pair is a mandate from the Emperor Maximilian, dated Inspruck, 1518, addressed to Bilibald Pirkheimer, who appears to have suggested the subject; and in the same place is the name of the inventor and designer, Albert Durer. The first edition appeared at Nuremberg in 1522."

Some general remarks as to Durer's designs and manner may be added:—

"In Durer's designs on wood, we perceive not only more correct drawing and a greater knowledge of composition, but also a much more effective combination of light and shade, than are to be found in any wood-cuts executed before the date of his earliest work, the Apocalypse, which appeared in 1498. One of the peculiar advantages of wood engraving is the effect with which strong shades can be represented; and of this Durer has generally availed himself with the greatest skill. On comparing his works engraved on wood with all those previously exe-

ected in the same manner, we shall find that his figures are not only much better drawn and more skilfully grouped, but that instead of sticking, in hard outline, against the back-ground, they stand out with the natural appearance of rotundity. The rules of perspective are more attentively observed; the back-grounds better filled; and a number of subordinate objects introduced—such as trees, herbage, flowers, animals, and children—which at once give a pleasing variety to the subject and impart to it the stamp of truth. Though the figures in many of his designs may not indeed be correct in point of costume,—for though he diligently studied Nature, it was only in her German dress,—yet their character and expression are generally appropriate and natural.”

Contemporaries as well as immediate successors of Durer, whose works, that is, generally speaking, whose designs were drawn on wood, have left several eminent works. Indeed, Mr. Jackson states that within the first thirty years of the sixteenth century the practice of illustrating books with wood-cuts seems to have been more general than at any other period, scarcely excepting the present; for, though within the last eight or ten years an immense number of wood-cuts have been executed in England and France, yet wood engravings at the time referred to were introduced into a greater variety of books, and the art was more generally practised throughout Europe. German and Dutch books are at the present day sparingly illustrated or embellished in the manner spoken of; Italian and Swiss works still more rarely. Speaking of the beginning of the sixteenth century our author says,—

“The wood-cuts which are to be found in Italian books printed between 1500 and 1530, are mostly meagre in design and very indifferently engraved; and for many years after the German wood engravers had begun to give variety of colour and richness of effect to their cuts by means of cross-hatchings, their Italian contemporaries continued to adhere to the old method of engraving their figures, chiefly in outline, with the shadows and the folds of the draperies indicated by parallel lines. These observations relate only to the ordinary wood engravings of the period, printed in the same page with type, or printed separately in the usual manner of surface printing at one impression. The admirable chiaro-scuro of Ugo da Carpi, printed from two or more blocks, are for effect and general excellence the most admirable specimens of this branch of the art that ever have been executed; they are as superior to the chiaro-scuro of German artists as the usual wood engravings of the latter excel those executed in Italy during the same period. In point of drawing, some of the best wood-cuts executed in Italy in the time of Albert Durer are to be found in a folio work entitled *Triumpho di Fortuna*, written by Sigismond Fanti, and printed at Venice in 1527. The subject of this work, which was licensed by Pope Clement VII., is the art of fortune-telling, or of answering all kinds of questions relative to future events. The volume contains a considerable number of wood-cuts; some designed and executed in the very humblest style of wood engraving, and others,

which appear to have been drawn on the block with pen-and-ink, designed with great spirit."

It was in Germany and Italy at the period to which the last extract relates that wood engraving attained the highest excellence; and within about ten years of the time of Durer's decease, the cuts which in Mr. Jackson's opinion display the greatest beauty of art as practised in former times were those of the celebrated "Dance of Death," which were first published in 1538 at Lyons, and which are generally ascribed to Hans Holbein as the engraver as well as designer; the same error, however, being said to occur here as in the case of Albert Durer, as a wood engraver. It is understood that Holbein, after coming to England, designed but seldom upon wood, although some specimens by him remain. We may take it for granted that had he devoted himself to this branch of art, he could not have found hands in this country to execute what he designed.

In Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century very eminent wood-engravers flourished, rivalling even those of Lyons, being in both countries at that time remarkable for the delicacy of their productions. In Italy a practice was observed by some of the first-rate artists of the period alluded to, which our author says he would be sorry to see become prevalent again, viz., of surrounding the cuts by an ornamental border,—a practice regarded by him as indicative of bad taste, and as likely to check the improvement of the art; for, continues he, "highly ornamented borders have, in a certain degree, the effect of reducing a series of cuts, however different their execution, to a standard of mediocrity; for they frequently conceal the beauty of a well-engraved subject, and serve to screen a bad one."

Towards the end of the sixteenth and early in the seventh century, the art of wood-engraving was rapidly declining on the continent, while in England it was making advances, in no slight manner owing, it would appear, to the activity of the genius and hands of Rubens, who frequently designed on wood, with the view, our author conjectures, of having his drawings engraved that he might compare them with those of the older German masters. "The best, however, differ considerably in the manner of their execution from the best old German wood-cuts, for the lines are too uniform and display too much of art. In looking at those which consist chiefly of figures, attention is first called to the means by which an effect is produced, rather than to the effect itself in connection with the entire subject."

Wood engraving, as a means of multiplying the designs of eminent artists, either as illustrations or as separate cuts, is considered to have reached the lowest ebb between 1650 and 1700. The art of design was itself in a languishing condition throughout Europe

during that period, and therefore could not be expected to have superior illustrations on wood. The want was not of working engravers to execute cuts, but of talented artists to design them. Such indeed was the state of wood engraving in England to its revival in the eighteenth century, when Thomas Bewick distinguished himself and elevated the art. A few notices of this master and some of his successors will form a suitable termination to the hasty outline we have given while following Mr. Jackson in his able history.

Bewick was a native of Northumberland, the year of his birth being 1753. He served an apprenticeship to an engraver in the coarser kinds of brass work, such as letters for door-plates. Having been engaged to furnish diagrams for "Hutton's Mensuration," his attention was called to the capabilities of wood as respects engraving. At length his cuts for "Gay's Fables" came out, respecting which our author states as follows,—

"Several of those cuts are well engraved, though by no means to be compared to his later works, executed when he had acquired greater knowledge of the art, and more confidence in his own powers. He evidently improved as his talents were exercised; for the cuts in the *Select Fables*, 1784, are generally much superior to those in *Gay's Fables*, 1779; the animals are better drawn and engraved; the sketches of landscape in the back-grounds are more natural; and the engraving of the foliage of the trees and bushes is, not unfrequently, scarce inferior to that of his later productions. Such an attention to nature in this respect is not to be found in any wood-cuts of an earlier date. In the best cuts of the time of Durer and Holbein, the foliage is generally neglected; the artists of that period merely give general forms of trees, without ever attending to that which contributes so much to their beauty. The merit of introducing this great improvement in wood engraving, and of depicting quadrupeds and birds in their natural forms, and with their characteristic expression, is undoubtedly due to Bewick. Though he was not the discoverer of the 'long-lost art' of wood engraving, he certainly was the first who applied it with success to the delineation of animals, and to the natural representation of landscape and wood-land scenery. He found for himself a path which no previous wood engraver had trodden, and in which none of his successors have gone beyond him. For several of the cuts in the *Select Fables*, Bewick was paid only nine shillings each."

Bewick seldom or never had recourse to *cross-hatching* for the sake of obtaining colour, but commenced upon colour or black, and proceeded from *dark to light* by means of lines cut in intaglio, and appearing white when in the impression until his subject was completed; the simplification of the old process being the result of his having to engrave his own drawings; for in drawing his subject on the wood, he avoided all combinations of lines which to the designer are easy, but to the engraver difficult. His "General History of

Quadrupeds" was begun in 1785, the prevailing excellence of the cuts of which, for the correct delineation of the animals, and the natural character of the *incidents*, and the back-grounds, greatly surpass anything of the kind that had previously appeared. He not only excelled in representing Nature, but in conveying a moral by the tasteful combination of striking and pointed incidents, each animal forming the most prominent point in a picture of various subjects. In 1791 he commenced his "**History of British Birds**," which crowned his fame, with the cuts of which nothing of the same kind that wood engraving has since produced can bear a comparison. Mr. Jackson asserts that—

"They are not to be equalled till a designer and engraver shall arise possessed of Bewick's knowledge of nature, and endowed with his happy talent of expressing it. Bewick has in this respect effected more by himself than has been produced by one of our best wood engravers when working from drawings made by a professional designer, but who knows nothing of birds, of their habits, or the places they frequent; and has not the slightest feeling for natural incident or picturesque beauty.—No mere fac-simile engraver of a drawing ready made to his hand, should venture to speak slightly of Bewick's talents until he has both *drawn and engraved* a cut which may justly challenge a comparison with the *Kyloe Ox*, the *Yellow-hammer*, the *Partridge*, the *Wood-cock*, or the *Tame Duck*."

A host of artists was created by the example and success of Bewick in the North of England; among whom Nesbit and Clennell are distinguished, the latter having mastered the representation of *water* which the reviver of the art of wood engraving never accomplished. Several eminent professors of the art have also arisen in London. Of Mr. Harvey, as a designer, we have already had honourable mention. Thompson is another whom our author ranks in the first rank. But to Mr. Jackson's interesting volume, the illustrations of the doctrines and criticisms advanced being numerous and in themselves for the most part master-pieces, we must direct our readers for his notices of living wood-engravers as well as many other points which we have either altogether overlooked or but very slightly touched.

ART. IX.

1. *Plumpton Correspondence*. Edited by TH. STAPLETON, Esq. F.R.S.
2. *King Henry the Eighth's Scheme of Bishoprics*. London: Knight. 1839.
3. *The Parliaments and Councils of England, from the Reign of William I. to the Revolution in 1688*. London: Murray. 1839.

ALTHOUGH there be no similarity in the design and character of these publications,—no direct connection, and no sameness of matter or manner, yet they may be joined together as we have now done, on account of the light which each of them throws upon the usages, the thoughts and employments of Englishmen in the days of our forefathers, and at distant and distinct eras in the national history. A very few preliminary remarks or some extracts will sufficiently explain and exhibit the nature and contents of each, and satisfy our readers that they contribute some valuable as well as interesting materials to those documentary remains to which the researches of recent and living antiquaries have been and are so worthily directed.

The Plumpton Correspondence, consisting of “a Series of Letters, chiefly Domestick, written in the Reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.,” has been published at the instance of the Campden Society of Antiquaries. The manuscript belongs to Peregrine E. Towneley, Esq., and is well worthy of being thus multiplied on account of the views which it enables the reader to obtain of the social and domestic manners of our ancestors.

The Plumptons could trace their family back to a more remote period than many who pride themselves on the antiquity of stock,—viz., to the Norman Conquest, very shortly afterwards having their seat at Plumpton, which is in the vicinity of Knaresborough. The family seems to have been distinguished not only by the consideration which several of its members commanded in consequence of eminent alliances, but by the part they took in public affairs. Their estates were ample and their bearing knightly. The battle-field can number some of them among its heroes,—the scaffold among its victims; for in troublous times they did not keep aloof, nor refuse joining in the strifes of parties and factions. But as it is to two or three of the documents here published, that are of purely a domestic or social character that we are about to invite attention, it becomes unnecessary to glance more particularly than we have done at the notices of a political and public nature that here and there peep out in the course of the Correspondence. The first letter which we transcribe presents a matter-of-fact specimen of the private affairs of a squire in the fifteenth century, and of the management and anxieties of a country gentleman's steward:—

"Unto my worshipfull master Sir William Plompton knight.

"Right worshipfull maister, I recommend me unto you, praying you that you will cause the clothe that the wooll was packed in for to come againe with the shipp, for I borrow it wheare that ye saw that I borrow it; of that of your servants aforetime I have borrowed two packclothes and other geare, which they had never againe: letting you understand that I have given the shipman of his hier x^s, and he for to have his whole payment, when he deliver the goods which he received, which is xxxiiij^s iiij^d. Whearfore I pray you that ye see he be content of the said some, for I am nott in store att this time of money for to gett your harvest with, withoutyn I might gett it of your tenaunts, or ells for to take of your shepe silver, and that I were right lothe for to do—letting you witt alsoe that I have bene in the Peake and there I cannott gett no money of Harry Fulgiam, nor of John of Tor, nor no other that owes you, but if I shold take of your cattel, and soe I think for to do: for I have no oxen to gett your corne with, nor none I cannott gett carryed, for every man is soe busie with their owne: for whether is so latesum in this cuntrey, that men can neither well gett corn nor hay—letting you witt that your tenant Nichole Bristow hath not gotten but xii foder of hay, and it is nought good, and the corneland is overflotin with water—letting you witt that I have gotten the hay in Hesththornemeen that was left after Lammas day, as ye commanded me for to do—letting you witt that I have a counterpais wheith of the wheightstone that the wooll was weyed with, and that ye se that the stone be kept that the shipman brings. Also letting you witt that I delivered the shipman viij paire of blanketts, that is not in the bill indented, and a hanging of old linen cloth that the coverletts are trussed in—letting you witt that I was on St. Lawrence day att Melton with iiij^s of your shepe to sell, and could sell none of them, but if I would have sold xx of the best of them for xiiij^d a peece, and therefore I sold none—letting you witt that I sent unto you with William Plumpton and with William Marley v^{ll}, and also xxv^s which was borrowed of Bryan Smith, which I must pay againe, and therefore I am not perveyed of mcney for to gett your harvest with—also that you gar the malt be windowed, or it be laid in any garners, for ells there will brede wyvolls in it, for I could nott gett it windowd before it went to the ship, because that I could not gett no helpe, and therefore I upheaped with a quarter, xxi quarters for xx quarters; and also six of our cheeses hase two markes that I know be the best of them. Noe more I write to you at this time but that the holy Trinity have you ever in his keeping. Written in hast by your servant THOMAS BILLOP at Kinalton, the munday afore St. Bartholemew day, 9^o Edw. 4.

"(21st. Aug. 1469.)"

To Sir Robert Plumpton-knight, the son of the former *worship, full master*, the following is written by one of the race, who may also be set down as a limb of the law, so dextrous and cunning is he in schemes, and so characteristic the spot from which he writes:—

"In my humble and most hartiest wyse I recommend me unto your

good mastership, and to my singuler good lady. Sir yt is so that certaine lovers and frinds of myne in London hath brought me unto the sight of a gentlewoman, a wedow of the age of xl yeres and more, and of good substance; first, she is goodly and beautyfull, womanly and wyse, as ever I knew any one, none other disprayed; of a good stocke and worshipful. Hir name is Agnes. She hath in charg but one gentlewoman to hir daughter, of xii yer age. She hath xx marc of good land within iij myle of London, and a ryall maner buylded therupon, to give or sell at hir pleasure. She hath in coyne in old nobles, c^{li}—in ryalls, c^{li}—in debts, xl^{li}—in plate cx^{li}, with other goods of great valour; she is called worth m^{li} beside hir land. Sir, I am bold upon yor good mastership, as I have ever bene; and if yt please God and you that this matter take effect, I shalbe able to deserve althings done and past. She and I are agreed in our mynd and all one; but hir frinds that she is ruled by, desireth of me xx marke jointor more than my lands come too; and thus I answered them saying, 'that your mastership is so good master to me, that ye gave to my other wyfe xii marke for hir jointor in Stodley Roger, and now, that it wyll please your sayd mastership to indue this woman in some lordship of yours of xx marke duryng her lyfe, such as they shalbe pleased with; and for this my sayd frinds offer to be bounden in m^{li}.' Sir, uppon this they intend to know your pleasure and mynd prevely, I not knowing; wherefore, I humbly besech your good mastership, as my especyall trust is and ever hath bene above all earthly creatures, now for my great promotion and harts desire, to answer to your pleasure, and my wele and poore honesty; and I trust, or yt come to pase, to put you suertie to be discharged without any charg; for now, your good and discret answere may be my making. For, and she and I fortune by God and your meanes togyther, our too goods and substance wyll make me able to doe you good service, the which good service and I, now and at all tymes, is and shalbe yours, to joperde my life and them both. Sir, I besech your good mastership to wryte to me an answere in all hast possible, and after that ye shall here more, with Gods grace, who preserve you and yours in prosperous felicyte longtyme to endure. Wrytten in Furnywall Inne in Olborn, the ij day of march 1496. Your humble servant,

" (2 March 1496-7.)

" ED. PLOMPTON."

Sir Robert seems to have been put to sad strast, at various times, for want of the *needful*, having got himself strongly entangled in law suits and other expensive transactions. His "entirely and right hartily beloved wife, Dame Agnes," participated of course in his cares; she also appears to have been much entrusted in the case of difficulties. But Agnes predeceased the worthy knight; nor was it long ere he solaced himself with another helpmate, a daughter of Lord Neville. Still his embarrassments continued as we learn from the letter next to be quoted:—

" *To Sir Robart Plompton, kt. be thes letter delivered.*

" Sir, in the most hartiest wyse that I can, I recommend me unto you. Sir, I have sent to Wright of Idell for the money that he promyst you.

and he saith he hath it not to len, and makes choses (*excuses*) and so I can get none nowhere. And as for wood, ther is none that will bey, for they know ye want money, and without they myght have it halfe for noughte, they will bey none; for your son, William Plompton, and Thomas Bickerdyke hath bene every day at wood sence ye went, and they can get no money for nothing—for tha will bey none without they have tymmer tres, and will give nothings for them: and so shall your wood be distroyed and get nought for it. Sir, I told you this or ye went, but ye wold not beleve me. Sir, I have taken of your tymmer as much as I can get of, or Whitsonday farme forehand; and that is but little to do you any good, for ther is but some that will len so long afor the tyme. And your Lenten stoufe is to bey, and I wote not what to do, God wote, for I am ever left of thes fashion. Sir, ther is land in Rybston feild, that Christofer Chambers wold bey, if ye will sel it; but I am not in a surety what he will give for it. But if ye will sel it, send word to your son what ye will doe, for I know nothing els wherwith to help you with. Sir, for God sake take an end, for we are brought to begger staffe, for ye have not to defend them withall. Sir, I send you my mare, and iij^s iiij^d by the bearer herof, and I pray you send me word as sone as ye may. No more at this tyme, but the Holy Trenyttie send you good speed in all your matters, and send you sone home. Sir, remember your chiller bookes.

“Be your bedfellow,

“ISABELL PLOMPTON.”

The last letter that we transcribe is to the son of the harassed Sir Robert, and who, we may safely conjecture, loved good cheer and patronised the pastimes and sports of the “fine old English gentleman,” rather than the dangers of war, the turmoil of politics, or the crooked ways of the law:—

“*To my Cossin Plompton this be delivered.*”

“Cossin Plompton, I hartily recommend me unto you. The cause of my wryting to you is, for that Roger Ramy said to me, he thought ye would aboute Low sonday be at Thornhill. Ye shall come to a old howse cleane downe, and as yet litle amended; but ye shall be very welcome, as I can think. I wold be sorry that ye should take paine, and I not at home when ye come. To-morrow begging thursday, I must of force ride to Tankerslay, viij miles hence, and mete my Lord of Shrewsbury, who will be thear tomorrow by ij of the clock, and se a showt at a stage, as my keeper hath sent me wourd. And of monday, tewsdays, and wedsdays, theare is apoynted a great number of gentlemen to mette at coxes at Sheifeild, whear I intend, God willing, to be, and every night will ly at Tankerxlay; see it will be friday or I come to Thornhill, which is the xvij (xiiij) of May. Wherefore, I desire you either put of your coming to that day, or take so much paine to come the viij myles to Tankerxlay, whear I have no lodging, but you shall have the best bed the keeper haith; and ye shall se a polard or tow, both rid and falow, and se all our good coxs fights, if it plesse you, and se the maner of our cocking. There will be Lanckeshire of one parte, and Derbeshire of another parte, and Hallomshire of the third parte. I perceive your cocking varieth

from ours, for ye lay but the battel; and if our battel be but xⁱⁱ to vⁱⁱ, thear willbe xⁱⁱ to one laye, or the battell be ended. And whensoever ye come, I require you to take time to hunt with me for one weke; bring bowes and gray hounds, and at the time of the year, hownds. A polard is swet now, and I love it best now at this season; and by Whytsonday this year I shall have fatt bucks. And or any red deare be fatt, it will be July, as far as my experience serves. Com when ye will, and such as I have ye shall se; and bring good stufe, for I warne you they ar wild about Tankerxlay and ill to catch: and if all fale, I have that ar tame enough. I make all these brages to cause you to com, for I never yet did se you in thease parts; and ye shall come no time wrong, fence-time then other. I have tame plenty lyieth out; I can make you game at rid and fallow, and stir no rascall. I besich Jesus send us mery meting. Thus hertyly far ye well. This Wendsday at Thornhill, the vth of May, Anno 1546: 38 H 8.

Your assured frind,

" (5 May 1546.)

HENRY SAVILL, kn^t."

The Correspondence ceases with the member of the Plompton line to whom the last quoted letter is addressed; and we may add that the last heir of the race died in 1749, when the name became extinct.

"King Henry the Eight's Scheme of Bishopricks, with Illustrations of his Assumption of Church Property," &c., naturally presents to us matters of more public and political moment than a merely family series of epistolary correspondence can be expected to do. The contents of the volume before us, however, do not diminish our sense of the *bluff* monarch's unprincipled usurpation, nor our detestation of the agents and the means he employed to carry his designs into effect. We notice the appearance of the work rather for the sake of having an opportunity to repeat the sentiment which all have expressed that have inspected and examined any considerable number of the State Papers and other manuscript documents in our public offices, viz.,—that they are mines of historical wealth,—than for the purpose of gleaning any of the particular specimens here set before us. It would appear that the correspondence connected with the Reformation is of enormous extent, Thomas Cromwell's share alone in it being said to occupy above thirty folio volumes.

Mr. Cole, the editor of the present volume, while the mass of documents referable to the period and the revolution mentioned was kept at the Chapter House, had access to the collection; and meditated a much more extensive publication than what he has been enabled to carry through; for since the removal of the collection to the State Paper Office, it appears that he has been denied those facilities necessary to the fulfilment of his purpose, which such a zealous servant of the public, as we must denominate every investigator of the kind, is to be presumed entitled to. The consequence

has been that he has been limited to a particular point, and is rather useful as indicating what might have been discovered, than affording remarkable novelties.

The third work on our list must detain us longer than did the preceding ; and yet we are forced to repeat that the compilation rather shows how rich and abundant, though liable to various misconstructions, is the sort of records to which the author has had recourse, than that the continuity of his extracts is full and clear.

In an introduction, the author, Mr. C. H. Parry, presents us with a sketch of British History, and a summary digest of constitutional law as developed in the course of parliamentary proceedings, usages, and legislation, and as gathered from original records, contemporary history, and numerous unconnected papers and manuscripts, —applying himself, at the expense of great labour and patience, to the reconcilements and elucidations, which separate as well as associated facts, events, and dates, reciprocally afford when investigated fairly and thoroughly.

It must be obvious to every one that such an undertaking is beset by many difficulties, and that there is the widest scope for errors of commission as well as omission, for a hasty, negligent, and incompetent compiler and annotator to perpetrate, to the still further mystification of the matters professed to be illustrated. Mr. Parry has been fully aware of all this ; nor does he pretend by any means to have produced a perfect work, not even a perfect view of any one point or branch in the progress of our legislation or constitutional history. We think, however, that he has drawn from the various and ample stores which he has examined much that will be new to our readers, not a little that is amusing, and above all, many proofs that a broad, intricate, and most valuable field exists, which every man who takes an interest in politics and the march of civilization will do well to look into, and with which no legislator especially can innocently and without stultifying himself remain unacquainted. It will even appear at once very manifestly from the few extracts to be selected by us that the practice of enlightened legislation cannot be commenced at any time in this country without a preliminary course of learning and study. Especially at this day does intelligence and correct information become necessary on the part of our law-makers ; for, to quote some of Mr. Parry's observations on this point, "at no previous moment has the want of preparatory acquirements been more calculated to produce extensive mischief, than under the changes which have been recently introduced in the political relations of the people." And yet "the parliamentary history of England is, at present, a sealed book to the community of these kingdoms." But what is worse, "many incompetent persons, fancying themselves endowed with talents, which instinctively fit them for immediate action, enter with con-

fidence upon the business of legislation." Without any particular regard to system, connection, or similarity, we now transcribe in chronological descent some things that should act either as lessons or hints :—

"1381. *Richard II.* A. R. 5.—Nov. 3. The Commons retire to their accustomed place, the Chapter House of the Abbey, and on Monday, 18, present M. Richard de Waldgrave, Knight, their speaker; whom, desiring to be excused (first time) and discharged from the office, the king requires upon his allegiance to stand 'as being chosen by his companions.' Upon which he makes the usual protestation."

Several precedents referring to the Speakership might at the present moment be aptly quoted. Thus,—

"1529. *Henry VIII* A. R. 21.—Nov. 3. Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, opens the session. Addressing the Commons, he says, 'That because they were a great number, and could not speak all at one time, the king's pleasure was, that they should resort to their own house, and there amongst themselves, according to ancient custom, choose an able person to be their common-mouth and speaker &c.'"

Not speak all at one time! Good! But Queen Bess did more than recognize a plain truth; for she on one occasion tells the Commons,—

"She utterly disallows and condemns those for their audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous folly, who, by superfluous speeches, spend much time in meddling with matters, neither pertaining to them nor within the capacity of their understanding.' After speeches from the speaker and lord keeper, she gives her assent to the bills, and parliament is dissolved."

Parliamentary etiquette in the times of Elizabeth :

"1601. A. R. 43—Nov. 7. A committee on the subsidy sits.—Sir Walter Raleigh speaking low, Sir Edward Hobby says, 'We cannot hear you; speak out. You should speak standing, that so the house may hear you better.'—Sir Walter Raleigh: 'Being a committee, he might speak either sitting or standing;' and so he repeats his speech—Mr. Secretary Cecil: 'Because it is an argument of more reverence, I choose to speak it standing.'"

On the 9th of the last-mentioned month,—

"The subject of the supply is again debated.—Sergeant Heayle; 'Mr. Speaker, I marvel much that the house will stand upon granting a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty's; and she may lawfully, at her pleasure, take it from us. Yea, she hath as much right to all our land and goods, as to any revenue of her crown.' All the house hem, and laugh, and talk. 'Well, all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance.'—Mr. Speaker: It is a great disorder

that this should be used; for it is the ancient use for every man to be silent when any one speaketh; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption.—The sergeant proceeds; but as the house hems again, he is oblig'd to sit down."

We find in the times of James the First, that a motion was made in the Commons against *hissing*, "to the interruption and hindrance of the speech of any man in the house." What would the mover have thought and proposed had he been witness to the groaning, the barking, the crowing, and the braying that frequently salute the ear in the present state of the legislative assembly?

The Speaker again and during James's reign.

"Mr. Mallory will spare none, though they sit in chairs. Mr. Speaker came out of the chair without the consent of the house.—Sir R. Philipps admonisheth the Speaker that sometimes he neglecteth his duty to the house in intricating or deferring the question.—Mr. Nevyl must a little reflect upon Mr. Speaker, that he hath made plausible motions abortive.—Sir H. Manners: Mr. Speaker is but a servant to the house, not a master, nor a master's mate.—Sir H. Withrington: Mr. Speaker is the fault of all their faults, by preventing them with rising.—Sir W. Herbert: He was required to sit still. He must respect the meanest, as well as those about the chair."

To certain pamphleteers we recommend the following piece of information :

"1641. *Charles I.* A. D. 17.—June 15. The Commons resolve, 'That all deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, prebendaries, chanters, canons petty canons and their officers, shall be utterly abolished, &c.' Resolved, That the funds taken by this bill shall be employed to the advancement of learning and piety, &c., and that a competent maintenance shall be made to the several persons concerned, if such appear not peccant and delinquents, to this house. Sir Benjamin Rudyard, speaking against the bill, says, 'One thing doth exceedingly trouble me, that so many do now believe, against the wisdom of all ages, that there can be no reformation without destruction; as if every sick body must be knocked on the head, as past hope of cure. Bishops have governed the church for 1500 years without interruption; and no man will say but that God hath saved souls in all those times, under their government. Let them be reduced according to the usage of ancient churches in the best times. I love not those that hate to be reformed; and do therefore think them worthy of the more strict, the more close reformation. If either in bishopricks or cathedral churches there be too much, some may be pared off, to relieve them that have too little: if yet more may be spared, it may be employed to the setting up of a preaching ministry, through the whole kingdom. Until this be done, although we are Christians, we are not a Christian state. There are places in England which are not in Christendom, the people are so ignorant, they live so without God in the world; for which, parliaments are to answer both to God and man. Let us beware that we

do not look with a worldly, carnal, evil eye upon church lands. Church lands will still be fittest to maintain church men, by a proportionable and orderly distribution. We are very strict and curious to uphold our own property ; and there is great reason for it. Are the clergy only, a sort of men who have no property at all in what is called theirs ; I am sure they are Englishmen, they are subjects. The next way to bring in barbarism, is to make the clergy an unlearned contemptible vocation, not to be desired but by the basest of the people. Where, then, shall we find men able to convince an adversary ? A clergyman ought to have a far greater proportion to live upon than any other man of an equal condition. He is not bred to multiply three-pences. It becomes him not to live mechanically and sordidly. He must be given to hospitality. I do myself know a clergyman, no dignitary, whose books have cost him 1000*l.*, which, when he dies, may be worth, to his wife and children, about 200*l.* For my part, I think nothing too much, nothing too good, for a good minister, a good clergyman. They ought least to want, who best know how to abound. Burning and shining lights do well deserve to be set in good candlesticks. I am as much for reformation, for purging and maintaining religion as any man ; but I profess I am not for innovation, demolition, nor abolition."

On the 27th of May, 1648, "Resolved, An Ordinance for *borrowing* the plate in all cathedrals, superstitiously used upon their altars." Six years before another proceeding is noticed and quoted by Mr. Parry, characteristic of the period :—

"1642. A. R. 18.—The Commons send for many printers, as delinquents, for printing certain proceedings in parliament. They resolve upon question, 'That what person soever shall print or sell any act or passage of this house, under the name of a diurnal, or otherwise, without particular license of the house, shall be reported a high contemner and breaker of the privileges of parliament, and be punished accordingly.'"

Consideration for the dignity of the head of the Church :—

"1645.—Jan. 7. The king grants a pardon to the archbishop of Canterbury, but nothing is ordered thereupon. The lords 'considering the great places the archbishop hath been in, incline that he may have that favour shewed as to have his head struck off, and not to be hanged,' and they make an ordinance accordingly."

Our last extract shows that English jealousy of Irish and Scotch members, and the calculation of their possibly swamping the interests of the central nation, are not of recent birth. The arguments and reasons on both sides are curious and smart :—

"1659. *Richard Cromwell, Charles II.* A. R. 11.—March 9. A debate commences touching the right of sitting of the Scotch and Irish members. Sir H. Vane.—A greater imposition never was by a single person upon a parliament, to put sixty votes upon you. By this means, it shall

be brought upon you insensibly to vote by Scotch and Irish members, who will enforce all your votes hereafter. Mr. Knightly.—The union with Ireland must be preserved. This has been one occasion of the great tumults in Ireland that we have not till now taken them into our legislature. Mr. Hewley.—We are now all one body; Irish are natives here, and have all one soul. It is not prudent or safe to turn them out of the house."

"March 21.—The debate is resumed on the Scotch and Irish members. Mr. Annesley.—'This house has all along dispensed with acts of parliament; as in case of non-residency. If the union were not for the interest of England, I should be the first to withdraw.' Mr. Boscawen.—'The union was made but by the fag-end of the long parliament. Scotland will not think themselves obliged to keep that union, longer than till they can break it.' Colonel West.—'As not one native may be here, then sixty (thirty for Ireland and thirty for Scotland), are the quorum; and it may happen that it will be in their power to impose laws upon us.'"

"March 23.—The debate on Ireland is resumed. Major Ashton.—'I am a member for Ireland. The members that come in for that place serve no more for Ireland than for England. Ireland was anciently a province. Henry II. went thither, and they made a resignation of their power to him, by confirmation of the pope. He granted it to his son John, but so 'ut non separetur ab Angli.' King John went into Ireland, and ordained by act of parliament that Ireland should be governed by all the laws of England. 10 Hen. VII. came in the Statute of Poynings, which made the statute law also the same in Ireland, only they had parliaments, as being most fit for that nation. In a parliament held that year at Drogheda, it is enacted that all statutes made in England, &c., from henceforth be deemed effectual in law, and be accepted, used, and executed, within this land of Ireland, in all points. I think it best that they should have parliaments of their own, for the very reason, that votes may not be imposed upon you here.' Mr. Gewen.—'It were better for England and Ireland that they have parliaments of their own.' Mr. Thomas.—'How does it consist with our privilege to admit strangers?' Mr. Annesley.—'England is in no danger of thirty members from Ireland, but if thirty from Scotland should join them, much mischief might ensue.'"

It must from the above extracts be quite clear to our readers that in the compilation before us, there is matter requiring the attention of every raw or juvenile legislator, and also that in the stores which Mr. Parry has drawn from, there is much more to reward the most industrious and competent research.

ART. X.—*Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, &c.,*
By CAPTAIN R. WILBRAHAM, 7th. Royal Fusileers. London: Murray.
1839.

CAPTAIN WILBRAHAM states that he has been lately employed on a particular service in Persia, being one of the British officers, it would appear, who were engaged to teach the European system of

military discipline and tactics in that country. When the army of the Shah was ordered to repair towards the East in its expedition against Herat, the Captain, of course, could not join in the undertaking, seeing that it was hostile to the interests of the crown to which he owed allegiance. The autumn and winter of 1837 being thus left free to him to occupy as he might deem proper, were devoted to travelling in Georgia, and along the Southern shores of the remarkable Lakes Van and Urumiah. He afterwards visited the province of Mazanderan on the shores of the Caspian Sea ; but this second excursion need not detain us.

It appears that the journals of these tours were not originally intended for publication, but for the entertainment of a few, the author's own family particularly ; and he mentions this circumstance, along with that of little opportunity being frequently allowed him, in consequence of wintry weather, a hard method of travelling, motley companionship when he was at leisure, and brief occasions for forming his opinions, as an apology for the superficial nature of the work,—external objects and the features of human character and manners, which at once strike the stranger, constituting the themes and matter of his pages.

We must allow, however, that the Captain has a quick eye which has seen a great deal in very distant spheres, and a rapid hand at noting and comparing. There is much of the man of the world as well as of the soldier about him ; and what must have been specially serviceable to him in the course of the Travels here detailed, he is not unacquainted with eastern manners, nor the national characteristics of the people among whom he rambled. Indeed, as regards Persia, which was not the subject which he intended particularly to describe, he, from the abundance of his experience and intimate observation, conducts us, though it may have been unintentionally and unconsciously, below the surface, laying bare by incidental strokes the rotten and tottering condition of the monarchy constitutionally, and as respects some of its most important relations. The government is weak, ministers and office-bearers are exceedingly corrupt ; the people are sadly oppressed, very poor, and greatly demoralized. The kingdom has been shorn of some of its fairest as well as some of its strongest provinces. Hostile and warlike tribes infest its borders, not to speak of the more formidable blow which a mighty European arm may at any time aim at the integrity of the empire as it still exists nominally rather than virtually.

Having said this much, as a general introduction to the passages which we have marked for quotation ; and having spoken favourably in particular of his views of Persia, we shall first of all, and in the natural order of the points that at present press upon public attention, take our stand in that declining and decaying country. The Shah himself has a right to be placed first in the order of the sketches to be transferred to our pages :—

"His majesty," says the Captain who had an audience of leave of him, "was seated near the window supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was as usual, perfectly simple, the rich jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good humoured expression: his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable: he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid, that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information: he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his own country. His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin; deficient in that magnificence of courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue, of princes of the blood, and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse appointed followers. The Shah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman: he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in royal family, nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of which exceeds all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mahommedan law. Well would it have been for Persia and Fattah had Ali Shah been as moderate, for every government, however significant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons, who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harem of private individuals: others, who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages. Mahommed Shah has two sons; the eldest, the destined successor, is now at Tabreez, under the care of Suleeman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second, who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow, about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman."

Of one of the sons of the late Shah we have rather a prepossessing account. He at least is a *character* :—

"On the evening of the 8th of December I reached the village of Shishawan, the residence of Malek Kossim Mirza, a son of the late Shah, whom I had constantly met during my short stay at Tabreez in the

summer of 1836. At that time he adopted the Frank dress, and, instead of a handsome Persian, had transfigured himself into a raffish-looking European. I remember meeting him at the ambassador's table in a blue surtout with large brass buttons, a coloured check-shirt, and a white cravat. In compliance with our customs, he had doffed the lambskin-cap, and his shorn head certainly did not improve his appearance. He had taught himself French, with some assistance from a Frenchwoman, who held the responsible situation of matron of the Prince Royal's harem, and spoke that language fluently. He had now turned his attention to learning English, and had persuaded Mr. Merrick, an American missionary, to spend a few months with him at Shishawan. Mr. Merrick, who had been sent to Persia with a view of ascertaining what might be done towards the propagation of the gospel among the Mahommedans, had accepted the Prince's invitation, with the double view of studying the Persian language and character."

We are also told of this worthy, that some years ago, having met with an edition of Voltaire's works, he became a disciple of that school; but that the late Shah, alarmed at some of his opinions, ordered him to commit the work to the flames. The Captain says, that, to do him justice, his conversation was decorous and sensible, and that his rapid progress in English was quite astonishing.

In regard to the present monarch's state and appointments, when the author accompanied the royal camp in 1836, we read that with the exception of a small phaeton, belonging to the Russian Ambassador, who, in consequence of a wound in the leg, was unable to ride, the only wheel carriage was a venerable cab, in which the Centre of the Universe was wont to travel whenever the road would permit. A good story is connected with this state carriage. One of the sons of the late Prince Royal, Abbas Mirza, inquired of an English officer whether the King of England had such a set-out; and, on being answered in the negative, he appeared perfectly satisfied that no other man or country could boast of such a splendid vehicle.

Wheel-carriages of any kind, even the most common sort of carts, seem not to be in vogue in Persia; the want of regular roads and the nature of the surface of the country in fact, rendering such contrivances for carrying merchandize or the munitions of war useless. To be sure, it was one of the bright schemes of the present Haji to have a number of inefficient vehicles of the kind now mentioned manufactured for the purpose of carrying the provisions for the army to Herat; but in the course of one day's march out of Tehran, the greater number broke down by the way.

By the bye, and before leaving Persia or even Tehran, it will be as well to let our readers have a view of the sketch of the all-powerful minister just now referred to, - Haji. Mirza Aghassi, the grand vizier: -

"The haji or pilgrim, as this important personage is always called, from his having performed his devotions at the shrine of Mecca, is the most remarkable man that I have ever met with. He is by no means destitute of talent, but his words and actions are strongly tinged with zeal or affected insanity. He is said to be deeply versed in Soofeeism, the wild theories of which, though incompatible with the religion of the prophet, are daily extending the number of their votaries. The extraordinary degree in which he has possessed himself of the confidence of his sovereign, both as political and religious adviser, has rendered him omnipotent, emboldens him to treat the ancient nobles, and even the princes of the royal family, with the utmost hauteur and coarseness, doubly galling to them from the lowness of his origin. The whole business of the state is transacted by him, and the other ministers of the Shah are mere instruments in his hands. It is impossible to introduce any subject, but the haji immediately assures you that he understands it more thoroughly than any man alive; and I have heard him utter the most consummate nonsense about military matters, while the whole assembly, with imperturbable gravity, agreed with all he said. On one occasion, some one having ventured to praise the generalship of Napoleon, the haji sharply interrupted him, saying, 'Napoleon! whose dog was Napoleon?' "

The good sayings attributed to the haji would fill a volume, but unfortunately few of them would admit of repetition to ears polite. He is a short but athletic man, of about sixty, with a shrewd eye, and a beard so scanty as to be the subject of witty remark in a country where such an appendage is an object of so much consideration. He affects great friendship for the English; yet we learn that when the Captain took his leave of this most influential personage, previous to the army marching towards Herat, couriers were waiting on him, ready booted, for their orders to proceed to the different provinces from which new levies were to be drawn. And what a sad prospect have the provincial inhabitants of Persia when an army of their countrymen is ordered to march through the land:—

"The route of a Persian regiment may be traced by deserted villages, unroofed houses, and devastations of the most wanton nature. Its march is more destructive in its own country than would be that of a hostile force; and the evil is daily increasing, since the long arrears of pay and absence of commissariat force the soldiers to supply their wants by plunder. Hard indeed is the lot of those whose villages lie near the main road. Many, which a few years ago were rich and thriving, are now heaps of ruins. The invasion of an enemy might cause a temporary abandonment of house and home, but a visitation, at all times impending, drives the poor peasant to despair, and he seeks a refuge in remoter valleys. Many of these villages are surrounded by a wall, and might resist the efforts of the troops to force an entrance; but, unless they belong to some man of influence, the fear of ulterior consequences deters

them from so bold a measure. Often they bribe the commander to pass on to some other village, so that, between the proceeds of his plundering and these compositions for not plundering, he makes a profitable business of his march."

More significant symptoms of the decline and misgovernment of a country cannot well be conceived than the facts mentioned in the preceding extract. One would naturally suppose that if numbers of the people did not withdraw to other countries, that at least such oppression and violence would thin the population. Yet doubts are expressed upon the subject of decrease; for, besides the fact of new localities being chosen by those who have, as above described, been obliged to abandon their native abodes, tracts and villages become desolate through other occasions, the view of the remnants of which to a mere stranger will readily mislead. The destruction of a single aqueduct, it is said, may oblige the inhabitants of a whole district to emigrate, while the opening of a new stream of the kind gives instant birth to other thriving villages. So great and almost magical is the effect of irrigation in Persia, that immediately adjoining the most barren tract may be seen rich vineyards and corn-fields interspersed with orchards and walnut trees of noble growth, which spring up wherever there is moisture with incredible rapidity beneath the vivifying rays of an Eastern Sun. But, on the other hand, still more rapid is the progress of decay when the stream is diverted from its channel, one summer's drought sufficing to efface the labour of years.

According to the Captain's estimate, the population of the Persian empire at present amounts to seven millions, the multitude being represented as most morally corrupt; this internal canker and virus, no doubt, being the real source of the most formidable and imminent dangers which the nation has to fear. Persian duplicity, falsehood, and roguery have become proverbial both in political and mercantile transactions. How deeply rooted must the moral bane be when the most solemn contracts are violated without a scruple! An anecdote may be quoted to illustrate the national systematic countenance of deceit. "We once inquired," says the author, "of one of the Gholans (couriers) of the embassy, whether an account which one of the King's couriers had just given was likely to be true. 'Oh, no,' answered the man, 'you must not believe a word of it. A courier *must* have something to tell by the way. You should hear what lies I tell when I am travelling.'"

What hope is there of the moral regeneration of such a people? The field has not been entirely neglected by the missionaries of Christianity. What is their success,—what are their prospects? Hear Captain Wilbraham :—

"It does not appear to me that anything can be done, at the present time, towards the diffusion of Christianity among the Persians, although it is evident that many of their religious prejudices are giving way, and that the doctrines of the Prophet have loosened their hold upon the minds of all classes. In my opinion, it is not the bigotry of the Mahommedans which raises the chief obstacle to the introduction of Christianity among them, but the deep and universal corruption of morals which must be overcome before they can receive a religion which enjoins so much purity and self-denial. The Persians are very fond of entering into religious discussions with Europeans, and conduct them not only with great quickness of argument, but, not unfrequently, with much apparent candour. A missionary should be thorough master of their language, and of his own subject, before he ventures to engage in a controversy in which, if foiled, his want of success will be attributed to the weakness of his cause, and not to his deficiency in advocating that cause. -I have frequently heard Persians boast of having worsted in argument the well-known missionary Wolff."

The loosening of the hold which the doctrines of the Prophet have upon the mind, is so far hopeful: we fear the method indicated by our author as the only feasible one, viz. the first overcoming the deep and universal corruption of morals preparatory to the introduction or the teaching of the doctrines of Christianity, is not so promising. It seems to us that he requires the effect to be put before the proper cause and means. What other weapon can be compared to Divine truth, accompanied as we have reason to believe, as it always is, with a divine blessing more or less immediate, for subduing and eradicating human depravity, its prejudices, obstinacies, and dislikes? The necessity of a missionary being master of the language and of his subject, among such a duplicit and subtle people, none can deny or cavil about.

Before leaving the subject of missionary enterprise, it will be gratifying to our readers to learn, that the author gives some account of four American labourers and philanthropists, who, near to the salt lake of Urumiah, are devoting themselves not unsuccessfully in teaching the Nestorians the true religion and worship. Their efforts, says he, "are exclusively confined to the Nestorians, of whom there are many villages in the vicinity of the lake, although, as I have before mentioned, their principal seat is among the almost inaccessible mountains of Koordistan, into which none of the missionaries have as yet succeeded in penetrating. Hitherto they have devoted the principal share of their time to the task of mastering the languages of the Nestorians. I say languages, because the written and the spoken Syriac are almost distinct tongues. They have made great proficiency, and are now able to instruct the children who attend their school in great numbers."

We must now accompany the Captain to Georgia, to have some glimpses of the Russians and others, and also of regions that, like Persia, at the present moment occupy to an unprecedented degree the British mind.

Having reached Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, and of the Russian provinces of Caucasia, Captain Wilbraham finding himself the object of jealousy as a British officer, particularly as the Emperor Nicholas was about to visit that part of his dominions, removed for a short time to certain watering places, on the very borders of Circassia, which at certain seasons are much resorted to by the Russians. He, however, found these places deserted by fashionables and dull. He therefore retraced his steps to Tiflis after the arrival of the Autocrat, and joined in the gaities and entertainments which attended the visit of his Imperial Highness,—a Russian noble, an old school-mate of the English traveller, being a serviceable companion. He says:—

“Now that I was fairly established in Tiflis, I began to enter into the society of the place, and there were several houses where I could always reckon on a good dinner and a cordial welcome. In the evening, too, many were glad to see their friends; and, as the dinner-hour was early, and there were no public amusements in Tiflis, I often availed myself of this custom. Many of those whose houses I frequented were foreigners, who form a very large portion of the class of Russian *employées*. An adventurer, who styled himself the Baron Dieskau, who had the impudence to pass himself off for an English Elchee among the Affghans, and the knavery to procure money in that character, expressed himself desirous of making my acquaintance—an honour which I declined, knowing rather more about him than he reckoned upon. He is an officer in the Russian service, into which he has been admitted since his doings in Affghanistan. Any one, indeed, who has been in India, whatever may have been the cause of his quitting the country, is received by Baron Rosen into the Russian service.”

No wonder that the people of Tiflis cordially welcome the society of strangers, seeing that while there are no public amusements, the entertainment and occupation of reading is denied them. We are told,—

“The French Consul is only allowed to receive the *Journal des Débats* on the condition of not showing it to any Russian subject. Whenever any article appears which is condemned in Petersburg, the guilty number is enclosed in cartridge-paper, and sealed with the seal of the censorship, a sort of political quarantine. The *Petersburg Gazette*, a scanty little sheet, containing no information, is the only paper seen in Georgia. Although Tiflis contains so large an European population, it possesses no public library, nor indeed even a bookseller's shop. The only publication that I saw exposed for sale were Russian dictionaries, and a history of the campaign in Turkey, published by authority. In only one of the

many houses that I was in did I see any symptoms of a bookcase. Thus debarred from the only rational mode of employing their time, it is no wonder that the Russian officers should fall into those habits of gambling and dissipation so prevalent among them."

In fact the Georgians are said to be the greatest drinkers in the world: the daily allowance, without which the labourer will not work, is four bottles; and the higher classes generally exceed this quantity. The Captain declares that on grand occasions the consumption is incredible.

A good deal is said of Nicholas in the present volume, and of his movements and measures while in Georgia. His tall, handsome, and commanding appearance,—the fascination and sternness by turns of his manner,—his soldier-like bearing, &c., are mentioned, and described as being such, that the Russian boast is scarcely exaggerated, when it is said of him, "among a thousand men you would not fail to recognize the Emperor." Captain Wilbraham had various opportunities of scanning his looks and demeanour. At a *levée*,—

"We were not long waiting: an inner door was thrown open and the Emperor entered, attended by the Governor General Count Orloff, General Alderberg, and half-a-dozen aides-de-camp. * * * * His Majesty wore the full dress of a general officer, distinguished only by his decoration. Passing round the circle, he addressed a few words to each individual as Baron Rosen presented him; and his manner towards the Asiatics was peculiarly gracious. An Armenian officer served as interpreter. It soon came to my turn to be presented. After remarking that I ought to have been at the cavalry review at Vosnesensk; the Emperor asked me several questions concerning the state of Persia, and mentioned his having seen the heir-apparent at Erivan. He then made some observations on the recent accession of Queen Victoria; on which subject he referred me to Count Orloff, and passed on to my neighbour Souvoroff. On his name being announced by the Governor General, the Emperor immediately exclaimed that it did not please him to see the grandson of the Prince Souvoroff Italisky in other than a military uniform, whereupon my friend had to kiss hands and to become a soldier *volens volens*. This struck me as rather an arbitrary mode of changing a man's profession, especially when he has for many years been following some other line, and has, perhaps, no inclination for a military life."

At dinner,—

"I found a large party assembled in the saloon, about forty or five-and-forty in all—consisting of the principal Asiatic chiefs, the general officers and colonels of regiments, and some officers of the civil service. The Emperor soon entered, wearing the undress of a general officer. The new knight of St. Anne was introduced, and, according to form, the Emperor embraced him; but as the General was a little round man, the

scene was somewhat ludicrous. His Majesty asked me why I had not been at the review that morning, and on my answering that I had been present, he expressed his regret that I had not joined him. 'I wonder,' he said, 'that I did not distinguish your handsome uniform; but, indeed,' he added, laughing, 'place me before troops, and I have no longer eyes for anything else.'"

Having heard so much of the Emperor's military mania, and seen how potent is the hint or word of the despot, an instance of prompt and unswerving justice may be added; one of the acts by which Nicholas, in some measure, controuls his gigantic army and most powerful subjects, who may be far removed for a length of time from the seat of imperial rule. It is true that bribery and peculation are practised to a wide extent, and to a most grinding degree by his officers, civil and military. But were the supreme authority to relax its energies and impartialities, we may be sure that disorganization, conspiracy, and tumult, which have sometimes been so threatening in some parts of the unwieldy empire, would be more frequent and alarming:—

"After the parade had been dismissed, a terrible act of justice was performed; the officers were called to the front, and Prince Dadian, the colonel of the grenadiers of Georgia, the son-in-law of the governor-general, and an aide-de-camp of the emperor, was conducted into his majesty's presence. I saw that all was not right, and walked towards the other end of the parade with Colonel Rauch. I did not hear what was said, but saw the military governor step forward, unbutton the prince's coat, and tear off his aiguettes. His sword was taken from him, and, within a few hours, he was on his way to a distant fortress to await his trial by court-martial. It was so unexpected, that I am told several of his nearest relations were looking on from the balcony of his own house, without a suspicion of what was about to take place. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for I had seen him the preceding day at the emperor's table. A charge had been brought against him for employing large numbers of the men of his regiment in his own private concerns; and an aide-de-camp of the emperor had been sent to the station of his corps to inquire into the truth of the statement: he had only returned the preceding night. I was very sorry for the princess, who had only been married to him a twelvemonth. I have since heard that the military tribunal sentenced him to serve in the ranks, and that in despair he committed suicide.. This example, which proves that no amount of interest is able to screen the offender, has naturally alarmed the officers commanding the different regiments: for peculation is so general an offence, that there are few, if any, whose conduct would stand a close investigation. The emperor spoke most kindly to the poor old baron; and, by way of affording him some consolation, named his eldest son one of his aides-de-camp. Since the emperor's arrival in Tiflis, the number of petitions that have been presented amounts to upwards of two thousand; and if they should be read, they will probably unfold an extent of corruption and injustice for which his majesty

is not prepared, and which will implicate some of the highest officers in the country. An aide-de-camp stands at the palace gate, and receives every paper with his own hand."

In the meanwhile Circassia, the object of the Emperor's inordinate and grasping ambition, withstands his power; and indeed throughout the Russian Caucasian provinces, his controul is slight, unless where regular garrisons are established. We conclude with some evidences of what we have just now asserted:—

"It is almost as difficult to obtain any correct information in Georgia, regarding the war in Circassia, as it is in England. I have spoken on the subject with many officers who have served against them, and can only learn that it is a complete guerilla warfare. All agree that these mountaineers are as brave as steel, and that there is no prospect of a speedy termination to the contest."

Post guards:—

"Before us lay the fort of Vladikawkas, on the site of a more ancient castle. A large force is stationed here, whose only duty is to escort the post across the dangerous plain of the Kabards. The heavy post, which arrives once a week from Petersburg, is guarded by a hundred men, and one, and sometimes two field pieces; the extra, or light post, which is also weekly, is escorted by a patrol of Cossacks, to which is generally added a detachment of infantry, one foot soldier being more feared by the Circassians than a dozen Cossacks."

Confined range for tourists on the road-side:—

"Ardouskoi is one of those small Russian forts, so common on the frontiers of Circassia, beyond the range of whose guns its inmates are not safe. Its situation is isolated, and its sole use is to shelter the garrison which furnishes the escort. While the horses were feeding, and the escort being relieved, I strolled to the gate, and the sentry would hardly permit me to pass out. I wanted to walk round this little fort, but had not been five minutes without the gate, when several soldiers, with lanterns, came in search of me. And this is the only road by which Russia communicates with the provinces of Georgia and Armenia."

We do not follow the Captain to Armenia, or any of the ulterior stages of his travels; but conclude with saying that his work would at all times be entertaining; and that at present, as our readers will now admit, it adds to our knowledge of certain matters and relations in the East, some minute, as well as exceedingly striking facts, caught by the eye even of a skimming tourist, that may be advantageously pursued to more hidden principles, and their probable and fuller development.

ART. XI.—*The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.* By the REV. A. S. THELWALL, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Allen. 1839.

THERE are some abuses on the part of man of such a wide-spread, prolonged, and systematic nature, as not only to sicken the heart when earnestly contemplated, but that are calculated, when long and solely reflected upon, to excite despair relative to the destinies of the majority of the human race. One is tempted to think that what is vauntingly called civilization is even of itself a questionable good, when the train of evils and calamities which accompany its development are weighed against its advantages. Science and the arts appear often to originate as much injury as benefit. If a new product in nature is discovered, or new combinations are invented, so as to put within man's power a larger supply than before for the daily use of our race, there is sure soon to go hand-in-hand with the blessing such a perversion as almost to force the philanthropist to wish that the preceding condition of ignorance were restored.

TALK of civilization, of the higher views of the capacities of our nature, our wants, and our powers, as you please; declaim about the beauties of enlightened and mighty nations, their free institutions, their generousities, and eminence; but ten to one the very loftiest and noblest spectacle of the kind can with equal truth be charged with the crime of enslaving, brutalizing, and torturing wantonly multitudes of human beings, and that too at a rate continuous, accelerating, and increasing, nearly in proportion to the enlarging grounds of boast or complacency which the fair and beauteous side of the picture presents.

BUT the slave-trade and slavery, where the rich prey upon the poor, where the strong tyrannize over the weak, where the enlightened take advantage of the ignorant, and where the civilized employ their peculiar resources to entrap and reduce to the condition of beasts of burden the savage and the children of the wilderness, are not only perversions and revolting contradictions, that tempt the overloaded imagination of the contemplative man, who may bend his eye chiefly to one aspect of human history, almost to entertain doubts concerning the truth of there being a moral Governor of the universe. When he looks to what science and art have accomplished in reclaiming wild nature on the face of the earth,—in controuling exuberant fertility, in fertilizing sterile soils, in obtaining such a mastery over the grossly strong, or the insipid and feeble, exhibiting man as little less than a creator, how shocked on the other hand must he be, how querulous and sceptical does he become, when he finds concomitantly, and maintaining a most obstinate and regular parallelism with all this, the large manufacture of strong poisons that are most tempting to the taste, and

that are to be transmitted to every region, savage, semi-barbarous, and refined, where there is gold or valuable thing to be given in exchange! The corn which the Almighty has enabled man so plentifully to cultivate and rear, and which is the staff of human life, is made to yield a liquid that has slain far more than the sword ever did, at all times sending over the face of society a tide of moral contamination and disease, and entailing eternal death. The herbs so numerous and various, the flowers of the field so gratifying to the eye and so fragrant, have become the subject of skilful analysis, and been discovered with delight and gratitude to be the repositories of potent medicines to arrest sickness and to restore to sweet health. But alas! among and out of some of the most wonderful of these god-like provisions the fellest foe of physical, mental, and moral life has been evoked, who now strides forth with gigantic steps over many of the fairest regions of the earth, mainly invigorated and supplied by the very people who boast most loudly, and, we doubt not, justly of their civilization and humanity. The Poppy is the parent of Opium; British India is its chief nursery. The drug that ought never to be applied but to heal, is by British merchants and British countenance allowed and encouraged to be the slayer of tens of thousands annually.

We have glanced at the views of mankind and the world which an oversanguine, or a gloomy and misanthropic person may be supposed to take, without, however, professing ourselves attached to either of the exclusions. Far from it; for, while unable to solve apparent contradictions in the moral government of the world, we have strong reasons for believing that the predominance of ultimate good may be hopefully and confidently contemplated. Still, for the very purpose of advancing this good, it is proper, needful and wise to take a full and impartial view of the real state of things as displayed in the history of the human family; and when an enormous and growing evil is presented, it behoves every man to look at it fairly and steadfastly. The Opium Trade with China is such an evil, and at this moment of monstrously frightful growth. Its devastations have been incalculable, and are upon the increase at a rapid pace. But are we to despair? No; there is hope the moment that an appeal is made to the British public on the subject; there are grounds for laying hold of gladness the moment that the British mind is awakened to any crying evil which its voice can reach. Such an appeal is now made, and in the very pages before us. The call may be new or unthought of by many of our readers, but it will not on that account be less loud or arousing. But let us hear it:—

“‘The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China,’ methinks, (thus commences Mr. Thelwall) I hear some one exclaim, on reading the title,

of my book ; ' I never heard before that we carried on any such traffic ; much less that any iniquities were connected therewith.' "

Such indeed was the author's own condition, he informs us, till very lately ; but having had his attention called to the subject three or four months ago by several gentlemen connected with the India trade, who were deeply interested in the cause of humanity, and who put into his hands a number of documents corroborative and illustrative of their statements, he has digested the whole and thrown them into the small volume before us.

The author, accordingly, first states the facts of the case as fully and correctly as his means have allowed ; and concludes with some remarks, in order to bring the subject practically home to the minds of his readers.

The first of his facts is, that the effects of Opium, when used as a stimulant or intoxicating drug, are most pernicious and destructive ; that of all intoxicating substances it is the most baneful and frightful.

It cannot be required to show our readers how useful, yet how cautiously administered opium must be in the case of disease. But what are its consequences when taken as a mere luxury ? Some passages from different authors will in part answer the question :—

" The use of opium for the purpose of exhilarating the spirits has long been known in Turkey, Syria, and China, and of late years it has been, unfortunately, adopted by many, particularly females, in this country. Russell says that, in Syria, when combined with spices and aromatics, he has known it taken to the amount of three drachms in twenty-four hours. Its habitual use cannot be too much reprobated. *It impairs the digestive organs, consequently the vigour of the whole body, and destroys also gradually the mental energies.* The effects of opium on those addicted to its use, says Russell, are at first obstinate costiveness, succeeded by diarrhoea and flatulence, with the loss of appetite and a sottish appearance. The memories of those who take it soon fail, they become prematurely old, and then sink into the grave, objects of scorn and pity. Mustapha Shatoor, an opium-eater in Smyrna, took daily three drachms of crude opium. The visible effects at the time were the sparkling of his eyes, and great exhilaration of spirits. He found the desire of increasing his dose growing upon him. He seemed twenty years older than he really was ; his complexion was very sallow ; his legs small ; his gums eaten away, and his teeth laid bare to the sockets. He could not rise without first swallowing half-a-drachm of opium. (See *Phil. Trans.*, xiv., 288-290.)

" In moderate doses, opium increases the fulness, the force, and the frequency of the pulse, augments the heat of the body, quickens respiration, and invigorates both the corporeal and mental functions, exhilarating even to intoxication ; but by degrees these effects are succeeded by languor, lassitude, and sleep ; and, in many instances, headache, sickness, thirst, tremors, and other symptoms of debility, such as follow the exces-

sive use of ardent spirits, supervene. In very large doses the primary excitement is scarcely apparent, but the pulse seems to be at once diminished, drowsiness and stupor immediately come on, and are followed by delirium, sighing, deep and stertorous breathing, cold sweats, convulsions, apoplexy, and death. The appearances on dissection are those which indicate the previous existence of violent inflammation of the stomach and bowels; but notwithstanding the symptoms of apoplexy which an overdose, when it proves fatal, occasions, no particular appearance of an inflammatory state or fulness of the brain is perceived.—*London Encyclopædia*, p. 461.

“Opium retains, at all times, its power of exciting the imagination, provided sufficient doses are taken. But when it has been continued so long as to bring disease upon the constitution, the pleasurable feelings wear away, and are succeeded by others of a very different kind. Instead of disposing the mind to be happy, it now acts upon it like the spell of a demon, and calls up phantoms of horror and disgust. The fancy is still as powerful as ever, but it is turned in another direction. Formerly it clothed all objects with the light of heaven; now it invests them with the attributes of hell. Goblins, spectres, and every kind of distempered vision, haunt the mind, peopling it with dreary and revolting imagery. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former sights of happiness. Frightful dreams usurp their place, till, at last, the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery. Nor is this confined to the mind alone, for the body suffers in an equal degree. Emaciation, loss of appetite, sickness, vomiting, and a total disorganization of the digestive functions, as well as of the mental powers, are sure to ensue, and never fail to terminate in death, if the evil habit which brings them on is continued.—*Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness*, p. 51.”

The foregoing extracts refer to the habit of *eating* opium, which is the mode of taking it adopted in Turkey and some other countries. In China the general practice is that of *smoking* it, after certain preparations, through a pipe. But the effects are much the same.

The following statement is by a native of China, in a memorial addressed to the Emperor:—

“When any one is long habituated to inhaling opium, it becomes necessary to resort to it at regular intervals, and the habit of using it, being inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life. Of those who use it to great excess *the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the face sallow, and the teeth black*: the individuals themselves clearly see the evil effects of it, yet cannot refrain from it. * * *

“It will be found on examination, that the smokers of opium are idle, lazy vagrants, having no useful purpose before them. * * * And though there are smokers to be found who have overstepped the threshold of age, yet *they do not attain to the long life of other men.*”

We must now refer to a curious and striking illustration of the

misery and calamity consequent on smoking opium. The account is taken from the Chinese Repository for April 1837, and describes—

“Some paintings by a native artist in China-street, (Canton) named Sunqua. They are on rice-paper, six in number, forming a series, designed to exhibit the progress of the opium-smoker, from health and prosperity to misery and degradation: in fact, they are a counter-part to Hogarth’s famous ‘Rake’s Progress.’” So far as we can ascertain, the idea was original with the painter; and, regarded as mere works of art, the pictures are by no means unworthy of notice. The figures and attitudes are well conceived and drawn, and the story clearly and strongly carried through. We were surprised to see how exactly some of the pictures ‘hit off’ the character of the opium-smoker, as described by the writers in the preceding appendix; and we will not fail to make further inquiries respecting them, and the circumstances which led the painter to form his design.”

The following is the description which the artist himself gives of his fanciful productions, which no doubt aptly mirror the truth:—

“The son of a gentleman of fortune, his father dying while he was yet but a youth, comes into possession of the whole family estate. The young man having no inclination for either business or books, gives himself up to smoking opium and profligacy. In a little time his whole patrimony is squandered, and he becomes entirely dependent on the labour of his wife and child for his daily food. Their poverty and misery are extreme.

“No. 1. This picture represent the young man at home, richly attired, in perfect health and vigour of youth. An elegant foreign clock stands on a marble table behind. On his right is a chest of treasure, gold and silver; and on the left, close by his side, is his personal servant, and, at a little distance, a man whom he keeps constantly in his employ, preparing the drug for use from the crude article, purchased and brought to the house.

“No. 2. In this he is reclining on a superb sofa with a pipe in his mouth, surrounded by courtesans, two of whom are young, in the character of musicians. His money now goes without any regard to its amount.

“No. 3. After no very long period of indulgence, his appetite for the drug is insatiable, and his countenance sallow and haggard. Emaciated, shoulders high, teeth naked, face black, dozing from morning to night, he becomes utterly inactive. In this state he sits moping, on a very ordinary couch, with his pipe and other apparatus for smoking lying by his side. At this moment, his wives—or a wife and a concubine—come in; the first finding the chest emptied of its treasure, stands frowning with astonishment, while the second gazes with wonder at what she sees spread upon the couch.

“No. 4. His lands and his houses are now all gone; his couch exchanged for some rough boards and a ragged mattress; his shoes are off his feet, and his face half awry, as he sits bending forwards, breathing

with great difficulty. His wife and child stand before him, poverty stricken, suffering with hunger; the one in anger, having dashed on the floor all his apparatus for smoking, while the little son, unconscious of any harm, is clapping his hands and laughing at the sport! But he heeds not either the one or the other.

“No. 5. His poverty and distress are now extreme, though his appetite grows stronger than ever; he is as a dead man. In this plight, he scrapes together a few copper cash, and hurries away to one of the smoking-houses, to buy a little of the scrapings from the pipe of another smoker, to allay his insatiable cravings.

“No. 6. Here his character is fixed; a sot. Seated on a bamboo chair, he is continually swallowing the fæces of the drug, so foul, that tea is required to wash them down his throat. His wife and child are seated near him, with skeins of silk stretched on bamboo reels, from which they are winding it off into balls; thus earning a mere pittance for his and their own support, and dragging out from day to day a miserable existence.”

The next point to which our author addresses himself is—the *extent* to which opium is introduced into China by our countrymen in the East Indies. To the Chinese Repository again we refer, as quoted by Mr. Thelwall:—

“In India, the extent of territory occupied with the poppy, and the amount of population and capital engaged in its cultivation and in the preparation of opium, are far greater than in any other part of the world. Malwa, Benares, and Behar (Patna), are the chief localities; and nearly every chest of the drug exported from India bears one of their names, according to the part of the country in which it was produced. About one-half of the whole product of India is obtained from Malwa. Though the chiefs of Malwa are under British protection, the management of the soil is entirely beyond the Company's authority, and both the cultivation of the poppy and the production of opium are free. The traffic in the drug is also free, excepting ‘transit duties,’ which are levied upon it when passing through the British territories, as most of it does on its way to Bombay, from whence it is exported to China. But in Benares, Behar, and throughout all the territories within the Company's jurisdiction, the cultivation of the poppy, the preparation of the drug, and the traffic in it, until it is brought to Calcutta, and sold by auction for exportation, are under a strict monopoly. Should an individual undertake the cultivation, without having ‘entered into engagements with the government to deliver the produce at the fixed rate,’ his property would be immediately attached, and the ryot* compelled either to destroy his poppies, or give securities for the faithful delivery of the product. Nay, according to a late writer, ‘*the growing of opium is compulsory on the part of the ryot.*’ Advances are made by government, through its native servants, and if a ryot refuses the advance, ‘the simple plan of throwing the

* The *ryot* is the immediate cultivator of the soil.”

rupees into his house is adopted ; should he attempt to abscond, the peons seize him, tie the advance up in his clothes, and push him into his house. The business being now settled, and there being no remedy, he applies himself, as he may, to the fulfilment of his contract.'

" Vast tracts of land, formerly occupied with other articles, are now covered with poppies, *which require a very superior soil in order to produce opium in perfection.* Hence, its cultivation has not extended over waste and barren lands, but *into those districts and villages best fitted for agricultural purposes*, where other plants, 'grown from time immemorial,' have been driven out before it. But though poppies are now spread over a wide extent of territory, the cultivation is still, as it has long been, rapidly on the increase. In 1821, in the single district of Sarun, belonging to the province of Behar, there were, according to the testimony of Mr. Kennedy (many years collector of land revenue and deputy opium agent in that district), between 15,000 and 20,000 bigahs of land (about one-third of an acre per bigah), then under cultivation. In 1829, the amount was nearly or quite doubled, and the produce, in the meantime, had increased in a still greater degree."

According to a calculation, the value of the opium that was sold in the year 1837, amounted to £2,539,530 sterling. We have not room to extract or enter into the estimates of the quantity which, on an average, individuals may take of the potent and deleterious drug, nor of the number of Chinese addicted to it. We must quote, however, our author's conclusions on these points, calmly and carefully drawn as they are :—

" If this estimate be correct ; if a mace weight would fill twelve pipes (which may be allowed to be ' a tolerably good allowance' for each day), and if it be further observed that (according to some accounts) the mace weight which has served a luxurious smoker to day will supply the pipe of a more wretched slave to this habit to-morrow ; then will 34,000 chests (the amount imported during the last year to which my information extends) be abundantly sufficient to ruin the health and shorten the days of no less than 2,980,000 individuals. And, if he who begins to use this baneful drug at twenty years of age can never expect to reach his fortieth year, then what must be the average number *per annum*, of those who are cut off prematurely by the use of opium. The ordinary calculation is, unless my memory fails me, that of sixty persons living and in health at the age of twenty, one may be expected to die every year. That is to say, the above-mentioned 2,980,000 persons who are living and in health at the age of twenty, would not, in the ordinary course of nature, be all dead in less than sixty years. If, on the contrary, in consequence of the use of opium, they all die in twenty years, the rate of mortality is tripled ! and thus within the space of twenty years, not less than 1,996,000 are murdered by the use of this pernicious drug ; or 99,300 every year ! I confine myself, in this calculation, to the effects of imported opium."

From the Chinese Repository for Nov. 1836,—

"We have no such access to China as enables us to render a full statistical account of the desolation spread there by opium. It would be of comparatively little use if we had; for at the rate at which the trade is now advancing, statistics are utterly distanced long before they could be properly compiled. The importation of opium into China is increasing in a ratio which doubles it in nearly four years! It amounted in value last year to not much less than four crores of rupees! (About Sp.Dls. 19,230,769.) Notwithstanding the rapid progress in the increasing supply, the demand more than keeps pace with it; and there is every probability, unless some direct interference of Providence mercifully thwart the natural course of events, that both will go on increasing in an increasing ratio until 'ruin stand aghast' at its own awful doings."

This brings us to the consideration of a third question, viz., in what *manner* is the drug imported from India into China? The answer is by *smuggling*, with all its direful concomitants and results; smuggling carried on by British merchants, or the subjects of Britain, and not repressed, but positively as well as negatively, directly as well as indirectly countenanced by the Indian Government.

There is a number of evils at which we have not glanced, and which persons conversant with the entire trade, from the planting and culture of the poppy to its full fruits and operations in China, have detailed to Mr. Thelwall. Even the oppressions, disasters, and demoralization attending the system as realized in India are appalling, as well as injurious to traffic and economy, as the reader of the small work before us will clearly perceive.

But there are other things that most urgently demand our consideration connected with the traffic of British India in opium. The blood of tens of thousands of its victims is daily calling aloud for judgment. Indeed the sin and crime inseparable from the system are amongst the darkest that ever invoked the wrath of Heaven upon a people. This point our author very earnestly enforces in his Remarks, addressing himself to the humanity of the traffickers themselves, as well as to the humanity and Christianity of the British people, wherever spread, and however fractional may be the influence of each individual. His appeals are warm and arousing, and unquestionably just and well founded; such indeed as it very well becomes a minister of the Gospel or any one who professes the religion of good will to mankind, and believes that there is a judge of the quick and the dead, to whom he must answer. We feel, however, that in the space we can afford to the remainder of this paper, the arguments addressed to the cupidity of the worldly, and to the selfish interests of individuals, are likely to have more force and weight than any sermon from which we could quote, can in the existing reign of avarice, be expected to carry. We therefore dip into Mr. Thelwall's volume where he states that the Government of

China looks upon the Opium Trade with the greatest detestation ; that the subject engages the attention of the authorities, of the most enlightened and respectable of the empire ; that the community and the persons in power are perfectly aware from whom the desolating plague proceeds, and of the nefarious methods taken to accomplish the infernal purpose of the traffickers ; that every effort has been made to get free or to check the desolation wrought ; and lastly, that much of the jealousy and the despite of the Chinese towards us as a people, and all Christians through the specimens familiar to them of British wickedness and cruelty, is attributable to the facts detailed and others that might be enumerated by us. Mr. Thelwall finds many proofs from the authority of native writers and functionaries, as well as from European travellers, for all he advances, and which are exceedingly humiliating to our national pride. The following are Chinese testimonies ;—

At the present moment, throughout the empire, the minds of men are in imminent danger ; the more foolish, being seduced by teachers of false doctrines, are sunk in vain superstitions and cannot be aroused ; and the more intelligent, being intoxicated by opium, are carried away as by a whirlpool, and are beyond recovery. Most thoughtfully have I sought for some plan by which to arouse and awaken all, but in vain."

"Heu Kew, sub-censor over the Military Department, kneeling presents this memorial, to point out the increasing craftiness of foreigners from beyond the seas, in their pursuit of gain, and the daily diminution of the resources of the empire."

"According to the information that I have obtained, the sale of opium is the chief medium through which money is drained off, and carried beyond the seas. *In the first year of Keäking (1796), the opium sold by foreigners in Kwangtung did not exceed a few hundred chests. The number has now increased to upwards of 20,000 chests. These include three distinct kinds, the "black-earth," the "white-skinned," and the "red-skinned." The price of each chest is from 800 to 900 dollars for the best, and from 500 to 600 for the inferior quality. This applies to what is sold in the province of Kwangtung. With regard to the other provinces, the vessels of which carry on illicit traffic with the receiving ships at Lintin, it is difficult to obtain any full and complete statement respecting them.*

"The amount annually lost to the country is about ten and some odd millions of money. The money thus lost was, at first, the foreign money wherewith foreigners had previously purchased goods ; now it is entirely the fine silver of the inner land, cast into a different form at Macao. Formerly the foreigners imported money to purchase the merchandise of the country, but now it has all been carried back. In the first instance it was their practice to recast the foreign money, fearing lest any discovery should be made of their transactions, but now they openly carry away sycee silver.

From the Chinese Repository,—

“Reverse the picture. Suppose, by any chance that Chinese junks were to import into England, as a foreign and fashionable luxury, so harmless a thing as arsenic or corrosive sublimate; that, after a few years, it became a rage; that thousands—that hundreds of thousands used it—and that its use was, in consequence of its bad effects, prohibited. Suppose that, in opposition to the prohibition, junks were stationed in St. George’s Channel, with a constant supply, taking occasional trips to the Isle of Wight and the mouth of the Thames, when the governmental officers were sufficiently attentive to their duty, at the former station, to prevent its introduction there. Suppose the consumption to increase annually, and to arouse the attention of government, and of those sound-thinking men who foresaw misery and destruction from the rapid spread of an insidious, unprofitable, and dangerous habit. Suppose, in fact, that *mutato nomine*, all which has been “achieved here,” had been practised there. Suppose some conservators of the public morals to be roused at last, and to remonstrate against its use and increase; and that among the nation sending forth this destroyer to prey on private happiness and public virtue, one or two pious and well-meaning *bonzes* were to remonstrate with their countrymen, ‘à la archdeacon Dealtry,’ on the enormity of their conduct; how wonderfully consolatory to one party, and unanswerable to the other, must be the remark of the well-dressed and well-educated Chinese merchant: ‘Hai ya, my friend, do not you see my silk dress and the crystal knob on my cap: do you not know that I have read, and can quote, Confucius, Mencius, and all the Five Books; do you not see that the barbarians are passionately fond of arsenic, and that they will have it;—that they go so far as to pay for it: and can you, for one moment, doubt that it would not be much worse for them if, instead of my bringing it, it were left to the chance, needy, and uncertain supply, which low ‘men of no capital’ could afford to bring?’”

It is to be hoped that the philanthropic views of the gentlemen connected with India trade who first brought this subject under Mr. Thelwall’s notice, and that his own earnest and hearty efforts to awaken the people of Great Britain, especially those who sit in Parliament, not only to the fearful, moral, and physical evils which are inseparable from our present system of the Opium Trade with China, but to the main causes which exclude our merchants from the advantages of an unrestricted intercourse with that empire, will have their rightful and necessary effect. We fain hope that Great Britain will continue to be the champion of freedom and religion, and that the present generation may not pass away, without the foul stain that has now been occupying painfully our attention being erased from her flag.

ART. XII.—*Job and his Times ; or, a Picture of the Patriarchal Age during the Period between Noah and Abraham, and a New Version of that Ancient Poem.* By THOMAS WEMYSS, Author of *Biblical Gleanings*, *Symbolical Dictionary*, and other Works. London : Jackson and Walford. 1839.

WHEN we find, as we have in the present instance, that a portion of the Holy Scriptures has been made the subject of prolonged study and accurate scholarship ; that real piety, deep earnestness, and sound taste have been brought to bear upon one of the most obscure yet instructive parts of the Bible, it would be criminal, were we rashly, or after a single perusal of the book, to pronounce any condemnatory opinion, even although the author's views may be new and calculated to stun us. We confess that parts of the translation and comments here given have forced us to pause and to doubt ; but, at the same time, there is such an obvious prevalence of learning, of candour, and eagerness, in order that the pure truth may be discovered, that we shall not venture to do more than present a summary of some of the contents. The work indeed is calculated to excite much attention among biblical scholars and serious thinkers ; and, we have no doubt, will obtain for the book of Job a more anxious and admiring study, on the part of many, than ever before.

This portion of Scripture, every scholar and well-informed Christian is aware, exhibits many singularities. It stands alone and distinctly out from every other part of the sacred volume, not merely as regards the structure of its language, but the character of the religion and the manners which it pictures. It is in every respect a patriarchal work, containing the most beautiful delineation of primitive times. Yet the arts and sciences, even at that early period, in the morning, comparatively speaking, of the world's existence, had made great progress. And what is more, there was, to quote our author's precise words, "a majesty, a grandeur, a solidity, and a solemnity in the transactions and the characters" presented to us in the book, "to which the frothiness and puerility of our manners and customs form a pitiable contrast."

In the course of his *Notes and Dissertations*, which are very numerous and interesting, Mr. Wemyss has addressed himself to every question that has been started in reference to the book of Job and its more remarkable passages. He makes it quite manifest that extreme obscurity attaches to many parts of the composition, and that the English authorized translation may frequently be impugned. To three or four of the most remarkable alterations which distinguish this new version we proceed to direct attention.

Mr. Wemyss maintains that the Satan introduced into the scene in the book of Job, is not the evil principle recognised among the Jews at a later age, as the prince of Devils. We quote his version :—

- "1 There was a man in the region of Uz, whose name was Job. He was a sincerely upright man, who worshipped God, and who abstained from evil. There were born to him seven sons and three daughters. He possessed seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she-asses, and a great number of servants. So that of all the sons of the East he was the wealthiest.
- "4 Now his sons had a custom of feasting at each other's houses, every one on his birth-day; when they invited their three sisters to eat and drink with them. And when the days of feasting were over, Job sent and made expiation for them, early the next morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of his children; for he said, 'Perhaps my sons may have sinned, and may have offended against God in their hearts.' Thus did Job on every such occasion.
- "6 One day, when the sons of God went to present themselves before Jehovah, the Accusing Angel went also with them. And Jehovah said to the Accusing Angel, 'Whence comest thou?' And the Accusing Angel in reply said to Jehovah, 'From roaming round the earth, and walking about it.' Then Jehovah said to the Accusing Angel, 'Hast thou taken notice of my servant Job; he hath not his equal upon earth; a man sincerely upright, worshipping God, and abstaining from evil?' The Accusing Angel replied to Jehovah, 'Is Job's worship of God disinterested? Hast thou not surrounded him with a fence, himself, his house, and all that belongs to him? Thou hast blessed the labour of his hands, and his property overspreads the land. But stretch forth thine hand, and smite all that he has: will he not then openly renounce thee?' Then Jehovah said to the Accusing Angel, 'Behold, all that he has is in thy power, only stretch not forth thine hand against himself.' So the Accusing Angel departed from the presence of Jehovah."

His view is that according to the condescension of the Supreme being when adapting himself to human understandings, the Satan in Job, means the public accuser or prosecutor in the court and council of heaven,—one of the ministering angels. There appears, he says, to be among the celestials one who holds such an office, the inspector and censor of human manners, in every part of the family of man, and who carries his reports to the Divine judgment-seat accordingly. It would be utterly incongruous, he thinks, to imagine, that the enemy of God and man, the impure spirit, should have free and undebarr'd access, whenever he chose it, to the Divine presence. The colloquy itself countenances this view, he says. The term Satan in Hebrew, like Diabolos in Greek is a name of office or character, and the whole composition of the poem is pronounced to require this interpretation, which some other writers, Dr. Russell, for instance, in his "Connection of Sacred and Profane History," countenances. At considerable length our author illustrates and defends a reading which, it will at once be admitted, concerns a mysterious subject.

One of the most striking of our author's opinions and translations occurs when he speaks of Job's ideas of a future state ; for he denies that the patriarch had any knowledge of a life to come. He says,—

“ Chap. xix. 25, &c. I have rendered thus :—

‘ For I know that my Vindicator liveth,
And that, at length, he will appear on the earth,
And though this, my skin, is thus corroded,
Yet in my flesh I shall see God ;
Whom I shall see as my Friend,
And mine eyes shall behold him not estranged from me,
When I shall have fulfilled all that is appointed for me.’

Which may be thus paraphrased, in connexion with the preceding and subsequent verses :

“ ‘ O that my words, in vindication of myself, were recorded in some permanent memorial. For I am sure I have a *Deliverer* left, who will hereafter espouse my cause, even on this side the grave ; and after these men have exercised their cruelty on me, I shall at length see *God*, whom I shall see declaring himself in my favour, and no longer alienated from me, as he seems to be at present. Then, when I shall have finished my trial, will ye not begin to say among yourselves, why have we persecuted him in such a manner, since the event has proved him guiltless of the crimes alleged against him ? Beware, therefore, of drawing down the Divine judgments upon you ; for his vengeance will visit all unrighteous doings, so as to teach you candour and consideration for your neighbour in the time to come.’

“ This interpretation is justified by the following considerations :

“ 1. The translation above given is close to the original, and requires no supplements ; whereas, in our version, in order to make out the sense, the words *day, though, worms, body*, are obliged to be inserted ; and in this way, by supplying words, we may make the Scriptures speak anything we please.

“ 2 The Septuagint gives no countenance to our mode of rendering the passage. Its language is :

“ For I know that He is eternal
Who is about to deliver me on earth,
To restore this skin of mine which endures these things ;
For by the Lord these things have been done to me,
Of which I am conscious to myself,
Which my own eye hath seen, and not another,
But all was fulfilled in my own bosom.’

The Chaldee also has, ‘ my Deliverer or Restorer.’

“ 3. There is no other passage in the whole book of Job, importing that he knew anything of the Messiah, or that he believed in a resurrection from the dead at the last day.

“ 4. It is a good and safe rule, to apply no Old Testament passage to Jesus Christ, which is not so applied to him in the New. Much mysticism and misinterpretation of Scripture have arisen from the violation of this rule.

" 5. Another proof of the correctness of our interpretation lies in the use of the words *ol oper*. 'above the dust,' which always mean *on this side the grave*, as *in or under the dust* signifies 'after death.' The word *li*, in Hebrew, which we translate 'on my side,' is exactly correspondent to the term *lenore* in Psalm cxxiv. 1.

'If it had not been Jehovah who was *on our side* ;'
and *la zer*, in the next clause, is exegetical of *li*, and signifies 'not alienated—not estranged—friendly.'

" 6. There is a farther reason why the word *gal* or *goel* should be considered in the light here contended for, since the Hebrews have another term, which they use when they intend to speak of *redeeming* in a general sense. That word is *pede*. See Exod. xiii. 15 ; xxxiv. 20 : Levit. x. 20, &c. And notwithstanding this precision so observable in the Hebrew, *gal* is translated into Greek by the LXX. in no less than eight different ways, as may be seen in Trommius's Concordance to the Septuagint.

" 7. The language used in chap. xvi. 19, is not very dissimilar from this text :—

'Even now, behold, my witness is in heaven,
And my eye-witness is on high,'

and is a proof that Job entertained expectations from that quarter, viz.,—that God would sooner or later interfere to vindicate him. This is the whole amount of his faith, as regards this matter.

" 8. Had Job possessed a hope in the resurrection from the dead, and in a Saviour to come, he would never have cursed the day of his birth, as he desperately does in chap. iii. ; neither would he have uttered the impatient speeches he does in other parts of the book. And Zophar appears to have understood him as meaning a temporal deliverance ; for, in chap. xx. 27, in replying to Job's remarks, he denies that the patriarch could expect such an intervention. On the contrary, says he,

'The *heaven* shall reveal his iniquity,
And the *earth* shall rise up against him.'

And it is plain, when the final catastrophe of the Poem takes place, that Job had a reference to his own words and expectation, as recorded in chap. xlii. 5. He had said in the passage before us,

'I shall see God,
Whom I shall see as my friend,
And *mine eyes* behold.'

And at the close of the book, Job expressly says,

'I have heard of thee (*i. e.* formerly) by the hearing of the ear,
But now *mine eye seeth thee*.'

So that there must have been a visible manifestation of the Deity to him, in such form and manner as mortal eyes can bear, agreeably to his own hope expressed in this passage."

Mr. Wemyss further remarks that had Job in this place intimated his faith in the coming Messiah, in the explicit manner which is generally supposed, so eminent an example of faith would

have entitled him to a place in the list of believers given in the epistle to the Hebrews, and also a just claim to the character of a prophet. A like view has been held by other writers, though contrary to the understanding of the passage which the merely English reader inclines to cherish when relying upon the authorized version.

Our author states that the name Jehovah only occurs in the prologue and the epilogue of the book, and never in the poem. But the alteration which has struck us as the most complete is in the second chapter, where Job's wife counsels him.

The following is the new version,—“ ‘Then his wife said to him, ‘Dost thou still maintain thine integrity? Bless God and die.’ But he replied to her, ‘Thou speakest like a woman without understanding; what! shall we then receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil also?’ ”

Mr. Wemyss regards the language as given in the English version as very unlike what was to be expected from the wife of such an exemplary patriarch; but what is better than supposition he says the word *berek* which he translates *bless*, occurs in the Old Testament innumerable times; but that except here and in five other places, it is uniformly translated as he has done it. “It is the word God used when he bestowed his benediction on the newly-created pair, the parents of the human race,” which certainly is a strong instance. In the Septuagint the passage is rendered thus, “Speak some word to God and die.” Besides,—

“A very strong argument may be brought in behalf of the word *berek*, here signifying to ‘bless;’ not merely from its all but universal use in that sense throughout the Old Testament, but from the circumstance that the Hebrews possessed a word, indeed several words, signifying to curse, (*kelel*,) and that word is employed in the very commencement of the next chapter—‘Job opened his mouth, and cursed his day.’ Now as it is well known that most writers are apt, when they have once employed a term in a certain sense, to use it in the same sense again; so the author of this book might have been expected here to make choice of the term *berek*, if he had used it so recently in the sense of ‘cursing,’ or *vice versa*; if he meant to assert that Job's wife really intended to exhort her husband to ‘curse God,’ why not employ the term *kelel*, which was ready to his hand and in his mind? This is a strong presumption that she did not utter the word in an obnoxious sense.”

The new readings to which we have now invited notice are amongst the most striking that occur. They are such indeed as to have made us feel somewhat painfully that some most material mistakes may attach to particular passages, so as to affect the truth of the word of God. Still we are not to oppose inquiry or the fair and full statement of any discovery from the fear lest it should under-

mine the foundation of our faith ; for although wicked men should quote a much more formidable array of errors, and apparent contradictions than it is possible to find in our Bibles, the truths of revelation are too broadly and vividly supported to be injuriously affected by such obscurities or mistakes.

We shall now notice some of the Dissertations which enrich the work of Mr. Wemyss, in order that our readers may be enabled to form some judgment of the pains bestowed by him on a most interesting portion of Holy Writ.

First of all we have an account of the "general scheme of the book," which we quote as a fair specimen of the author's manner and pious feeling :—

"An Arabian Prince, or Emir, is represented as living in the midst of his family, enjoying a life of unmixed prosperity, the consequence of his exemplary piety and rectitude. Suddenly the scene changes, and this excellent man is visited by a series of overwhelming calamities, the result of a transaction which passed in the council of the Most High, into the secret of which the reader is not for a moment admitted. Three of his friends, princes or sages, come from a distance to condole with him. Astonished at his bereaved condition, they are prevented for a time from giving utterance to their feelings ; but revolving in their minds, during that interval of silence, the series of calamities that had befallen the Patriarch, they come to the conclusion, that so severe a suffering must have been the fruit of extraordinary transgression on the part of Job. Meanwhile, he gives vent to the agony of his mind in terms the most passionate, execrates the day of his birth, and pours out effusions of the deepest anguish. At length, the eldest of the friends addresses him, but in no soothing tones ; and the other two, following up the same line of argument, charge Job directly, or by implication, with some unusual dereliction of duty. To each of them, separately, the Patriarch replies. A second time, they reiterate their charges ;—a second time Job vindicates himself. They repeat similar criminations a third time, and a third time receive similar answers. A moderator at length steps forward, and, in language more calm and philosophical, pronounces his opinion of the case. At last the Deity interposes, and in a series of majestic interrogatories, convinces the whole party of their error, in forming false estimates of his administration ; shows them their nothingness in the scale of creation, restores his faithful servant to more than his former prosperity, accepts of his intercession for his friends, and thus the history has a happy conclusion.

"This is the brief outline of a narrative, which, abating some impetuous bursts on the part of Job, arising from the extreme severity of his sufferings, and his anxiety to vindicate his character from reproach, presents to the mind a picture of moral grandeur, to which we find no parallel in human history.

"In the course of the dialogue, much is said on both sides respecting the Divine power, justice, and providence, the scheme of the Divine ad-

ministration, how far God punishes children for the iniquities of their fathers, and similar discussions, all of them interesting, and ably handled, provided the sentiments were in every instance correct; but, strange to say, the whole party appear ignorant of that grand truth, which would have solved these enigmas, namely, the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and of a future state of existence. To this they make no reference. The whole work tends to produce deep impressions of the wisdom and majesty of God, to inculcate unwavering faith and unreserved submission, to lead to an acknowledgment of our ignorance and weakness, and to wait in patience for a solution of those mysteries in which the present scene of things is so thoroughly enveloped.

Next comes the 'design of the book;' viz. to teach a continual and enduring lesson on the providence of the Creator and our dependence,—on his power and our weakness,—on his greatness and our nothingness. As to the "canonicity of the book," and its position among the books of the Old Testament, there is some valuable information. Of the "integrity of the book." we are told that—

"The book, as elsewhere noticed, consists partly of a narrative, but chiefly of discourses. These last are closely connected with the narrative, and the one would be unintelligible without the other. Not that we are obliged to view them as uttered in the precise terms here delivered, for such poetical and rhetorical speeches as these are not wont to be spoken extempore, on sudden occasions, especially when men are in great perturbation of mind, and dejection of spirit, as Job himself was. Nor is a regular train of reasoning, with corresponding replies, such as we find here, likely to be carried on, without some premeditation. But the *substance* of what they said is conveyed in the form we now have it, as a composition designed for the instruction of the suffering righteous in every succeeding age.

"That those speeches are not merely improvisatory, is plain, from the form of the versification—from the exactness of the thoughts—from the studied comparisons—from the consistency of the argument, and the unity of design. That they occurred at first in the manner described, is most probable; and they were afterwards transferred to the canvass, as we now have them, by an unknown writer, superintended by the Holy Spirit.

"Whether we have them *precisely* in the same forms in which they were *originally* penned, is another consideration. Although the paternal care of Providence has watched over the preservation of the sacred books, for the maintenance of true religion in the world, and for the production and confirmation of faith, otherwise they would never have descended, as they have done, to our times, but might have been lost along with innumerable other records of antiquity; yet the same Providence has not interfered, at the expense of a continual miracle, to watch over the various copyists of the manuscripts of Holy Writ, to preserve them from the possibility of error. Hence, in the usual order of human imperfection, numerous faults of orthography, omissions of words or letters, and trans-

positions of lines and verses, if not of entire paragraphs, have naturally occurred. And it shews no want of reverence for the Inspired Writings, nor any insensibility of their value, but the contrary, to detect these faults, and to endeavour to amend them.

“ Words and phrases omitted in the text have been sometimes placed on the *margin* of the manuscript, to be reinstated in their proper situations when recopied; but the next transcriber, mistaking the place, has inserted them out of their proper order. Glosses also, made on the margin, for the proprietor's own private use, have been transferred to the text, by the next proprietor or copyist, and have thus become integral parts of Scripture, though originally meant only for its interpretation. That these things are to be lamented in the case of any important document, still more in the case of the sacred writings, is certain; but how were such mistakes to be prevented, except by a constant miracle?

“ Men wrote anciently on small detached leaves, which in all probability were not paged or numbered, and which when they afterwards fell into unskilful hands, were easily liable to be displaced. Hence occasional transpositions have occurred. If the parchments were narrow, they wrote only on one column; if broad, upon two or three, so that words and phrases might pass from one column to another; and when this happened the manuscript became of course confused and incomprehensible. If there remained at the end of a roll any vacant space, it was sometimes filled up by a fragment or little piece foreign to the work itself; and this, not being always distinguished by a proper interval or mark, came to be considered by ignorant transcribers as part of the work itself, was embodied accordingly, and thenceforth was viewed as part of the original. Sometimes the material on which the work was written, was of a frail nature, and liable to corrosion by worms, or otherwise; hence passages became illegible, or portions were entirely lost, so that it became impossible to repair the loss; hence resulted considerable alterations. (See Kennicott's Remarks.)

“ The ancients wrote also *in a continued series*; that is to say *without dividing their words*; the marks which served to separate one word from another became unknown, and the figures of those consonants called *final*, and which might serve to indicate the ends of some words at least, ceased to be used or to be understood. It was therefore a matter of no small difficulty to separate words correctly, and also to construct sentences, without running them into one another.

“ All these causes operated to produce various readings, uncertainty of meaning, and the like. And these have no doubt had their influence on the book of Job, as well as on parts of the sacred writings; otherwise the harmony and correspondence of the several parts of the book would have been more apparent. Some have thought that the 28th chapter is out of its place, and ought to have formed the conclusion of the book, at least of the discourses; and in our translation we have placed it at the end of the book, as a more appropriate situation. There are other transpositions, of which we have taken notice in the course of the translation. But such alterations require great caution, and the whole subject is one of extreme delicacy and difficulty on account of the reverence due to the sacred writings.”

In one or other of the ways pointed out, it is quite possible that this most ancient piece of writing may have been considerably injured. The dialect and the admixture of several languages in the course of the book have imposed other difficulties and obscurities, its very obscurity, however, being held by Bishop Lowth to indicate its extreme antiquity—that it is the most ancient of all the sacred books. The claim for its ancientness is at length urged by Mr. Wemyss and with evident success. Job is also held to have been a real person, Joseph being conjectured to have been the author.

The character of the poem, its style, its figures of speech, the doctrines deducible from it, the friends and relatives of Job individually and separately, the meaning of remarkable phrases, and titles, such as the “Sons of God,” the state of the arts and sciences as developed in the patriarch’s day, and other particular heads are ably handled.

At that primitive period the people of Idumea were acquainted with the use of scales, with the weaver’s trade, with the military art, and various weapons of war. Mining, refining of gold, writing, coins, a considerable range of zoological knowledge, and many other proofs of civilization are recognized in the book in a manner that cannot be mistaken. The following are samples of the allusions within the department of natural history, as explained by Mr. Wemyss.

“The ostrich seems to have been selected for description, because it is an inhabitant of the country where Job and his friends dwelt; and therefore was familiarly known to them, as well as on account of its singular properties. It is incapable of flight, but endued with an unrivalled rapidity of running, flapping its wings, as if to catch the wind, and moving with the fleetness of a race-horse. It is here contrasted with the stork and falcon; and the sentiment is, who can explain or arraign this difference of construction, and diversity of feeling, in the winged tribes?—for while the ostrich is proverbial for inattention to its young, the stork has ever been in repute for its parental fondness. ‘God has not imparted to the ostrich understanding:’ she has not the strong natural affection which we find in other birds, who will defend their young at all hazards, and never leave them but on the most pressing occasion. Hence an eastern poet says, as translated by Dr. Good:

‘There are, who deaf to nature’s cries,
On stranger tribes bestow their food;
So her own eggs the ostrich flies,
And senseless rears another’s brood.’

“The lion occurs in chap. iv. 11. The meaning of which passage, as expressed in the highly figurative style of oriental composition, is, that the strength and terror of the mighty are rendered useless. Nothing is more common than to compare violent and wicked men, possessed of power, to savage beasts of prey, hunting after it, and devouring it greedily.

Pilkington, on this passage, remarks, that several beasts are spoken of in Scripture by words, whose *appropriated* meanings we cannot now discover. In our version we find no less than five different sorts of lions; which, on the face of it, is absurd: three of them were probably beasts of different species. Parkhurst thinks otherwise, and has affixed the meaning of lion or lioness to all of them. But the term *shekel*, *shacal*, or *jackal*, plainly points to another creature. In the original Hebrew the five names all differ.

"In chap. x. 16, 17,

'Elated like a lion, thou springest upon me;
And again thou showest thy power over me,' &c.

there is an allusion to the manner in which the feline tribe torment their victims and protract their sufferings.

"The dog, named in chap. xxx. 1, is plainly the shepherd's dog; proving that it was used in Arabia at that early period, and was perhaps the only animal of that species in the country.

"The mountain goat is mentioned in chap. xxxix. 1. This animal, called also the *ibex*, is a native of Arabia, and is also found in Tartary, and in some parts of Europe. It is larger than the common goat, and possesses great strength and agility. It climbs the highest precipices, and bounds from rock to rock, where man could not set his foot. Their horns are sometimes three feet long. The difficulty with which these creatures bring forth their young is noticed by Pliny, (Nat. Hist. lib. viii. 32,) as Grotius remarks.

"The wild ass (chap. xxxix. 5,) is a well known inhabitant of the deserts of Arabia, and is a gregarious animal. This variety of the ass tribe is still met with in Tartary and other parts of Eastern Asia. It is a much more dignified animal than the domestic ass; beautiful, wild, and excessively swift,

"In chap. xxiv. 5, robbers and plunderers are compared to the wild ass, not that it is a rapacious animal, but simply on the ground that it lives in the desert, like the Bedouins and wandering Arabs, whom their extortion and violence had driven from society."

Mr. Wemyss and others suppose that the behemoth of Job is the mammoth, the remains of which have been found in Yorkshire, and that the leviathan may have been one of those enormous marine lizards called by naturalists the *iguanodon*.

We shall now quote a specimen of the present new version of one of the most sublime passages that ever were penned. Indeed it has no parallel in all ancient or modern poetry; the apparition of Crensa in the *Æneid*, the phantom of the Cape of Good Hope, in Camoens, and the Ghost in Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, though all more or less terrific, failing, it is truly said, when placed in comparison with the vision of Eliphaz:—

"A matter was imparted to me secretly;
It came to my ear like a muttering sound.
In the terrifying hour of night visions,
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At the time when deep sleep falleth upon men,
 A fear came upon me, and a horror,
 A shuddering went through all my bones ;
 Then a spirit glided before me,
 The hair of my flesh stood on end.
 It stood still—but I could not distinguish its form.
 A spectre stood before mine eyes—
 There was stillness—so that I heard a hollow murmur saying :
 “ Shall mortal man be just before God ?
 Shall a man be pure in the sight of his Maker ?
 Behold, He cannot confide in those who serve him ;
 Even his angels he chargeth with defection.
 What then are the dwellers in tenements of clay,
 Whose foundation is in the dust ?
 They are crushed before the moth,
 They are destroyed from morning to evening ;
 They are for ever perishing unnoticed,
 Their fluttering round is soon over ;
 They die, quite destitute of wisdom.”

The following are remarks upon this sublime passage :—

“ A celebrated writer has remarked, and that justly, that one source of the sublime is *obscurity*. If so, it is impossible to produce a truer example of the sublime, than that in the 4th chapter in this book, the amazing sublimity of which consists chiefly in the terrible uncertainty of the thing described. We are first prepared with the utmost solemnity for the vision ; we are alarmed before we have discovered the cause of our emotion. It was in the dead hour of the night, all nature lay shrouded in darkness, and every creature was buried in sleep. Profound silence reigned over all. Eliphaz, wakeful and solitary, is musing on his couch. A supernatural being enters his apartment ; its appearance is sudden and unexpected. It is an image, but formless and undefined. It is an image, and yet no image ;—a mere gliding spectre, its voice is hollow, like the whispers of the wind. The hair of the patriarch's flesh stands erect with fear, and the scene passes before him with an abruptness and terror truly appalling. It does not flit away ; it stands still. The patriarch is all attention. It makes a solemn pause, to prepare his mind for some momentous message. At length a voice is heard—a low, murmuring voice, with utterance slow and solemn, and the sentiments awfully impressive. Its message delivered, it vanishes, and leaves the patriarch overwhelmed with awe.”

Mr. Wemyss appends a very long list of authors whose works he has perused on the book of Job, characterizing several of them. One of these was a translation by Elizabeth Smith, which appeared in 1810, written before she had completed her twenty-sixth year, and which obtains his praise. Of Professor Lee's work on the same subject, he does not entertain a high opinion. It shows the linguist, he says, but is very little creditable to his taste or judgment.

From the instances of his renderings quoted, the Doctor's style is as fanciful as the version before us is plain and simple.

We observe that there is preparing for the press by Mr. Wemyss, another work, "*Daniel and his Times*," a fine field for the occupation of a mind so deeply imbued with a love and a knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures.

ART. XIII.—*Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad.* By JELLINGER SYMONS. Edinburgh: Tait. 1839.

MR. SYMONS, as Assistant-Commissioner of the Hand-loom Inquiry, gained for himself high consideration when employed in the northern parts of the kingdom, and also was in a situation to collect a great number of most interesting statistical facts so as to be able to pronounce upon the state of arts and the condition of artisans at home. He has at a later period been engaged in making researches "into the relative circumstances of the artisans of France, Belgium, Austria, and Switzerland," and consequently is prepared to present a report upon foreign matters akin to those which engaged his statistical investigations at home. Not that his post octavo book contains a parliamentary report, or has in any way the shape or spirit of a party work to serve the views of any faction or particular class; but it offers the unbiassed results of extensive inquiries, and deliberate reflection,—the analysis and the summary evidently of a liberal as well as an enlightened mind.

A considerable portion of the volume is necessarily devoted to the dryer statistical facts of the subject, such as the sums in the way of wages paid at different places and countries for work of similar kinds, in the manufactures of soft and hard articles,—cotton, silk, and iron,—the prices of the necessaries of life,—the average profits, and the like. We are then presented with a view of the comparative comforts of the artisans in different parts, their habits, and their prospects. Another department of his subject and matter consists of the broader views to which his facts are supposed to guide, in the science of political economy; as, for example, in regard to the doctrines of free-trade in corn, as well as other articles,—the effects of *combinations*, and questions connected with an extension of suffrage.

The result of the whole inquiry and details, although of a mixed nature as respects the comparative condition of the arts and artisans at home, is of a more cheering description than many will anticipate. He finds, for instance, that the operatives in England are more prosperous than the same class is in France. In Switzerland there seem to exist the greatest advantages for the working man; but the manufacturing and social condition of that country is by no means analogous to that of Great Britain. In Belgium too,

something like English superiority may be witnessed ; but the restrictions in France are ruinous to the labourer, where poverty is as generally severe as among the Scotch hand-loom weavers. In parts of Prussia the artisans are flourishing ; and throughout Germany there seems to be a prevalent inclination to be satisfied with the condition of things as they exist, rather than a superabundance of wages, or a prospect of greater prosperity than is experienced at home.

We gather from the volume that while there is less fluctuation abroad than in this country, there is also more equality amongst the different trades as to modes of living, wages, and profits. We are also led to conclude that the transference of English skill and capital to foreign parts is large and on the increase. This is, we think, the most disheartening information in the book. That English machinery and hands to superintend it are withdrawn from us and smuggled to rival states admits not of a doubt ; and that the supplies manufactured by such means, as well as the transported knowledge, example, and stimulus are perniciously affecting the home interest in neutral marts, is a truth that stares us broadly in the face.

Having in the above very general way glanced at the nature, purpose, and contents of the publication in which so much that is important to our national welfare is plainly and with singular condensation detailed, it only remains for us to transcribe some of those details or statements that possess an interest which all will at once appreciate.

We have mentioned that in France the condition of artisans is exceedingly depressed ; clothing, lodging, and food being inadequate, the operation of protective measures having the very opposite effect to that intended by them :—

“ In France almost every trade robs the other and the consumer to boot, by way of making everybody richer ; and France, nevertheless—wonderful to relate—is getting poorer. Take the cotton-spinning as an example. In order that the cotton-spinners may be protected, our yarns under No. 170^s are prohibited, and all above that number are admitted at a protecting duty. The weavers have got similar protection ; and of course nearly all cotton goods in France are sold at a high price. This, one would imagine, must be at least highly profitable to the fortunate monopolists : no such thing ; no class complained more bitterly to me of their wofully distressed condition. They had, it is true, their paws in their neighbour's platter ; and everybody in France pays dear for their calicoes and muslins ; but their right to protection being of course no greater than other people's, there are other monkey monopolists who claim a similar immunity to pilfering. The iron-masters have got their protecting duty of 25 per cent on all foreign iron, and force the cotton-spinners in their turn to buy their bad iron at high prices for spinning machinery. It was certainly an edifying spectacle to see the cotton-spinner, with his left hand in the pocket of all the consumers of cottons,

lifting up his right hand in the fervour of virtuous indignation at the atrocious pilfering of the unprincipled iron-master. The iron-master in his turn proved to be an equally injured individual, and assured me that if the horrible rascality of that protecting duty on coals was to be continued, and the thievish coal-masters protected by that iniquitous duty on cheap foreign coal, he firmly believed that the destruction of commerce was inevitable."

Look to Switzerland and compare France with a country so unequally situated and favoured by nature:—

"If we look to Switzerland, we shall see the far more potent influence of free trade in spite of territorial sterility. Look again at France. France, in spite of her great skill in some of the arts—in spite of her fertile soil, producing more food than her population can consume—and in spite of her natural facilities in many branches of production, is by many degrees less forward in manufactures, and is, in proportion to her population, at least one-third less wealthy than *Switzerland*, which possesses not one-half the food necessary for her population, which is placed under every topographical disadvantage, and whose soil furnishes the raw material of hardly one single manufacture in which she excels. I know of no country so flourishing as Switzerland, and there are few in Europe less so than France; and that while she possesses abundant facilities for commercial wealth. I trace the cause of this signal difference to the fact, that while the shores and frontiers of France, bristle with custom-houses, and she possesses the highest protective tariff in Europe, Switzerland has not a single custom-house, levies not a single duty, and has not one protection to commerce among her laws. The result is, that capital and industry flow solely in the most productive channels. Skill and enterprise seek the field in which they have the greatest natural capacity to excel; and not being weakened by having to furnish protective props for trades which cannot support themselves, they realize a far greater amount of exchangeable produce than could possibly be effected were they obliged, first, to purchase the other commodities of life at a protected price: and secondly, to have their foreign market cramped by the custom-houses which bar out the foreign purchaser."

We have made some allusion to the very different posture socially, and between the manufacturing relations and practices of Great Britain and those of Switzerland,—the latter being essentially an agricultural country, where trade and commerce are subservient and far less systematized so as to be able to compete with the regularity and the speed of our immense establishments. Unless it be in the case of the few hundreds of poor Highlanders that are wont to repair to the south and eastern parts of Scotland, and to the north of England in autumn, to gain a few shillings to carry them over winter, where shall we find anything analogous to the arrangement and practice now to be explained?

"The Voralberg, containing about 90,000 inhabitants, sends out ma-

sons and house-builders to nearly the whole of Switzerland and the neighbouring provinces of France. They leave early in spring, and live very sparingly during the summer; cooking for themselves a kind of pudding or soup of flour and Indian corn, which, with bread, and now and then a glass of wine, suffice for their nourishment. They return home in autumn, where they have little to do during winter; excepting to fell wood, &c. in the forests, and other chance work. The children leave the country at the same time in thousands, to herd cattle in Suabia and Bavaria: they get perhaps one pound, besides board and lodgings, for their services, a suit of home-spun linen clothes, and two pair of shoes, and perhaps a bag of flour, which they manage to cook for themselves on the way, and return with nearly the whole of their earnings. The women who remain, and the elder men, cultivate the land, and the girls and many of the young men weave, and are employed in the manufactures."

Here are other points of contrast:—

"It may be safely assumed that a town weaver nets on the average thirty sous per day, and the country weaver twenty-five for fourteen hours' work. They appear to me to work as hard as the Scottish weavers, though scarcely in the same manner; the latter will work desperately for three or four hours, in order that he may loiter and stand at his door an hour; the Tarare weaver, (and the remark holds good elsewhere in France,) keeps continually shuffling along, if I may so express it, and completes as much in fourteen hours' sluggish work, as the Scottish weaver by broken portions of quicker work extended over the same period."

On the subject of diet, we find that the consumption of that which is vegetable bears, through the countries examined by Mr. Symons, a vast superiority of amount over the use and command of butcher's meat. On the Continent the food of the working classes may be said to be entirely of the former description, meat being only the relish taken with food. The Italian eats macaroni, the French and Germans bread and cabbage; and potatoes are rapidly spreading, being now by no means confined to Ireland or the United Kingdom. In Prussia, we believe, this vegetable is held in the very highest estimation; and it is there manufactured and cooked in a much greater variety of ways than we are acquainted with at home. Indeed vegetable diet of one kind or another is the food of the English workman also, our author characterising beef-eating, as identified with John Bull, as little better than a beautiful fiction. Two-thirds of the population of this country, he says, live on vegetable diet. We quote some of his details of the mode of living and the diet of the labourers in Belgium.—

"The workmen employed in the iron-works of the Hainault, Liege, and the machine-making factories both of Seraing, Bruxelles, Ghent, &c. live on potatoes and vegetables, with a piece of meat among them, for dinner regularly; coffee of chicory; and on the Sundays, spirits in mo-

rate quantity. These are the best paid. The workmen who come under the second class are the masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c. of the towns, the woollen factory and domestic weavers, who live nearly in the same manner, but consume either a less portion of meat, or take it only three or four times a week. The cotton weavers and factory workmen live less well. Potatoes and vegetable soup form their chief food, with bread half rye and half wheat; coffee, and occasionally a glass of spirits, and commonly brown beer, are their beverage. This beer is particularly nasty; but, I believe, wholly free from *coccus indicus*, &c. &c.—pure malt, hops, water, and salt, ill proportioned, and execrably boiled. The linen weavers and the common labourers are identified, and consume potatoes and rye bread, which is a common article of consumption in Belgium, and indeed generally on the Continent among the poorest classes, vegetable soup, rarely flavoured with meat, coffee of chicory, beer, &c. However coarse the food may be on which the Belgian artisan subsists, the abundance of their meals is most striking. I was constantly in the habit of entering their dwellings at meal times, and I uniformly found the contents of the table even greater than the capacity of their appetites. Agricultural labourers are well fed: they have bread and coffee in the morning, vegetable soup for dinner, with meat three times a week, with beer. The poorest of all eat rye bread and potatoes with coffee. With regard to the prices of food, an able-bodied man will support himself comfortably on sevenpence per day in Belgium, in the country. Bread, such as labourers eat, is about a penny farthing per pound in the country; other food in proportion."

A tabular view of the wages at home and abroad gives us a favourable idea of England. Mr. Symons says, that as a general proportion, but subject to large variations, a *shilling* in Switzerland will go as far as a *shilling and three-pence* here; that in France, Belgium, and Rhenish provinces, as far as a *shilling and four-pence*; in Wurtemberg, parts of Austria, some of the Duchies, and Bohemia, as far as a *shilling and eight-pence or ten-pence*; always comparing towns with towns, country with country, agricultural with agricultural districts, and manufacturing with manufacturing. As to the first class of mechanics, they are *three-shillings* weekly more favourably situated in England than in France and Belgium; that is, after allowing one-third for greater cost of food in this country. The second class of mechanics at home, have the advantage of *two shillings* per week; farm labourers a *shilling and four-pence*; and spinning-factory labourers, men, women, and children, *two shillings and two-pence* per week.

Such are some of the valuable and striking details contained in the present volume. The light which its author has thrown upon the state, progress, and prospects of manufactures throughout Europe, is not more important than clear and admonitory. His work is a model of patience, candour, and fullness in statistical research.

ART. XIV.

1. *The Gentleman of the Old School; a Tale.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of the "Huguenot," &c. 3 Vols. London: Longman.
2. *Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of King Henry II.: a Historical Romance.* By TH. MILLER, Author of "Royston Gower," &c. 3 Vols. London: Colburn. 1839.

MR. JAMES is one of the most prolific authors of the age. His novels are concocted and published with the rapidity and regularity of a Scott. He turns himself to the historical, the romantic, and the purely fictitious with the utmost ease. We think indeed that his habits of authorship and facility with the pen arising from constant usage, have in the present and some of his latter productions been indulged at the expense of weight, depth, and novelty. Still there are always sterling passages, clothing original conceptions of character, interweaving with inexhaustible profusion happily contrived incidents, or volunteering shrewd and striking observations, in Mr. James's fictions.

Some of the characters in the work before us are rather generalities than individuals; some of the actors too are introduced, left off, or dismissed without any sufficient reason, and at the mere arbitrary will of the novelist. We suspect that Lady Mallory combines incompatible feelings and principles. Her efforts to thwart the interests and happiness of the lovers, Edith Forrest and Ralph Strafford, are too tortuous and malignant to exist along with her asserted goodness and loftiness of principle and sentiment. The heroine, however, is a sweet and natural creation, and the "Gentleman of the Old School" carries us back to a by-gone age, although he be not the hero of the story, nor the most interesting or permanent figure in it. There is a sufficient variety of other personages, good, bad, whimsical and entertaining brought upon the canvass. But it is not compatible with our plan to say anything more particular about the share which each has in the furtherance of the plot which is entangled and impressive enough to keep anxiety and curiosity upon the stretch, and dramatically enough in its issue to please the majority of novel readers. We could have dispensed indeed with some clap-trap incidents, though unfortunately some of them be too true to the manners of the period pictured. Lady Mallory should not have got so easily off, while the opportune discovery of the contents of a small box is a stale invention. But these and other artificial methods of carrying on and developing the events, are in a great measure lost sight of in consequence of the earnestness of the narrative, the apparent good faith and conviction of the author, and his mastery over the resources of language. We quote a life-like sketch,—the portrait of a man that has often been met with :—

"There is in all ages and at all times a class of young men, of whom John Forrest was but a type; and perhaps there is not a class so deservedly to be detested upon the face of the earth. He had considerable talents of various kinds, and the possession of those talents made him idly fancy that he possessed genius—that most rare of all jewels. The belief that he possessed genius, based upon natural self-conceit, and stimulated into activity by egregious vanity, induced him to have recourse to every means for the purpose of forcing the same opinion of his merits down the throats of other people. As self-conceit, from the impossibility of its being always gratified, is generally a pugnacious quality, he, like many others, soon learned to believe that the strongest proof of genius was to assail the opinions which the good and the wise have received and promulgated; and, with a natural turn for speculation, which he called philosophy, considerable powers of sophistry, which he called logic, a supercilious smile and a sarcastic expression of countenance, he had convinced a great many soft persons that he was what he pretended to be—a man of real and sterling genius, who was to be courted, feared, and admired. Though he was thus far successful, and had gathered round him in the capital a circle of small idolaters, who adopted his philosophy, spread his fame, and talked him into notoriety, John Forrest was nevertheless a disappointed man. The credit he obtained, though far more than he deserved, did not satisfy the greediness of his self-conceit. In the first place, he found that, although flattered and caressed, he was by no means generally loved or liked; and he was shrewd enough to perceive, that even amongst women his success and favour was [were] principally, if not altogether, with those who had neither minds, nor principles, nor hearts; that they gratified his vanity to gratify their own; and that there were very many, who, though they might not be able to combat his argument even if they had tried, viewed him with coldness, reprobation, and contempt. All this spread a bitterness through his mind; and that weakest of small ambitions, the love of saying a smart thing, was mingled with a sneering virulence from the disappointment of egregious vanity."

The "Basket-maker" bids fair to rival men who have had the advantage of more schooling, and who have enjoyed more favourable opportunities in the way of leisure and pecuniary independence, in the craft of authorship. He has indeed in the course of a brief period made most signal progress, "Fair Rosamond" being, in the structure of the romance, the cast of its vivid and fresh descriptions of nature, its embodiment of character at a remote period, and the flow and felicity of the diction a decided improvement, even after his "Royston Gower." We are convinced that Mr. Miller is not only a ready but a pains-taking writer; and that he will not fall into the error of being too refined, his excellent taste is to be relied upon, or of becoming finical and affected, his really poetic temperament and steady eye towards the beautiful and the true, ought to stand as vouchers.

Mr. Miller throws himself heart and soul upon the olden times;

and though in a different style, he makes them like Scott his own, taking his readers with him back to the period represented with a willing and cordial sympathy. There is something eminently humanizing in his pictures, touching and graceful. We love the subject not merely on its own account, but for the sake of the artist who paints himself as well as it. The manners of the age here selected for illustration afford scope for the peculiar display of his favourite fancies and abundant education; for educated he deeply is, as his *Rustic Sketches* evidently establish, on all that pertains to the ancient customs of his country, its scenery, and attractions. But what use is there for indulging in generalities, when a specimen can communicate a better idea of his style and matter than pages of criticism? That we may not be called upon to offer any summary of the story, or embarrass our readers with a fragment that by itself would be unintelligible, we shall confine ourselves to one long extract that can readily be separated and by itself appreciated, viz., where a fighting scene is succeeded by feasting, which at the period described oft followed one another in quick succession:—

“Numerous are the instances on record of those who were opposed hand to hand in the morning, sitting down by the same festal board at night. Nor did King Henry ever push his revenge to the extent of his power on those who had so stoutly held out their castles against him; but having once conquered them, he endeavoured, by courtesy and fair promises, to retain them as friends. It was his policy also to extend the greatest favours to those who had shewn the most resistance in defending their possessions, rightly judging that such brave warriors were dangerous enemies, and, in that restless age, the friends to be most valued. Acting upon this politic principle, he had prepared a large feast at the palace at Woodstock, and invited the chief knights among the prisoners, to share it, together with the different nobles who were leaders of his armed forces, taking care, however, that the numbers of the latter should at least double those of the conquered. Great preparations were of course made for the occasion; the Thames was dragged with nets to furnish its share to the feast; steers and sheep were slaughtered; and many a buck, that had carried his antlers stately enough the day before, fell beneath the shafts of the foresters. The huge hall of the palace was strewn afresh with green rushes; the ponderous oaken tables were removed from almost every other apartment, and brought thither to accommodate the guests. Seats also, each formed of a solid oaken plank, and supported by tressels of the same material, were ranged on each side the tables, and covered with haubergettain, a kind of coarse cloth of mixed colours, for the tables were not so much as smoothed by the plane. The walls of the immense hall were decorated with arms and armour, and sylvan trophies mingled with banners, and lances placed crosswise over hauberks and helm, and many a shield that bore the dint of former frays. On the doors, and by the upper table, which was set apart for the chosen guests, stood a rich canopy, emblazoned with the arms of England, two lions blazing in gold;

this was set apart for the king. Drinking-vessels of silver and gold also glittered upon every table; yet, amid all this barbaric splendour, there were not those real comforts which the meanest cottager now possesses. The huge loaves of bread were neither half kneaded nor half baked, and bitter as aloes with the dregs of beer with which they were mixed; and also heavy as lead, and not freed from a tenth portion of the bran. Even some of the wine was so thick and full of dregs, that the barons were compelled to filter it between their teeth, and spit out the thick sediment upon the floor. Their repasts seemed to resemble their armour—heavy, showy, and cumbrous; but possessing little or no comfort. Henry entered the hall from a private door, followed by Glanvil, the great law-giver of the age, and Thomas à Becket: the chancellor was seated on the right of the monarch, and the judge on the left. At the sounding of trumpets, the guests took their seats; those at the upper end of the table placing themselves according to their rank, which each one seemed perfectly to understand; those at the lower tables took their places as chance offered, or seated themselves beside their companions in arms. Although there seemed more of chance than order in this arrangement; yet, by some nice stroke of art, it was so contrived that one or other of King Henry's trusty followers sat between the knights they had so recently conquered. The dishes were handed from guest to guest by the attendants, each carving off that which suited his taste. Many a dagger which dealt the death-blow the day before at the siege, was now making deep inroads into boars' heads, barons of beef, and haunches of venison, which they placed upon their wooden trenchers, and having cut it into such mouthfuls as would choke any modern gormandizer, they helped themselves with their fingers; for forks were unknown, and therefore never wanted. A few rather delicate dishes there were at the upper table, where the king was seated; but even these were spoilt to preserve a show; peacocks half roasted, that the beauty of their trains might be uninjured; and cranes served up with their heads and necks raw, and so propped up that they looked murderously on their devourers, and seemed ready to leap off the dishes. Even the boars' heads grinned hideously, and showed their horrid tusks and deadly eyes (which were thrust into their heads again after they were dressed), as if they were ready to rend every knight who brandished his dagger over them. Wines there were in abundance; but many of these were spiced, and retained none of their natural flavour; even those that were drank in their original state, were drawn from massy hogsheads with a spigot and faucet, much after the manner that an English peasant, in the present day, draws his home-brewed and muddy beer. Hippocras, pigment, morat, and mead, were served up in large vessels, into which each guest plunged his cup as he pleased. Ale and cider were also plentiful, and stood in large open tubs along the sides of the hall. More than one attendant, when a chance offered, knelt down and drank his fill out of these huge wooden vessels; for King Henry was not so plentifully supplied with drinking-cups, but that two or three knights were compelled to drink from the same vessel. One knight at the lower end of the table, who had thrice called on an attendant to bring a drinking-cup, was at last told that there was not one

but what was in use, filled his helmet from a huge vessel that contained mead, and having drank himself, gave it to his comrade. Although many of the huge joints were not half cooked, yet there were no squeamish stomachs, but what could each bear their two pounds of solid flesh; for, as Peter of Blois says (and he fed many a time at Henry's court), 'their stomachs, by the help of powerful exercise, got rid of every thing.' But the whole scene was in keeping with the characters there assembled. The high-pillared and vaulted hall, with its richly painted windows, comported well with the broad-breasted, deep-voiced, and mail-covered guests, that sat beside the massy tables. Even the ponderous drinking-cups, which they from time to time uplifted to their lips, seemed only made for such strong steel-covered arms to upraise. And when they reached over the table to converse with each other, between the huge mountains of meat, the beholder felt assured that the men who fed on such pastures could fight. Nay, some there were talking apart on the late blows they had dealt, who pointed with their daggers to the immense joints, running lines with the point, and saying, 'An thus were his gorget, thus I brought my battle-axe, as it were, on this point of the haunch, striking his neck as I now separate this joint.' Or, pointing, to a round of beef, into which another would stick his dagger, saying, 'So came the point of my lance, cleaving the fastenings of his acteon through; and I hold it a good stroke, if the head of the lance can enter a-slant in this wise,' again mangling the joint, to shew how he had dealt his blows on the enemy. But deem not that all who met there were alike unfeeling; some there were who conversed together in low voices, and talked over the virtues of those who had fallen in the fight. How nobly they had dealt with the foes they had in their day struck down; how their shields had interposed between their companions, when the death-blow had all but fallen. How they had sheltered their enemies in the late wars, setting at nought the menaces of either Stephen or Matilda, when weighed beside their own honour. How beautiful maidens (whose names have been for ages forgotten) sought out their lovers from amid the slain—how some wept, and others shed not a tear, but buried themselves in the solitudes of their ancient castles, and died broken-hearted. But all are now gone; the mourned and the mourners are forgotten; even the gay and the weather-beaten turrets of their castles have long ago mouldered to dust. Those with whom they fought, and those whom they loved, and wept over, have not left even their ashes upon the earth. Nearly a thousand harvests have been gathered over their graves. Summer and winter, day and night, storm and sunshine, have gathered over and passed away, from their silent beds; and we cannot now point out the spot where they sleep; for even cities have sprung up over the solitudes where they fought, fell, and were interred! A few of their names, worm-eaten and mouldered, are all that we have left to tell that they once lived, that they possessed lands and dwellings in spots which even the scholar is now puzzled to discover,—that they married—and time has even erased the fair name of her they loved; a worm has eaten out what we shall never again discover."

The principal historical characters of Henry the Second's reign

are skilfully introduced along with subordinate fictitious personages who happily serve to buttress and prop the tale. Rosamond is altogether charming, and the royal lover chivalrous and gallant,—the author's invention being largely extended in filling up the wide gaps among the comparatively few, slender, and uncertain traditions that have descended to us concerning the lovers, as well as of the jealous and revengeful Eleanor. The two females are strongly and dextrously contrasted by the author, and placed in circumstances that keenly appeal in behalf of the beautiful and confiding heroine.

Before dismissing these engaging and illustrative volumes we may mention that Mr. Miller gives expression to some of his feelings in a candid preface respecting the reception which his books have obtained from critics and the public. He alludes to a few ill-natured rubs which have been bestowed upon him ; but finding on the other hand that he has been praised more than he says he deserves, he is upon the whole content. If his peculiar circumstances, however, be fairly kept in view, any chastisement to which he may be exposed, will not disconcert him, for he has not forgotten the couplet, that says,—

“ The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head commits.”

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Rural Sketches.* By THOMAS MILLER, Author of “ A Day in the Woods,” &c. With Twenty three Illustrations. London : Van Voorst, 1839.

“ THE Basket Maker” has made another successful venture. He has gone forth in his own appropriate sphere, visited the haunts and the scenes most endeared to him from infancy, and throughout the many years that as an itinerant he pursued his humble calling, and strewed the past with the recollections of one whose spirit is in unison with all that is touchingly tender in life, as one filled with the sweet fancies of a true poet. He is completely at home in these sketches ; each of the subjects is loved, and has oft been fondly meditated upon by him.

There are twenty-four separate pieces in the volume, the humorous predominating. Some of the portraits as well as stories, are originals, but all more or less truth-speaking and individualized. “ Tumbling Tommy,” “ The Old Fisherman,” “ The Old Coachman ;”—and sentimental and pathetic, “ Mary Gray,” and “ Bonny Bell,” may be instanced. Then the delineation of manners, where there is little of a tale, or only what is made the vehicle for the introduction of incident, are graphic papers, such as that of “ The Country Fair,” “ The old Customs of Travelling,” and “ Rural Courtship.” There are also retrospective reviews of some of our rural poets, that have undeservedly been neg-

lected in modern times, which evince a sound and penetrating critical taste, and a hearty as well as a nice appreciation of their excellencies. England's Helicon, and William Brown's Pastorals, are handled in the manner stated. We confess, however, that the humbler, and to the author the more familiar themes, suggest, according to our taste, the most acceptable and striking pieces. He is playful and contemplative by turns on such occasions. Sage and engaging reflections are ever ready to serve his purpose, while the grace as well as the versatility of his style are features hardly less remarkable in the matter of accommodation. We need not go further than the first paper, "Home Revisited," for a specimen of his graver and sentimental mood. The subject to be sure is trite, but seldom or never have the luxuriance and flavour of sylvan images and rustic life been so delightfully realized and communicated than by our author.

Having mentioned that a few months ago he visited his native home, and having described the feelings with which he looked upon many of the commonest objects, linked as these were with incidents in early life, he asks,

"And have I forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And oh! pardon me, if for a moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions which I had gathered in those lovely solitudes had been wafted to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have 'blessed them unaware.' From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the wood-pecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay, as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his 'tirra lirra' heaven-ward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees,) until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill 'chithering of the grasshopper' fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighbouring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud 'whurr,' the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, muffling its roar at first, as if to awaken

the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. 'The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of labourers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud 'rasp, rasp,' and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sonnding of the thresher's flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamour of some neighbouring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by—of companions who are now dead—of happy hours that never can return—they came full of foolish regrets, and

'Silly truths,

That dally with the innocence of love
Like the olden age.' "

" 'The Country Fair' furnishes a specimen in another vein. Several of the writer's most picturesque sketches belong to way-side public houses, affording him an opportunity for the expenditure of many quaint as well as delicate fancies relative to such establishments as provide 'entertainment for men and horses.' The following is not one of the most tranquil scenes of the kind.

" Such was the scene, when in staggered Jack Straw, rolling drunk, with the sergeant's cap on, singing—

'If I had a beau for a soldier would go,
Do you think I'd say no? No! not I;
Not a sigh would I draw, when his red coat I saw,
But a cheer I'd give for his bravery.'

" 'What! have yo' listed, Jack?' interrogated half a dozen voices in as many tones.

" "I have my lads,' answered he singing—'And I never will follow the plough-tail again.' I've listed for a hoffer, an' if any o' y's a mind to list wi' me (hiccup), I'll gi' yo' a shilling in his majester's name an' list you for full sargent.'

" "You mean full private,' said an old man, who had hitherto sat unobserved in the corner; 'you mean full private, same as they'll

make you when they get you up to the regiment. I once listed, thirty years ago, for a colonel; and when I got up to th' regiment, and I told 'em what I h'd listed for, they laughed at me, and says yo're above a colonel; so I was above one, for our colonel only stood five feet five, and I stood near upon six feet, so they made me a grenadier."

" 'I don't care,' answered Jack Straw, 'I took his majester's money to be a hoffer (hiccup), an' be one I will, or else I'll not sarve according to the articles o' war. 'Now' says I, afore I took the money, 'sargent,' says I, 'I list for an hoffer.' 'Yes,' says he; 'will you be captain, lieutenant, or ensign?' 'Ensign,' asys I.' 'Very well,' says he, and he put it down in black and white; you may go into the parlour and ax him;' and away we went, John Straw, ensign, leading the way.

" 'In the parlour all was confusion: a good-looking rosy-cheeked girl was pulling at the arm of her drunken lover, and exclaiming, 'Dinna list, Tommy, dinna list; o' you'll brake my heart: dinna list him, Mr. Soldier.'

" 'I will list,' said the rough rustic; 'give me a shilling to sarve his most gracious majester Mr. King William: I'll not be a clodhopper all the born days of my life, and put up we your ons and offs.'

" 'Oh! dinna list him, Mr. Sargent!' exclaimed the girl, 'for his poor old mother would run stark mad if he was to go for a soldier, and I I'm sure I dare not show my face at hoam wehout him. His mother's sure to lay all the blame on me, and say as he listed for love, and then whatever am I to do?'

" 'I'll not list him while he's tipsy,' replied the sergeant, saying a thousand pretty things to the distressed damsel, and accompanying every sentence with a knowing twinkle of the eye."

Some readers, perhaps, will find Mr. Miller's constant employment of the pronoun *I*, and frequent reference to personal feelings tiresome. But it ought to be borne in mind that his heart is deeply engaged in all that he says, and that what would be affectation in others, is quite natural and proper in him.

ART. XVI.—*The Metropolitan Pulpit*. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c. London: 2 Vols., Vertue.

SKETCHES of the most Popular Preachers in London, in the popular author's best style. They are full of spirit and life. The selection of the present subject is not less felicitous than that of *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*; for vast multitudes both in Town and country, are always eager to hear and to learn something of those Ministers who are held in highest estimation,—the metropolis, of course, being presumed to invite and engage the ablest and the most eloquent. We think that Mr. Grant has surpassed any of his former efforts as respects his style, care, and industry, in the getting up of these Sketches. It is not to be supposed that his facts are always perfectly ascertained, or exactly stated. Nevertheless there is everywhere manifested the most sincere desire to be accurate and just; or, if there be a leaning, it is never but to the favourable side. Above all, the

reader cannot fail to perceive, and fall in with the earnest sentiments of the author, and the strain of piety which pervade the entire work. He has written evidently under a deep impression of the effect and weight which his portraitures may have, in regard to the most serious matters, upon his readers; and not merely as one who laboured to astonish. This is as it ought to be, where the Pulpit is the theme; and this feature is that which will obtain for the publication a hearty interest on the part of the pious as well as the searchers after whatever is curious and strikingly characteristic.

ART. XVII.—*Selections from the Hesperides and Works of the Rev. Robert Herrick.* By the late CH. SHORT Esq. F.R.S. London: Murray. 1839.

WERE real poets not the victims of resistless impulses, surely the fate of very many of their truest predecessors would deter all such from the miserably rewarded work of throwing the creations of their imaginations, or the fruits of genius, into verse. How few of the sons of Song, whether sweet, gorgeous, or lofty, outlive a century, or even a generation! It ought to be the subject of melancholy reflection, that many of the works of those British poets whose popularity was deservedly unbounded for a season, and therefore for all time, have fallen into utter neglect, it may be, to give way to mere imitators, or the diluters of their fancies. Such, at least, has been the fate of Herrick, whose playful, graceful, and wealthy fancy, whose luxuriance, yet purity of language and of imagery, and whose wantonness of manner in thought and subject, even Moore has in vain attempted to rival. True, the former, as well as the latter, indulges in cold conceits; he is also apt to recast the thoughts of others, and to sport with his mastery of fancies and abundance of expression to the meretricious adornment of what comes to his hands classically perfect and chastened. Neither is he always free from the gross indecencies that at the present more formal and conventionally correct age cannot be tolerated. Still there is enough that is beautiful, unexceptionable, and excellent in his works to delight and engage all lovers of legitimate poetry, as the present Selections amply demonstrate; a selection that is in every respect satisfactory, and calculated to revive an appreciation of the works of one, who while his song is charming, has done good service towards the enrichment of our literature and language. We quote a specimen of his Amatory pieces, that has point and matter in it sufficient to bear many repetitions, as well as that metrical smoothness which now-a-days generally passes for poetry.

TO THE VIRGINS.

TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while you may;
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.
 That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worst ; and worse
 Times still succeed the former.
 Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For, having lost but once our prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Mr. Shorts' *Life of the Poet* and his criticisms display the feelings of a hearty admirer, and the researches of an antiquary..

ART. XVIII.—*Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington.* By the REV. G. N. WRIGHT. Vol. I. Lond. Fisher. 1839.

NEVER since the battle of Waterloo, unless it may have been at the passing of the Emancipation Bill, did the Duke attract so much notice, command so much consideration, or occupy so high a station in the public mind, as at this moment. His political firmness and consistency, his manly support and straightforward opposition politically speaking, his moral courage, and great weight in the affairs of the nation, have never before been more extensively felt and acknowledged, and never more honestly appreciated by all parties. Besides, he is far advanced in years, having completed "three score and ten,"—the wear and tear of time, and many a campaign, military, civil, and political, being understood to have lately very distinctly manifested their ravages, and given significant intimations. All these circumstances, together with the grandeur and magnitude of the subject, separately, or combinedly taken, appear recently to have set *litterateurs* and biblioplists upon the elert; and no doubt they have speculated sagely and soundly in providing such fare as is now before us for the gratification of the public.

Mr. Wright's is but one of the enterprises out of several to which we allude. But so far as it has gone it will bear a comparison with any of the others, as a careful collection of anecdotes, and a just estimate of the hero's early history; while, as regards precision, purity, and elegance of style, we think he is decidedly to be preferred. In looking out for an extract, we have been anxious to find some striking and well authenticated passages identified with the boyhood or school-days of Arthur Wellesley. But we must, in all probability, wait till he has been summoned hence for any particular tracings of his youthful years. These years, indeed, may have been, as in the case of many other great men, barren of remarkable incident or extraordinary promise; so as to have secured neither autobiographical journalism, nor other faithful and authentic recordings. But any anecdotes that may be illustrative of the character of any of the Wellesley family must always be acceptable; and therefore we quote some particulars which Mr. Wright has gleaned concerning the Earl of Mornington, the father of the hero of Waterloo, and who is deservedly ranged along with several prodigies:—

" During the peaceful times in which he flourished, Garret, Earl of Mornington, acquired a singular celebrity. In him was illustrated one of those instances of precocious musical talent which astonish all who witness them, and remain inexplicable by metaphysical or other rules. While yet in the arms of his nurse, and before he was able to put a complete sentence together, he distinguished the performance of his father, who was an excellent violinist, from that of Dubourg, a professor, so nicely, that when the latter visited at Dangan Castle, the child would not suffer his father to play; and during the performance of the most difficult pieces, he beat time with so much accuracy, as to lead those present to conclude that he could not mark it untruly. At the age of nine years he was persuaded, by a painter employed in the mansion, to take up a violin and attempt to play; and, in the space of a few hours, he learned the old catches of 'The Christ Church bells' and 'Sing one, two, three—come follow me.' A neighbouring clergyman was much applauded for the composition of a new country dance; and this little circumstance secretly worked upon the feelings of the embryo musician so acutely, that he now turned composer, and, without the assistance or knowledge of any one, produced a minuet, the bass of which he wrote in treble clef. He next composed a seranata, consisting of three parts, not yet having had any instruction, nor even, having heard music, except his father's playing on the violin and his sisters' on the harpsichord, and not having attained his fourteenth year. His father, observing the extraordinary musical genius of his son, told him that he had an intention of presenting an organ to the parish-church, if his son had been capable of acting as organist. The youth immediately promised that if his father would only order an organ to be built, he would be fully prepared to play the most difficult music by the time of its erection; which promise he actually fulfilled, playing fugues extempore, the moment the instrument was set up, to the amazement of his father and friends, who had never before heard him execute a single bar, nor had he an instrument to practise on.

" In process of time, his lordship read, studied, and composed music; and although he never received any instruction in that pleasing science, Rosengrave and Geminiani, who examined his compositions, declared that they were agreeable to all the established rules, and that he seemed intimately acquainted also with their proper exceptions. In the early part of his life, he was always most pleased with simple melodies, but subsequently he exhibited a strong predilection for church music and full harmony. He was ultimately so distinguished as a musical composer and performer, that the University of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music; and a chant which he composed continues, to this day, to be performed in the churches of Dublin. Amongst the most admired of his vocal compositions, are, 'Here in cool grot,' 'When for the world's repose,' 'Twas you, Sir,' 'Gently hear me, charming maid,' 'Come, fairest nymph,' and 'By greenwood tree.' Writers of musical biography have distinguished five from among those that were most conspicuous by a display of musical talent in infancy: they are, Mozart, Charles Wesley, Samuel Wesley, Little Crotch, and Lord Mornington."

ART. XIX.—*The Rights of Necessity, and the Treatment of the Necessities by various nations.* London: Richardson. 1839.

IN a rambling, and, according to our opinion, by no means conclusive manner, although many of the opinions, laws, and facts collected by the author are striking or curious in themselves, he argues, that according to the fundamental principles of society, and the immutable law of nature, every man has a right to maintenance and protection in the land in which God has placed him, "as long as food and raiment and shelter can be found." Many assumptions and assertions are put forward which not only do not rest on self-evident grounds, but which appear to us erroneous, in support of this sweeping doctrine. For instance, it is declared that "Every rightly constituted mind must feel, that the Creator never can permit of such self-abandonment, as would peril that life which is his immediate gift." If this were the principle of Providence we think it would follow that no evil of any sort would be permitted to exist, certainly not the evil of poverty, which has, there are thousands of cases to prove, been the cause of self-abandonment. But supposing the last quoted dictum to be correct both as to principle and fact, does this follow, "that as man cannot be permitted to abandon his *own* life, neither can he be permitted so to submit himself to the will or order or law of others, as to invest *them* with a power, actively or passively, of causing his destruction?" Instead of *passive lycausing*, we presume the author would, after reflecting upon the contradiction of terms, say *passively allowing*, or throw his meaning into some such congruous form. But not to tarry upon this, the author goes the length, that the lazy, the idle, and he who is a reckless spendthrift, is destroyed by the industrious if they allow him to perish for lack of food, raiment, and shelter. Is this the doctrine of the Bible, texts of which are abundantly strewed throughout the pamphlet, concerning him who will not work?

We are at issue with the author in regard to many alleged facts as well as principles. He says "it is not to be assumed, that *Poverty* and *Want* are the certain characteristics of a state of nature; or even of the early and imperfect association of mankind. Many are the authorities disproving such an assumption." He then proceeds to assert that the Esquimaux and the Laplanders have "plenty of provisions;" that in "Java there is no pauperism;" that the natives of Australia "do not suffer want;" that "in China, swarming with human beings, a seat is found at nature's board for every man;" &c. &c.

Now, first of all here, we should like to have the author's definition of what he means by a *state of nature*. Probably he identifies it with the condition of savages, or of cannibals, or some very inferior stage in civilization. We, on the other hand, maintain that the natural state of man is just as rightfully identified with those developments of reason and feeling of which he is susceptible, and in which he finds *naturally* the highest enjoyment. The social state is a natural one, as the author of the *Ethics of Politics* demonstrates; and that social state necessarily does originate laws for the good of the many, that is, the stability and development of the highest capacities, the most rational enjoyments, and the best interests of the whole.

The author's drift is to assail the Poor Law Amendment Act for England ; and he goes to Java, China and other places of which we know but little : and yet of that little we could show to him from recent travellers, Mr. Ellis, whose authority he cites, amongst others, that he has not given a fair account. Who, for example, that has read the narratives of recent investigators of Chinese history and manners does not know that the people are often forced to live upon what, were an Englishman left no other resource, would be tantamount to absolute starvation? What is there that the natives of the celestial empire will not devour when driven as they often are to despair by want of food? Why, rats, mice, dogs, reptiles, vermin, beetles, roots of herbs and plants, bark of trees, &c. &c.; so that a good authority says the Chinese in cases of exigency are all but omnivorous. But it cannot be necessary to instance contrary facts to those recklessly advanced by one who talks as if the word *famine* could never have been used or understood excepting in countries where some vile system of poor laws founded on principles inconsistent with what the author calls an "immitable law of nature" did not exist; as if, where savages prowled, and in countries where there was no positive legislation, the Creator would contradict himself if want of necessary food, clothing, and shelter was ever realized. Besides, the condition, and circumstances of all the nations mentioned for the sake of illustrative argument are by no means analogous to those of this country.

We observe that all along the anonymous author leaves completely in the dark what he understands by the terms Necessity and Necessitous; terms, which, however vaguely or sweepingly he may apply them, can only rationally and morally express the source and cause of rights to the assistance of the community and of the less straitened, when no other means of support and protection are within the reach of that exertion which is consistent with man's temporal welfare mentally and bodily, nay, indispensable to his truest comforts on earth, and a necessary preparation for another state of existence. What would be the condition of England if an opposite doctrine prevailed and was acted upon throughout the nation, according to a universally recognized right and system? Why, the worthless, the profligate, and the thriftless would eat the bread of the virtuous poor, they would swamp the community.

We have spent more time upon certain assumptions and unauthorized conclusions than we suppose any reflecting person will think was called for, who reads so much of the Pamphlet as we have done. But observing the confidence of the author, and his oft reiterated gratuitous assertions of things, in the manner of principles and facts, which appear to us to be opposed to reason, justice, and truth, and just as if they never had been and could not be objected to; and finding also, amid all this reckless dealing, an admixture of what we consider to be some of the most misleading fallacies that are bandied about on the subject of pauperism and the claims of paupers to support, at all hazards, and whatever may be the nature of the case, we have thought fit to indicate the grounds of our dissent, as well as to allow some of the doctrines before us to be beheld in their natural breadth and absurdity, the author having in his zeal and honesty despised the glossings and the midway views of more dextrous pleaders.

We have said above that he has strung together some curious opinions, facts, and enactments. A considerable number of such are drawn from the histories of nations remote from us, either as to date or space. The Judaic laws and customs are chiefly resorted to as compiled or extracted from Maimonides and others. Here is a specimen :—

“ THE VARIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS to which the Poor of Palestine were entitled, are thus detailed by Maimonides, as expounded in Deuteronomy and Leviticus. They comprise, indeed, thirteen out of the 613 Precepts of the Law: Seven being *Affirmative*, and six *Negative*. They are as follow, viz.—

“ 1. To leave the Corner.

“ 2. No one shall wholly reap the Corner.

“ 3. To leave the Gleanings.

“ 4. No one is to glean his land.

“ These Four Precepts are founded upon the following Verses of the 12th and 23rd Chapters of Leviticus : viz. And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.—And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of the vineyard : thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger. I am thy Lord, thy God.

“ 5. To leave the small bunches of the vine.

“ 6. No one to glean his Vine.

“ 7. To leave the fallen-grapes of the Vineyard.

“ 8. No one to collect the fallen-grapes of his Vineyard.

“ These Four precepts are founded upon the following Verses of the 23rd Chapter of Leviticus, and the 24th Chapter of Deuteronomy :—And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest ; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and stranger. I am the Lord, your God.—When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterwards, it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.

“ 9. To abandon a thing left through forgetfulness.

“ 10. No one to return to take a thing left through forgetfulness.

Founded upon the following Verse of Deuteronomy ; (Chap. xxiv. 19.) —When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it ; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow : that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.

“ 11. To separate Tithes for the Poor.

Founded upon the following verses of Deuteronomy Ch. 14, v. 28. 29. At the end of three years, thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year, and shalt lay it up within thy gates.—And the Levite, (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee,) and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat, and be satisfied, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hand, which thou doest.

“ 12. To bestow Alms according to one's means.

“ 13. No one to harden his heart against the poor.

Founded upon the following verses of Deuteronomy Ch. 15, v. 7 to 11. If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother,—For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."

In the Appendix the author offers some remarks upon the modes of punishment amongst the Hebrews, and then passes on to the practices in later times and in other nations, bringing his declamation to bear chiefly upon certain methods and systems that obtain in England, without, however, suggesting any remedies; exactly in the manner of other violent fault-finders. The conclusion of the entire treatise is in perfect keeping, every way, with all that precedes. We quote the passage:—

"In conclusion, it may be asserted, that the comparison of the various fancies in various ages, for torturing the bodies of the weaker portion of mankind, is not unfavourable to the *politique méprisable du peuple ignorant et barbare*—the *contemptible polity* of the Hebrews: but whether we contemplate the *clean cutting off the grystal of the ryght eare*, by the sanguinary ruffian. Henry,—the cool and quaker barbarities of the English Steam-Mill—the 'Scorpion' and bastinado of the *unenlightened* Hebrews, Romans, and Mahomedans—the nine-tail-cat of the *enlightened* and highly-civilized English—the dungeon of the English debtor—the Factory-thong—the piratical fiend-like stealing of the poor Negro—the 'Shoddy-hole' of the Factory-child—the two-footed *plants* of Aristotle—the Pauper-hold, the severing of man and wife, and the swine's food of the Pauper-Law—or the various modes of punishment and torture now obsolete—we must admit the correctness of the words of the Motto, that

• Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon! and his body
Serves the triple purpose! "

ART. XX.—*The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. A series of Views from Nature, &c., &c.* London: Fisher.

THE motto from Dr. Johnson of this highly embellished and beautifully illustrated work is aptly chosen. "The grand object of all travelling," says he, "is to see the shores of the Mediterranean; on these shores were the four great empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our laws, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." But the glory, in a great measure, hath departed from the cradle of civilization, of learning, science, and the arts. Still, a halo dwells over reposing antiquity, the lines of the great and the beautiful are still to be traced of the works of men in the days of old, exciting all those emotions which to the venerable and the hallowed rightfully belong,—while the liberal, bounteous, and most luxuriant hand of nature continues, without a grudge, to lavish there her richest and loveliest stores; and thus are combined the most interesting and in-

structive relics of the past with the freshness and life of the present,—those multitudinous associations that most impressively and gratefully affect the mind,—classic recollections, historic monuments, the ruins of empires.

There is no way by which all these interesting and awakening facts and associations can be so fully and touchingly brought home to the comprehension and sympathies of untravelled persons as by a judicious and tasteful union of literary description, and pictorial illustration; no other way by which the memory of the traveller can be so agreeably refreshed. At the same time it is saying less than the occasion warrants us, when we declare that never before was the union spoken of, produced and wrought out, in a manner so to be desired and so accessible, as in the present publication.

It is sufficient to state, to all who are acquainted with the illustrated works which the same publishers have brought out upon a similar plan with the one before us,—and few there are, we believe, among the lovers of art or the reading community, who are otherwise circumstanced,—their “Constantinople and its Environs, with the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor,” for instance,—that the “Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean,” while affording a still more fertile and varied series of subjects, is a production unsurpassed by any of its predecessors as regards not only the beauty of the execution, but the lifelike scenes and objects selected for delineation. Eight Parts are before us, (twelve to complete the work) in which the Views of Sicily predominate, taken from Nature by W. L. Leitch Esq. The Barbary Coast is illustrated in a similar manner by Major Gen. Sir Grenville T. Temple, Bart., with several of whose travels we have made the reader acquainted; while Calabria, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands have obtained the kindred services of Lieut. Allen. An Analysis of the pictures, and the phenomena of the Mediterranean, and descriptions of the immediate subjects of the Plates, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., constitute the letter-press portion of the publication.

The quarto size of the work affords scope for such minuteness of detail as fidelity and intelligibility require. The Drawings must have been accurately and delicately managed, for the perspective in the Plates and the harmony between the different parts, the sky and body of the picture, with scarcely an exception, delightfully conduct us to sunny lands. The Plates have a depth and massiveness as well as softness, not often perceptible in steel engravings. There are four pictures in each part; the wonder is how each of them can be sold at the rate of six-pence, not counting a farthing for the literary matter. The work only requires to be seen to be admired.

ART. XXI.—*Lady Cheveley; or, the Woman of Honour.* Churton. A small publication, which in verse retorts with considerable smartness and power upon the author of “*Cheveley, or, the Man of Honour.*” Erroneously, and in the face of internal evidence, some portion of the public that feeds on scandal, has pronounced it to be the work of Sir E. L. Bulwer. The following letter which was addressed to its

publisher in anticipation of its appearance ought to set the matter at rest :—

“ 32, Great James Street, Bedford Row,
April 24, 1839.

Sir,—I am instructed by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer to inform you, that it is with deep regret and concern that he saw the announcement of a work, to be published by you, called ‘Lady Cheveley, or the Woman of Honour.’ Whatever the views and objects of the writer may be (probably not inimical to himself, judging by the terms of that announcement), Sir Lytton Bulwer is compelled, for the sake of his children, and in their name, to enter his most earnest protest against any attempt to prolong or widen the notoriety of a publication, which carries its own answer and its own condemnation.

I am, Sir, Your Obt. Servant,
WILLIAM LOADEN.”

ART. XXII.—*The Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society.* By John Morrison, D.D. London; Fisher.

THIS work now appearing in Parts, is to trace and describe the influence which Methodism has had on the spirit of Modern Missions,—Wesley and Whitfield being held as the instruments that prepared the way for these, and many other philanthropic undertakings characteristic of the present age; it is also to give historical sketches of the principal missionary Societies which have entered on the great field for the conversion of the Heathen world: and lastly to present biographical notices of the honoured, and venerable, and learned men who laid the basis of the institution named in the title, and which has been most prominent in the noble enterprise. Portraits of many of the Founders are to accompany the letter press. There cannot be a doubt, where the theme is so arresting and rich, and the champions identified with it so numerous and eminent, of the work's success in obtaining the countenance of the religious portion of the community, or of its stimulating to further exertions in the same path. The merely speculative philosopher; he who delights to watch the revolutions of opinion, and to mark how a change or a novelty in the religious sentiment sends its influence abroad and throughout other regions of thought and endeavour, will do well to look into this book.

ART. XXIII.—*History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By A. ALISON, Advocate. Vol. VII. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1839.

THE History of Europe during its most eventful period as embraced by the title of this work has still to be written. Here we have the *Seventh* volume, in which the Government of the Marquis of Wellesley in India,—the Austrian war of 1806, the Tyrolese war, and the capture for the second time of Vienna,—the disasters of the Walcheron expedition,—and Wellingtons early campaigns in the Peninsula, are the principal divisions; bringing the narrative down to a date no later than that of the battle of

Fuentes D'Onoro. The work is by far too bulky, speaking merely of the number and size of its volumes: but what is worse, it is essentially a compilation clumsily constructed, consisting of extracts which laborious reading and note-taking have supplied, instead of the essence of the whole being present to the author's mind, and cast in a new and characteristic mould. Mr. Alison is deficient not merely as regards conciseness and force, but comprehensiveness and depth of thought. He is superficial as to matter, and most diffuse as well as long-winded in diction. His political creed also seems frequently to divert his mind from the recognition and contemplation of first principles and remote causes. Some of his descriptions, such as his battle-pieces, have vividness about them; and here the verbosity of the rhetorician is less objectionable than when he attempts to speculate. Take a view of the field of Eckmuhl while still fresh and unstained:—

“As they arrived on the top of the hills of Lintach, which separate the valley of the Iser from that of the Laber, the French, who came up from Landshut, beheld the field of battle stretched out like a map before them. From the marshy meadows which bordered the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets, and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The villages of Eckmuhl and Laichling, separated by a large copsewood, appeared in view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. The meadows were green with the first colours of spring; the osiers and willows, which fringed the streams that intersected them, were just bursting into leaf; and the trees which bordered the roadside already cast an agreeable shade upon the dusty and beaten highway which lay beneath their boughs. The French soldiers involuntarily paused as they arrived at the summit, to gaze on this varied and interesting scene; but soon other emotions than those of admiration of nature swelled the breasts of the warlike multitude who thronged to the spot. In the intervals of these woods, artillery was to be seen; amidst those villages standards were visible; and long white lines, with the glancing of helmets and bayonets on the higher ground, showed columns of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern already in battle array, in very advantageous positions, on the opposite side of the valley. Joyfully the French troops descended into the low ground; while the Emperor galloped to the front, and, hastily surveying the splendid but intricate scene, immediately formed his plan of attack.”

ART. XXIV.—*Hood's Own*. No. XII. London: Baily and Co.

THIS Number, the appearance of which has been delayed in consequence of the bad health of its versatile and inexhaustibly humorous author, completes a volume which alone would build a temple to his fame. We have, however, so often expressed our opinion of Mr. Hood's peculiar genius and productions that it would be but repeating ourselves were we to return to the subject. It will be more acceptable, if, in the present instance, we allow our author to tell a slight portion of his own story, and give an anecdote or two of his old associates.

We learn that Mr. Hood commenced a professional career as an engraver. But he had a bias, it seems, towards literature, and actually became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," on the death of John Scott. His dreams were now all about the articles he provided,—his hopes and delights were in "our Contributors." He says,—

"How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert, and how I used to *look up* to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the London had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and, perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funeral question—'Arrah, honey, why did you die?' Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticisms and classics, and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley, Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides. Hadn't you Lion's heads with traditional tales? Hadn't you an Opium Eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a Learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Had not you a regular Drama, and a Musical Report, and a Report of Agriculture, and an Obituary, and a Price Current, and a current price, of only half-a-crown? Arrah, why did you die? Why, somehow the contributors fell away—the concern went into other hands—worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon, the circulation of the Miscellany, like that of poor La Fevre, got slower, slower, slower,—and slower still—and then stopped for ever!"

Of Clare, and another self-taught poet, we have these further notices after the writer's own droll, kind, and sympathetic style:—

"There was much about Clare for a Quaker to like; he was tender-hearted, and averse to violence. How he recoiled, once, bodily-taking his chair along with him,—from a young surgeon, or surgeon's friend, who let drop, somewhat abruptly, that he was just come 'from seeing a child skinned!'—Clare, from his look of horror, evidently thought that the poor infant, like Marsyas, had been flayed *alive*! He was both gentle and simple. I have heard that on his first visit to London, his publisher considerably sent their porter to meet him at the inn; but when Thomas necessarily inquired of the gentleman in green, 'Are you Mr. Clare?' the latter, willing to foil the traditionary tricks of London sharpers, replied to the suspicious query with a positive negative. The Brobdignaggian next to Clare, overtopping him by the whole head and shoulders—a physical 'Colossus of Literature,' the grenadier of our corps—is Allan Cunningham, 'a credit,' quoth Sir Walter Scott (he might have said a long credit) 'to Caledonia.' He is often called 'honest Allan,' to distinguish him, perhaps, from one Allan-a-Dale, who was apt to mistake his neighbours' goods for his own—sometimes, between ourselves, yclept the 'C. of Solway,' in allusion to that favourite 'Allan Water,' the Solway Sea. There is something of the true moody poetical weather observable in the barometer of his face, alternating from Variable to Showery, from Stormy to Set Fair. At times he looks gloomy and earnest and traditional—a little like a Covenanter—but he suddenly clears up and laughs a hearty laugh that lifts him an inch or two from his chair, for he rises at a joke when he sees one, like a trout

at a fly, and finishes with a smart rubbing of his ample palms. He has store, too, of broad Scotch stories, and shrewd sayings; and he writes—no, he wrote rare old-new or new old ballads. Why not now? Has his Pegasus, as he once related of his pony, run from under him? Has the Mermaid of Galloway left no little ones? Is Bonnie Lady Ann married, or May Morison dead? Thou wast formed for a poet, Allan, by nature, and by stature too, according to Pope—

‘To snatch a grave *beyond the reach of Art.*’”

Of Charles Lamb and his manners towards his visitors we learn, in reference to Colebrooke Cottage society,—a “House of Call for all Denominations,”—that

“Men of all parties postponed their partisanship, and met there as on a neutral ground. There were but two persons, whom L. avowedly did not wish to encounter beneath his roof, and those two, merely on account of private and family differences. For the rest, they left all their hostilities at the door, with their sticks. This forbearance was due to the truly tolerant spirit of the Host, which influenced all within its sphere. Lamb, whilst he willingly lent a crutch to halting Humility, took delight in tripping up the stilts of Pretension. Anybody might trot out his Hobby; but he allowed nobody to ride the High Horse. If it was a High German one, he would chant—

‘Gëuty Gëuty
Is a great Beauty.’

till the rider moderated his gallop. He hated anything like Cock-of-the-Walk-ism; and set his face and his wit against all Ultraism, Transcendentalism, Sentimentalism, Conventional Mannerism, and above all, Separatism. In opposition to the Exclusives he was emphatically an Inclusive. As he once owned to me, he was fond of antagonising. Indeed in the sketch of himself, prefacing the Last Essays of Elia, he says, ‘with the Religionist I pass for a Free-thinker, while the other faction set me down for a Bigot.’ In fact, no politician ever laboured more to preserve the Balance of Power in Europe, than he did to correct any temporary preponderances. He was always *trimming* in the nautical, not in the political, sense.”

Such are specimens of the pleasant gossip, amusing anecdotes, spirited sketches, and benign sentiment, that diversify and enrich the concluding Number of this very original and extended production.

ART. XXV.—*Medical Notes and Reflections.* By HENRY HOLLAND, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. London: Longman.

HERE we have the fruits of long and extensive medical practice, study and observation, by one of the most eminent physicians in England. Novelty is not the pretension of these Notes and Reflections; but abundance, variety, and plainness, so as to serve popular as well as professional and scientific purposes. Throughout, the predominance of common sense-views, sedate judgment, and practical sagacity, is particularly apparent and satisfactory. A better antidote against quackery cannot be offered than this book. The Doctor does not attempt to point out how the human

constitution can be supported or renovated by violent attempts to master Nature, but rather how by judicious treatment she may be soothed, aided, and encouraged in her efforts.

Some of the chapters involve curious speculations; such as those in which the author treats of Epidemics, of Insect Life, and its connection with Disease, &c. Others are practical, and of a more popular character; as when Diet, Digestion, Exercise, &c., are the themes. Among this latter class of papers, there is one on the "Points where a Patient may judge for Himself," that will afford a fair specimen of the Doctor's matter and manner:—

"First—The patient may always safely choose a temperature for himself; and inconvenience in most cases, positive harm in many, will be the effect of opposing that which he desires. His feeling here is rarely, if ever, that of theory; though too often contradicted by what is merely such. It represents in him a definite state of the body, in which the alteration of temperature desired is that best adapted for relief, and the test of its fitness usually found in the advantage resulting from the change. This rule may be taken as applicable to all fevers, even to those of the exanthematous kind; where, with an eruption on the skin, the balance between the outer and inner surfaces of the body, and the risk of repression, might seem, and actually are, of greatest importance. In whatever stage the eruption be, if the patient expressly seeks for a cooler atmosphere or cooling applications, they may be fully conceded to him, without a fear of ill result; and under the guidance chiefly of his feelings as to the time during which their use may be continued. Except in some cases of vitiated sensation from nervous disease, I have scarcely ever known the judgment of a patient practically wrong on these points; and in this case of exception the error itself is of very little consequence.

"Secondly—In the majority of instances of actual illness, provided the real feelings of the patient can be ascertained, his desires as to food and drink may safely be complied with. Whatever be the physical causes of the relation (and they are yet beyond our research), the stomach itself is the best expounder of the general and more urgent wants of the system in this particular. But undoubtedly much care is needful that we be not deceived as to the state of the appetites, by what is merely habit or wrong impression on the part of the patient, or the effect of the solicitation of others. This class of sensations is much more nurtured out of the course of nature than are those which relate to the temperature of the body. The mind too becomes much more deeply engaged with them; and though in acute illness they are generally submitted again to the natural law, there are many lesser cases where enough remains of the leaven of habit to render every precaution needful. With such precautions, however, which every physician who can take schooling from experience will employ, the stomach of the patient becomes a valuable guide—whether it dictate abstinence from or recurrence to food—whether much or little in quantity—whether what is solid or liquid—whether much drink or little—whether things warm or cold—whether sweet, acid, or saline—whether bland or stimulating to the taste. As respects limitation of food, indeed, the 'tempeſtiva abſti-

nentia' is often with the patient himself an urgent suggestion of nature, especially in cases where fever is present. It is a part of the provision for cure which we hold in our hands; and if not sufficiently regarded, all other remedies lose greatly of their value. Here, then, we are called upon to maintain the cause of the patient, for such it truly is, against the mistaken importunities which surround him, and which it sometimes requires much firmness to put aside. It is not wholly paradoxical to say that we are authorized to give greatest heed to the stomach, when it suggests some seeming extravagance of diet. It may be that this is a mere depravation of the sense of taste; but frequently it expresses an actual need of the stomach, either in aid of its own functions, or indirectly, under the mysterious law just referred to, for the effecting of changes in the whole mass of blood. It is a good practical rule in such cases to withhold assent, till we find, after a certain lapse of time, that the same desire continues or strongly recurs; in which case it may generally be taken as an index of the fitness of the thing desired for the actual state of the organs. In the early stage of recovery from long gastric fevers, I recollect many curious instances of such contrariety to all rule being acquiesced in, with manifest good to the patient."

* * * * *

"Thirdly—As regards exertion of body, posture, continuance in bed or otherwise, the sick may generally be allowed their own judgment, provided it is seen to be one dependent on bodily feelings alone. And so equally with respect to fresh air, methods of exercise, and times of repose. In these things, as on points of diet, suggestions, founded on careful notice of the feelings of the patient, and watchfulness as to the effect of the first trials, are all that is required from the physician; and more than this often does mischief. I have often witnessed the ill effects of minute interference in such matters; whether arising from excess of caution, or from the mischievous spirit of governing everything by medical rule and authority; without appeal to the feelings of the patient, even where these may securely be taken in evidence. The most important exception to this rule is in certain nervous and dyspeptic disorders of chronic kind, where it is needful to urge bodily exertion upon the patient, in contradiction to his own sensations, and sometimes even where the first trials are seemingly unsuccessful. With moderate care in observation, the tests of fitness here are so simple that there can be little chance of any error leading to injurious consequences. As respects mental exertion during illness or convalescence, much more caution is needful. Here the patient is usually less able to estimate his own power, and is more entirely at the discretion of those around him. The present condition of life among the higher classes produces as much of evil from excesses of moral and intellectual excitement, as from those of the stomach; and it is equally difficult to place watch and reasonable restraint upon them. In these instances, and they are of constant occurrence, the judgment of the physician, as well as firmness in his manner of interference, are urgently required. But in ordinary cases, and under more tranquil methods of life, he may leave much to the discretion and feeling of power in the patient himself; with the simple injunction that this feeling should be duly consulted before any change is made."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

J U L Y, 1839.

ART. I.—*Remarks on the Slavery Question, in a Letter to Jonathan Phillips, Esq.* By W. E. CHANNING. London: Wiley and Putnam, 1839.

THE continued existence of slavery in the United States of America, the land of boasted liberty and equality, presents a contradiction which may well excite the astonishment and the severest reproach of the citizens of the Old World. The spectacle is of such a frightful nature, and the system involves such an amount of guilt, that one would fain believe the pictures brought home to us of its existence were imaginary, exaggerated, or at least only chargeable against barbarians or professed unbelievers in Christianity. We have, however, irrefragable proofs that the reverse is the case, nay, that men of the highest legislative standing in the Union, not only by their private conduct countenance the most appalling system of slavery, and to an enormous ever-increasing extent, but that they loudly and with unshamed faces defend the institution, proclaiming publicly their share in it, and their determination to perpetuate all its cruelties and criminality. Mr. Clay, for example, has lately delivered an elaborate speech to the effect mentioned, and has had all he uttered applauded and echoed by many of his fellow-legislators.

We have often directed the attention of our readers to the slave-trade and to slavery, believing that such crying and inveterate enormities require to be constantly assailed by the moral force of public opinion, as now held throughout the most enlightened parts of Christendom. It is absolutely necessary that the power of this moral agency should be heartily joined to the physical means, so energetically employed by England, and brought to bear against such a dreadful scourge of mankind. Mr. Buxton has lately proved that physical resistance to the spread of the monstrous evil, that all the protection which our ships and their crews can afford to the poor Africans, that all the just severity of punishment which we inflict

upon the detected traffickers in human beings, cannot stem the slave-trade, nor prevent thousands being annually destroyed or enslaved to supply the ravenous American market. Let us therefore lose not an opportunity of raising our voices, and to the utmost of our means making ourselves be heard, uniting in the execrations and the pleadings that burst from all humane and Christianized hearts on the subject of slavery; for if there was no fiendlike demand for bondsmen, no torturous use made of the African to serve the cupidity of slave-owners, there would be no slave-trade.

The present opportunity is one of the most inviting that ever occurred, for joining with the throng of Abolitionists in exposing and denouncing slavery in one of its greatest strongholds. Dr. Channing, one of the greatest men of the age, a man possessed of the richest mind, whose reputation has extended wherever letters and Christianity have sped, whose eloquence is massive, profound, and mightily earnest, like to his intellect, and the power and compass of his purposes and sympathies,—has once more taken the field in behalf of the bondsman to the condemnation of hosts of his countrymen, and to the furtherance, without a doubt, of the triumph of liberty, truth, and civilization. A nobler champion and herald cannot be found: let us follow him,—let us echo his far-sounding words.

Some two or three years ago we accompanied the celebrated author of the present letter, and gave an abstract of his work on slavery. In that publication he addressed himself chiefly to an exposition of its evils, and to the demolition of the hackneyed efforts made to defend or excuse the infernal system, wherever established. In the production before us, he has taken new ground and confines himself to one field, where the enormity still exists in all its vigour, and where in its development certain peculiarities are made manifest. It is slavery within the American Union that he seizes upon, and the stand made for it by many of his fellow-citizens that he assails,—the speech of Mr. Clay being taken for his text. That speech which, from the *status* of its author, the comprehensiveness and uncompromising nature of its doctrines, representing as it does the sentiments of the slave-holding community, has very properly been thus chosen. Before we have done, we shall let our readers partake in our enjoyment at the manner in which the legislator is stripped and demolished by a “greater than he.” In the meanwhile, seeing that Dr. Channing has recurred to one deceitful apology for slavery, (which he also formerly exposed) on account of the still common use made of it, which apology, he says, is uniformly advanced by “the whole South, and not a few of the North” of the Union, we shall, preliminarily to our review of that part of the Letter which directly meets Mr. Clay’s harangue, turn our eyes for a moment towards this famous bulwark by which men con-

deal from themselves the real character of the evil, and repel as unwarrantable every effort for its destruction.

The apology alluded to is this—that through the lenity of the master, the slave in America suffers less than the labourer in most other countries. He has more comforts,—is happier. How often have we ourselves listened with disgust and wonder to the abettors of the system in the West Indies when uttering such a defence, full as it is of the grossest fallacies; and have had our replies and re-proofs ready, which even in our hands were sufficient to drive the advocate of evil from his refuge, or, at least, from his propriety. But Dr. Channing's expoundings and refutations are much stronger, closer, more abundant, and rich; therefore to him we shall have recourse for the triumphant arguments now to be glanced at.

That the apology in question is urged at the present day, it is pertinently observed by our author, is a hopeful circumstance; for it shows that the slave-masters feel that they have the eye of the world upon them, a world becoming every day more enlightened and therefore humane; so that in self-defence it has become necessary to assert the beneficence of slavery, and this being the footing that is most confidently adopted as the firmest in its support, the day of its fall cannot be far distant. “The master feels, that he can only keep himself within the pale of civilized society, by practising kindness to a certain extent. All his defenders of the North plead his kindness. Who does not see, that, under these influences, the severities of the system must be mitigated, and that the advocates of freedom are doing immediate good to the poor creatures whose cause they espouse?”

Still slavery necessarily includes much cruelty, even admitting what is urged about its comparative comforts. The plea, in fact, never touches the essential, fundamental evil, which is, the injustice it does to a human being. “It is no excuse for wronging a man, that you make him as comfortable as is consistent with the wrong;” the wrong in the present case being the denying him freedom. No matter that our chains are woven of silk; they are as iron, because they are chains. Is my being shut up in prison to be atoned for by feeding and clothing me abundantly? An instinct of the soul calls for personal freedom, to which slavery is such a violence that nothing but abjectness can reconcile a man to its loss.

But the apology is, that the slave suffers less than other labourers. And who gave them a right to inflict a suffering, greater or less, on an innocent fellow-creature? It is still injustice. Is a highwayman not a robber because he courteously, and in a gentlemanly style gives back part of the money he took from the traveller? Besides, how do we know that the man is made happier, and can a person be rendered happy against his will? Ordering and driving him, at any rate, is a strange method to take to please him.

“Pain as pain, is nothing compared with pain when it is a wrong. A blow, given me by accident, may fell me to the earth ; but after all it is a trifle. A slight blow, inflicted in scorn or with injurious intent, is an evil, which, without aid from my principles, I could not bear ?” But it will be said, the slave has nothing of this consciousness of his wrongs, which adds so much weight to suffering. To him, as to the ox, a blow is but a blow, whoever inflicts and whatever may be the motive. Has the apology come to this, that slavery is happiness compared with the condition of most free labourers, because it blunts the common sensibilities and prostrates all self-respect ? But the spirit of man is not wholly killed in the slave ; the moral nature of man never wholly dies ; and much is the physical cruelty which the bondsmen in the Union have to endure. Dr. Channing says,—

“One instance of cruelty at the South has lately found its way into some of our papers, and that is, the employment of blood-hounds in parts of the new States, for the recovery, or if this be resisted, for the destruction of the fugitive slaves. This statement has been questioned or denied, by those who incline to favourable views of the whole subject, as an atrocity too monstrous for belief. I have not enquired into its authenticity. But that one breed of blood-hounds exists at the South, we know ; a breed not armed with fangs, but with rifles, and who shoot down the fugitive when no other way is left for arresting his flight. And where lies the difference between tearing his flesh by teeth, or sending bullets through his heart, skull, or bowels. My humanity can draw no lines between these infernal modes of dispatching a fellow-creature, guilty of no offence, but that of asserting one of the primary, inalienable rights of his nature. It is bad enough to oppress a man ; but, when he escapes from oppression, to pursue him with mortal weapons, to shatter his bones, to mutilate him, and thus send him from a weary life with an agonizing, bloody death, is murder in an aggravated form. The laws which sanction the shooting of the flying slave, are to my mind attempts to legalize murder. They who uphold them do, however unconsciously, uphold murder. It is vain to say that this is an accompaniment of slavery which cannot be avoided : the accompaniment proves the character of the system. It is a fearful law of our condition, that crimes cannot stand alone. Slavery and murder go hand in hand. Having taken the first step in a system of cruelty and wrong, we can set no bounds to our career.”

But still the physical suffering is not the worst evil ; it is not to be compared to the “contempt and violation of human rights, the injustice which treats a man as a brute, and which breaks his spirit to make him a human-tool. It is the injustice which denies him scope for his powers, which dooms him to an unchangeable lot, which robs him of the primitive right of human nature, that of bettering his outward and inward state ; it is the injustice, which converts his social connexions into a curse,” of which Dr. Channing

most loudly complains. In regard to the social relations, those to wife and children, parents, brothers, and sisters, the most blighting evil of slavery is witnessed; for, all these ties must give way to the claims of the slave's owner, to the very man who wrongs the slave. We quote a document that presents a significant commentary upon the slavery system established in the Southern States of the American Union:—

“The following extract is made from the *Antislavery Record* of Feb. 9, 1836:—

“The following query was, not long since, presented to the Savannah River Baptist Association of Ministers:—‘Whether, in case of involuntary separation, of such a character as to preclude all prospect of future intercourse, the parties ought to be allowed to marry again?’ This query was put in regard to husband and wife separated by sale; an every day result of the great internal slave-trade. They answered—

“‘That such separation, among persons situated as our slaves are, is civilly a separation by death; and they believe, that in the sight of God it would be so viewed. To forbid second marriages in such case, would be to expose the parties, not only to stronger hardships and strong temptations, but to church censure for acting in obedience to their masters, who cannot be expected to acquiesce in a regulation at variance with justice to the slaves, and to the spirit of that command which regulates marriage among Christians. The slaves are not free agents; and a dissolution by death is not more entirely without their consent and beyond their control, than by such separation.’”

See how religion is here made the tool of slavery, of the violation of the most sacred feelings of human nature, of the breach of the moral and divine law! “It shows,” adds our champion, “that this iniquitous system pollutes by its touch the divinest, the holiest provision of God for human happiness and virtue.”

But to return to the kindness which is said to be practised towards the slave; it never amounts to an illustration of sound principle; it is not of the right stamp; for, as the human machine cannot work without food, raiment, and all that conduces to health and strength, the kindness spoken of is only such as is bestowed on dogs and horses, because they are a man's own, his profit prompting him, and rendering the very thing boasted of by slave-holders a wrong, for it is an insult. It is because a slave has the spirit of a slave that he is treated kindly. But “once let the spirit of a man wake in him, once let him know his rights, and show his knowledge in words, looks, and bearing, and immediately he falls under suspicion and dislike, and a severity, designed to break him down, is substituted for kindness.”

Such are some of the ideas which the author, in his wonted masterly manner, expands and enforces, and by which he scatters to the winds all the falsehoods, fallacies, and contradictions which

have been uttered in defence of slavery on the footing that it was a comparative blessing. We now turn to the parts of the Letter which more immediately apply to Mr. Clay's statements and doctrines.

The most important portion of the legislator's speech, says the Divine, is "that in which we are told, that slavery is to be perpetual, that we have nothing to hope in this respect from the South," where, as our readers know, the slave-holding States of the Union are chiefly situated. Dr. Channing thus follows up the disheartening declaration :—

"Every other part of the speech sinks into insignificance in comparison with this. Coming from any other man, this document would be less important. But Mr. Clay is no rash talker. His legislative course has been distinguished by nothing so much as by his skill in compromising discordant opinions. His speech was meant to be a compromise, to exert a healing power. He does not, in a fit of transient, blinding anger, dash to the ground our hopes of relief from the intolerable evils of slavery. He states deliberately the grand obstacle to emancipation, and it is one which can only be removed by the dying out of the slaves. He takes the ground, that if the two races are to live together, one must be hopelessly subjugated to the other, so as to prevent collision. Emancipation, he gives us to understand, would be a signal for civil war, to end only in extermination. And as this peril, if real, increases with the increase of the servile class, of consequence every year's continuance of the evil makes freedom, if possible, more and more impossible. We lament and abhor this doctrine, but are truly glad that it is brought out distinctly, that the free States may know what they are to expect. A vague hope has floated before many minds, that this immense evil was in some way or other to cease. On this ground, such of us in the free States as have written against slavery have been rebuked. Our friends as well as foes have said, 'Be quiet; let the South alone; it will find for itself the way of emancipation. You throw back the good work a century.' We have all along known better. We have known that long use, the love of property, and the love of power, had bound this evil on the South, with a triple adamantine chain. We have known, that the increasing culture of cotton was spreading slavery with immense rapidity through new regions, and, by rendering it more gainful, was strengthening the obstinacy with which it is grasped by the owner. We have known, that in consequence of this culture, the northern slave States, whose soil the system had exhausted, have acquired a new interest in it, by humbling themselves to the condition of slave-breeding and slave-trading communities. We have seen that the institution, if to be shaken or subverted, was to be stormed from abroad, not by 'carnal weapons,' not by physical force, but by those moral influences, which, if steadily poured in upon a civilized people, must gradually prevail. It is now seen that we were right. It is now plain that the South has deliberately wedded itself to slavery. We are glad to have it known. The speech publishing this doctrine was meant to be a herald of peace, but it is in truth a summons to new conflict. It calls

those who regard slavery as a grievous outrage on human nature, to spread their convictions with unremitting energy. I take the ground, that no communities, unless cutting themselves off from the civilized world, can withstand just, enlightened, earnest opinion; and this power must be brought to bear on slavery more zealously than ever."

It is in this powerful manner that the Doctor begins to grasp the sentiments of the Speech; nor does he leave it alone without shaking it to pieces, erecting upon the ruins a structure which logic, rhetoric, philosophy, and Christianity harmoniously and triumphantly combine to complete. He allows nothing to escape his dignified and calm-sifting of facts and principles; and long after the reader must feel that he has strangled the arguments of his opponent, and driven him from every refuge, his strength is as perfect as ever; the batteries which he continues to open are still on all sides, moving forward as if spontaneously, and never appearing to have wasted aught of their gigantic resources. For example, the views as quoted, which Mr. Clay entertains relative to slavery in the American States, are quietly confronted with the efforts of the Colonization Society, of which he was, and, as it is supposed, is still the President; a society, which by planting a colony in Africa for the reception of the freed-coloured population of the Union, was intended to drain the multitude off in the course of time; a process, says the Doctor, about as reasonable as that of attempting to drain the Atlantic. But worse than useless has been this method which Mr. Clay has so warmly engaged in. For,—

"It has confirmed the prejudice, to which slavery owes much of its strength, that the coloured man cannot live and prosper as a freeman on these shores. It indeed sends out to the public now and then, accounts of planters who have freed a greater or less number of slaves to be shipped to Africa. But these very operations strengthen slavery at home. Could the master send his plantation to Africa with his slaves, he would serve the cause of freedom. But the land remains here, and remains to be tilled; and by whom must the cultivation go on? by slaves. Of course new slaves must be bought. Of course the demand for slaves is increased; and the price of a man rises; and a new motive is given to the slave-breeding States to stock the market with human cattle. Thus the barbarous trade in men strikes deeper root. No; colonization darkens the prospects of humanity at home, however it may brighten them abroad. It has done much to harden the slave-holder in his purpose of holding fast his victim, and thus increases the necessity of more earnest remonstrance against slavery."

This is but one of the specimens of fertility and strength which sustain Dr. Channing throughout, in consequence of which the doctrines and the conduct of the slave-owners never regain the

ground lost on the first assault. But we must proceed with the analysis and refutation of the Speech.

Mr. Clay, it is asserted, insists that the North has nothing to do with the slavery of the Southern States of the great Union; that it is an unwarrantable, criminal, perilous interference in behalf of a visionary cause: for that, on this point, the States so differently situated and constituted are as independent, the one division of the other, as they would be were they widely separated locally, and foreign in every respect. Supposing for an instant that this position of argument is justly taken in regard to independence like that towards any foreign country, Dr. Channing at once assails it on the broad ground that humanity, human brotherhood, which ought to be universal and cherished as such—to be confined by no seas, limited by no distance,—combine with Revelation to teach that it is every man's duty to lend the force of his moral influence to the eradication of wrong, ignorance, and evil whenever found, whenever these flourish, to the resistance of the spread of civilization and true religion. "I claim the right," says Dr. Channing, "of pleading the cause of the oppressed, whether he suffer in this country or another." "The position is false, that nation has no right to interfere morally with nation." Physical force must not be employed; but moral controul is just, necessary, and imperatively demanded. And is there not now erected in the civilized world a tribunal, before which all communities stand and must be judged, and which no prescription of abuses can defend, not to speak of the higher tribunal of God? "Multitudes, on both sides of the ocean, looking above the distinction of nations, standing on the broad ground of a common nature, protest in the face of heaven and earth against the wrong inflicted on their enslaved brother."

But say the American slave-holders, slavery is one of our institutions! What! can human institutions sanctify immorality and crime? But the institution of slavery in the Southern States is deeply rooted. Then the greater call for strenuous efforts for extirpating the terrible and desolating evil. "Is conscience to stoop from its supremacy, and to become an echo of the human magistrate? Is the law, written by God's finger on the human heart, placed at the mercy of interested statesmen?"

In the splendid argument from which we have just now culled a few ideas and fragments, the author has been proceeding on the supposition, that the slave-holding states, as far as slavery is concerned, stand to the free states on the footing of foreign countries. But he ceases to grant his opponents this position which he has overturned. The free and slave State he asserts are one nation; the former as well as the latter being concerned in the upholding and in the guilt of slavery; if not equally, yet largely and virtually.

If the Doctor's arguments do not touch both, and send conviction home to the quick of all the abettors of the enormity in the Union, then obduracy will stay the march of civilization in a country that has hitherto made prodigious strides in a glorious course, for an indefinite period.

A variety of arguments and illustrations is adduced to prove that slavery is an affair that deeply concerns both sets of States, in short the Union as a nation. With the following he starts :—

“ If we look first at the district of Columbia, we have a proof how deeply the free States are implicated by their contact with the slave-holding. I do not refer now to the reproach fixed on the whole people, by the open, allowed existence of bondage at the seat of government. This is evil enough, especially if we add that the district of Columbia, besides this contamination, is one of the chief slave-markets in the country ; so that strangers, foreign ministers, men whose reports of us determine our rank in the civilized world, associate with us the enormities of the slave-trade and of slave-auctions as among our chief distinctions. This is bad enough for a community which has any respect for character. But there is a greater evil. The district of Columbia fastens on the whole nation the guilt of slave-holding. We at the North uphold it as truly as the South. That district belongs to no state, but to the nation. It is governed by the nation, and with as ample powers as are possessed by any state government. Its laws and institutions exist through the national will. Every legal act owes its authority to Congress. Of consequence, the slavery of the district is upheld by the nation. Not a slave is sold or whipped there, but by the sanction of the whole people. The slave code of the district admits of mitigations ; and this code remains unmodified through the national will. The guilt of the institution thus lies at the door of every man in the United States, unless he purge himself of it by solemn petition and remonstrance against the evil. What ! have the free States nothing to do with slavery ? This moment they are giving it active support.

“ And here it is interesting and instructive to observe, how soon and naturally retribution follows crime. We uphold slavery in the district of Columbia ; and this is beginning to trench on our own freedom.”

This beginning to trench on the freedom of the non-holding slave States, refers to the decision of Congress, that all petitions in behalf of Abolition, should be laid on the table without debate, and that no member should have the privilege of saying a word in their support, or of calling them up for consideration, or for any action in relation to them at a future time. Well may our Letter-writer exclaim and ask,—

“ Has anything like this ever occurred before ? Or if it has, we will go to such precedents for an interpretation of the right of petition ? Is it not plain, that, after this measure, party spirit can never want pretexts for rejecting any and all petitions, be they what they may ? To say that, because these petitions passed through the form of being laid on the table,

the right was not touched, strikes me as one of those evasions, which will do for a court of law, but which is an insult to present to a great nation. Suppose that Congress, at the beginning of a session, should ordain, that an aperture of certain dimensions should be made on the clerk's table, and be connected by a tube with the cellar or common sewer; and should then ordain, that by far the greater number of petitions, to be presented during the session, should be committed to the part of the table occupied by the opening, so as to sink immediately and never be heard of more—what man of common sense, who knows the difference between words and things, or what freeman, who cares a rush for his rights, would not say that the right of petition had been virtually annulled? Why not openly reject the petitions without this mockery? Do we not know, that it is from side-blows that liberty has most to fear?"

Most assuredly the denial referred to on the part of Congress is treating the memorials of the free people of the free States with utter scorn; while the right of petitioning infringed by the power of slavery, thus involves the interests and the responsibility of all the States in relation to the accursed system.

But there are other ways in which the free States become identified with the existence of slavery in the Southern States:—

"The constitution requires the free States to send back to bondage the fugitive slave. Does this show that we have no concern with the domestic institutions of the South? that the guilt of them, if such there be, is wholly theirs, and in no degree ours? This clause makes us direct partakers of the guilt; and, of consequence, we have a vital interest in the matter of slavery. I know no provision of the constitution at which my moral feelings revolt, but this. Has not the slave a right to fly from bondage? Who among us doubts it? Let any man ask himself, how he should construe his rights, were he made a slave; and does he not receive an answer from his own moral nature, as bright, immediate, and resistless, as lightning? And yet we of the free States stop the flying slave, and give him back to bondage! It does not satisfy me to be told, that this is a part of that sacred instrument, the constitution, which all are solemnly bound to uphold. No charter of man's writing can sanctify injustice, or repeal God's Eternal Law. I cannot escape the conviction, that every man who aids the restoration of the flying slave is a wrong-doer, though this is done by our best and wisest men with no self-reproach. To send him from a free State into bondage, seems to me much the same thing as to transport him from Africa to the West Indies or this country. I shall undoubtedly be told, that the fugitive is a slave by the laws of territory from which he escapes. But when laws are acknowledged violations of the most sacred rights, we cannot innocently be active in replacing men under their cruel power. The slave goes back not merely to toil and sweat for his master as before: he goes to be lacerated for the offence of flying from oppression. For hardly any crime is the slave so scored and scarred as for running away; and for every lash that enters his flesh, we, of the free States who have given him back, must answer."

It will be said that this is the morality of the closet, and not the morality of real life ; that there is danger of pushing principles to extremes : that there must be a compromise between the ideal and the actual. Till we came to the answer in the Letter given to what the author calls " these commonplaces," we felt that he had not grappled with what many sedate thinkers regard as the most material and practical part of the question. These commonplaces, says the Doctor, are not wholly without truth. He then goes on to perform the work of discrimination in the dexterous manner now to be seen :—

" Morality is sometimes turned, by inexperienced men, into rant and romance. Solitary dreamers, exalting imagination above reason and conscience, make life a stage for playing showy, dazzling parts, which pass with them for beautiful or heroic. I have little more sympathy with these over-refined, sublimated moralists, than with the common run of coarse, low-minded politicians. Duty is something practicable, something within reach, and which approves itself to us, not in moments of feverish excitement, but of deliberate thought. Good sense, which is another name for that calm, comprehensive reason which see things as they are, and looks at all the circumstances and consequences of actions, is as essential to the moral direction of life, as in merely prudential concerns. Still more, there is a large class of actions, the relations of which are so complicated, and the consequences so obscure, that individual judgment is at fault, and we are bound to acquiesce in usage, especially if long-established, because this represents to us the collective experience of the race. All this is true. But it is also true, that there are grand, fundamental, moral principles, which shine with their own light, which approve themselves to the reason, conscience, and heart, and which have gathered strength and sanctity from the experience of nations and individuals through all ages. These are never to be surrendered to the urgency of the moment, however pressing, or to imagined interests of individuals or states. Let these be sacrificed to hope or fear, and our foundation is gone, our anchor slipped. We have no fixtures in our own souls, nothing to rely on. No ground of faith in man is left us. Selfish, staggering policy becomes the standard of duty, the guide of life, the law of nations. Now, the question as to surrendering fugitive slaves, seems to me to fall plainly, immediately, under these great primitive truths of morality. It has no complexity about it, no mysterious elements, no obscure consequences. To send back the slave is to treat the innocent as guilty. It is to violate a plain natural right. It is to enforce a criminal claim. It is to take the side of the strong and oppressive against the weak and poor. It is to give up an unoffending fellow-creature to a degrading bondage, and to horrible laceration. The fixed universal consequence of this act is, the severe punishment, not of the injurious, but of the injured man. On this point, my moral nature speaks strongly, and I ought to give it utterance."

Another relation which the free States bear to slavery, consists in the obligation, by the constitutional charter, of uniting to put

down by force any insurrection of the slaves against their masters. Humanity requires such a provision. The author admits that the insurgents in such a case would have to be disarmed; but asks, "ought we to replace their chains?" "Should not every effort, short of physical force, be employed to obtain for them a better, a more righteous lot?" But the Southern States would reject with scorn such mediation; and have not therefore the free States painful relations to slavery?

Again, the Slave states are near neighbours to those that are free, and have infected the moral sense perniciously of very many of those who in the North by words denounce slavery. Besides, the commercial relations virtually and actually involve the free States. For example, the slave is mortgaged to the northern merchant; and the fruit of the Slave's toil, the cotton, is the northern merchant's wealth.

Again, Southern slavery bears seriously on the North, by blending itself with the whole political actions and parties of the nation, dividing it into two. Jealousies have arisen, of the most bitter kind, out of this question and the interests involved along with it, constituting Congress not only an arena of strife, but infecting social life and private friendships with enmity.

Have not then the free States something to do with slavery,—some interests at stake connected with its existence in parts of the Union;—and more vitally than if it existed no where but in Turkey and Russia? Oh yes. "It more than touches us," exclaims Dr. Channing: "We feel its grasp," and therefore "we owe it to ourselves, as well as to humanity, to do what we lawfully and peacefully may to procure its abolition."

Having overturned the fallacious defence of slavery, as being a more comfortable condition than that experienced by many free labourers; and also the assertion that the free States of America unwarrantably and wickedly interfere with the rights of the slave-holding States when they agitate this question, the Letter proceeds to dissect the arguments of Mr. Clay, when he attempts to show that emancipation is impossible. The first of these arguments regards the amount of property which would be sacrificed by the measure:—

"Mr. Clay maintains, that 'the total value of the slave property in the United States is twelve hundred millions of dollars,' and considers this 'immense amount' as putting the freedom of the slave out of the question. Who can be expected to make such a sacrifice? The accuracy of this valuation of the slaves I have nothing to do with. I admit it without dispute. But the impression made on my mind by the vastness of the sum, is directly the reverse of the effect on Mr. Clay. Regarding slavery as throughout a wrong, I see, in the immenseness of the value of the slaves, the enormous amount of the robbery committed on them. I see 'twelve hundred millions of dollars' seized, extorted by unrighteous

force. I know not on the face of the earth a system of such enormous spoliation. I know nowhere injustice on such a giant scale. And yet, the vast amount of this wrong is, in the view of many, a reason for its continuance ! If I strip my neighbour of a few dollars, I ought to restore them ; but if I have spoiled him of his all, and grown rich on the spoils, I must not be expected to make restitution ! Justice, when it will cost much, loses its binding power ! What makes the present case more startling is, that this vast amount of property consists not of the goods of injured men, but of the men themselves. Here are human nerves, living men, worth, at the market price, ' twelve hundred millions of dollars.' That this enormous wrong should be perpetrated in the bosom of a Christian and civilized community, is a sad comment on our times. Sad and strange, that a distinguished man, in the face of a great people and of the world, should talk with entire indifference of fellow-creatures, held and labelled as property, to this ' immense amount.' "

But it is said that this property must not be disturbed or questioned, because it is established by law. " That *is* property, which the law declares *to be* property." The italics as well as the whole of this rash *dictum* are by Mr. Clay. Dr. Channing ridicules and refutes it in his wonted forcible and plain manner ; maintaining that property has a natural foundation,—that laws do not create it, but protect and regulate it ; that were it as stated in the Speech, a corrupt and despotic government might at any time declare any man to be property, or take violently from the industrious what was to be given to the idle.

Mr. Clay says, the opposite to his doctrine concerning the property of slaves is only maintained by " visionaries." The Doctor asks if he does not know that the English people, with scarce an exception in any class, must, by this sweeping allegation, be all visionaries, not to mention the intelligent and enlightened population of by far the most respectable communities throughout Europe ? But then it is asked, " must the slave-holder make himself poor ? " —which it is said would be the consequence of Emancipation. A good answer is, that morality and justice should have some weight when opposed to silver and gold. Besides, it is impugning the righteous government of God to say that the relinquishment of a system which is a violation of eternal and immutable justice, would entail temporal ruin and wide-spread worldly adversity. Will a man work less or be paralyzed by the acquirement of liberty ? Does not the master, possessing as he does the soil and capital, possess the unfailing means of obtaining from the coloured or other labourers, bond and free, the exertions required for the cultivation of the soil ?

Another objection taken is, that Emancipation will produce amalgamation of the white and coloured races, a point upon which the former in America, like the Europeans in the West Indies, exhibit a marvellous squeamishness, so as to put the objection in a

self-contradictory position amounting to absurdity. We must not abridge the admirable statement of our author upon this subject :—

“ Can any impartial man fear, that amalgamation will in any event go on more rapidly than at the present moment? Slavery tends directly to intermingle the races. It robs the coloured female of protection against licentiousness. Still worse, it robs her of self-respect. It dooms her class to prostitution. Nothing but freedom can give her the feelings of a woman, and can shield her from brutal lust. Slavery does something worse than sell off her children. It makes her a stranger to the delicacy of her sex. Undoubtedly a smile will be provoked by expressions of concern for the delicacy of a coloured woman. But is this a conventional, arbitrary accomplishment, appropriate only to a white skin? Is it not the fit, natural, beautiful adorning, which God designed for every woman; and does not a curse belong to an institution which blights it, not accidentally, but by a necessary fixed operation? It is the relation of property in human beings which generates the impure connexions of the South, and which prevents the natural repugnance, growing out of difference of colour, from exerting its power. As far as marriage is concerned, there seems to be a natural repugnance between the races; and in saying this, no unfeeling contempt is expressed towards either race. Marriage is an affair of taste. We do not marry the old; yet how profoundly we respect them. How few women would a man of refinement consent to marry; yet he honours the sex. The barrier of colour, as far as this particular connexion is concerned, implies no degradation of the African race. There seems, as I said, a repugnance in nature; but if not natural, the prejudice is as strong as an innate feeling; and how much it may be relied on to prevent connexions, we may judge from the whole experience of the North. There is another security against this union in our country. I refer to the mark which has been set on the coloured race by their past slavery; a mark which generations will not efface, and in which the whites will have no desire to participate. Even were the slaves of the South of our own colour, and were slavery to fix on them and on their children some badge or memorial, such as the impress of a lash on the forehead, or of a chain on the cheek, how few among the class of free descent would be anxious to ally themselves with this separated portion of the race. The spirit of caste, which almost seems the strongest in human nature, will certainly postpone amalgamation long enough, to give the world opportunity to understand and manage the subject much better than ourselves. To continue a system of wrong from dread of such evils, only shows the ingenuity of power in defending itself. The fable of the wolf and the lamb drinking at the same stream, comes spontaneously to our thoughts. But allowing what I have contested, allowing that amalgamation is to be anticipated, then, I maintain, we have no right to resist it. Then it is not unnatural. If the tendencies to it are so strong that they can only be resisted by a systematic degradation of a large portion of our fellow-creatures, then God intended it to take place, and resistance to it is opposition to his will. What a strange reason for oppressing a race of fellow-beings, that, if we restore them to their rights, we shall marry them!”

The objection that Emancipation would be the beginning of a war between the whites and the coloured people to the extent of the slavery or extermination of one or the other, is disposed of with equal brevity and force,—the splendid experiment in the West Indies serving our author with a strong illustration, so far as it has gone, for confidence on the side of Emancipation. The American planters have indeed a mighty advantage over the other, in a variety of respects, if they choose to exert the beautiful and controuling prerogative of humanity. For instance, the liberty of the enslaved in the British colonies was the gift of a distant benefactor, in the face of local repugnance and animosity: and yet the result far surpassed the imaginings of many philanthropists. Had the failure of such an experiment taken place, Dr. Channing says, it would not have discouraged him in relation to the States of America. He is strongly of opinion that if the wisdom of the South were heartily engaged in the righteous and beneficent cause, means of a safe transition to freedom would be more easily discovered than in the case already tried, and beyond any yet dreamt of.

There are other objections than any we have yet noticed to the views entertained by our author, some of them, and the most confidently advanced, having reference to the supposed danger of agitating the slavery question at all in the free States. One of these is, that it may excite insurrection among the slaves; an imaginary danger our author thinks; such as past history, his own knowledge from extended experience of the African character, and the ordinances and providence of God, who blesses the employment of moral influences, do not warrant. Rome had servile wars, but her slaves had been freemen. Among them were fierce barbarians, whose native wildernesses had infused an indomitable love of liberty, and there were civilized men who groaned under the intolerable yoke that was crushing them. But in America, at least in times of peace, there are no materials for such a war. The very circumstance of the Doctor continuing to write on the slave question, is a proof that he sees not the danger which pretended alarmists and slave-masters conjure up. Did he perceive a greater portion of the spirit of a man left in the slave, he should not think him so much wronged. But what is to be feared from a man, who stands by and sees wife and child lacerated without cause, and is driven by no impulse to interpose for their defence?

“The slave, as far as I have known him, is not a being to be feared. The iron has eaten into his soul, and this is worse than eating into the flesh. The tidings that there are people here who would set him free, will do little harm. He withstands a far greater temptation than this; I mean, the presence of the free negro. One would think, that the sight of his own race enjoying liberty, would, if anything, stir him up to the assertion of his rights; but it fails. Liberty is a word, not indeed to be

heard without awakening desire ; but it rouses no resistance. The colonizationist holds out to the slaves an elysium, where they are to be free, and rich, and happy, and a great people ; thus teaching them, that there is nothing in their nature which forbids them the enjoyment of all human rights ; and the master, so far from dreading the doctrines of this society, will become its president. No. Slavery has done its work ; has broken the spirit. So little is the slave inclined to violence, that it is affirmed, and I presume truly, that there are fewer murders by their hands, than by an equal number of white men at the North. We hear, indeed, of atrocious deeds, assassinations, bloody combats at the South. But these are the deeds of white men. Pistols and Bowie knives are not worn by the coloured race. Slavery produces horrible, multiplied murders at the South, not by infusing rage, revenge into the man who bears the yoke, but by nursing proud, unforgiving, blood-thirsty propensities in the master."

But it is asserted that the agitation of the slavery question endangers the Union. To many of his countrymen Dr. Channing's views on this part of his subject will present the most interesting arguments and illustrations. He partakes little of the nervous sensitiveness that prevails in reference to this fancy. Indeed, were the Union so frail as to be at the mercy of what the clamorous fears he speaks of contemplate, it would not be worth keeping. But it is not so fragile and dissoluble. Its foundations are strong ; there is a deep national sentiment of pride and generosity identified with its integrity and its greatness. An American has a passion for belonging to a vast extent of territory. The States, besides, hold together because the people do not know where to break off. None of the States like to form a boundary, while the daily increasing means of internal communication are binding and bringing close the most distant corners.

But is not the South passionate and most jealous ; and would it not, if its interests appeared to be about to be compromised, resort to extreme measures ? Our author's answer is, that though passionate, the South is not insane, which an abandonment of the North would assuredly be on such a question as the present ; for, from that moment, the non-slave-holding States would, in the spirit of antagonism, take up abolitionism with unexampled intensity, and find it the source and means of overwhelming power in the contest. "Emancipation" upon the banners would awaken among the slaves the most dreadful enemy in the regions and heart of the division where they have been so long and unceasingly wronged. The explosion would be dreadful over the whole land ; whereas, in the meantime, the moral sentiment in the North against slavery is kept down by the interests and duties which grow out of union, and the wealth and commerce diffused throughout all the States derivable from the slaves. In relation to this last idea, we have the following remarkable observations :—

"As to Abolitionism in its more general form, or regarded as an individual principle of settled, earnest opposition to slavery, this has taken deep root, and must grow and triumph. It is in harmony with our institutions, and with all the tendencies of modern civilization. It triumphs in Europe, and will flow in upon us from abroad more and more freely, in consequence of those improvements of intercourse which place Europe almost at our door. Still, it is far from being universal among us. There are obstacles as well as aids to its progress, in consequence of which, it is to make its way calmly, gradually, so that there is no possibility of any violent action from the freest discussion of slavery. There is no danger of an anti-slavery fever here, which will justify the South to itself in encountering the infinite hazards of disunion.

"The prevalent state of feeling in the free States in regard to slavery is, indifference; an indifference strengthened by the notion of great difficulties attending the subject. The fact is painful, but the truth should be spoken. The majority of the people, even yet, care little about the matter. A painful proof of this insensibility was furnished about a year and a half ago, when the English West Indies were emancipated. An event surpassing this in moral grandeur, is not recorded in history. In one day, half a million, probably seven hundred thousand of human beings, were rescued from bondage, to full, unqualified freedom. The consciousness of wrongs, in so many breasts, was exchanged into rapturous, grateful joy. What shouts of thanksgiving broke forth from those liberated crowds! What new sanctity and strength were added to the domestic ties! What new hopes opened on future generations! The crowning glory of this day was the fact, that the work of emancipation was wholly due to the principles of Christianity. The West Indies were freed, not by force, or human policy, but by the reverence of a great people for justice and humanity. The men who began and carried on this cause were Christian philanthropists; and they prevailed by spreading their own spirit through a nation. In this respect, the emancipation of the West Indies was a grander work than the redemption of the Israelites from bondage. This was accomplished by force, by outward miracles, by the violence of the elements. That was achieved by love, by moral power, by God, working not in the stormy seas, but in the depths of the human heart. And how was this day of emancipation, one of the most blessed days which ever dawned on the earth, received in this country? Whilst in distant England a thrill of gratitude and joy pervaded thousands and millions, we, the neighbours of the West Indies, and who boast of our love of liberty, saw the sun of that day rise and set, with hardly a thought of the scenes on which it was pouring its joyful light. The greatest part of our newspapers did not refer to the event. The great majority of the people had forgotten it. Such was the testimony we gave to our concern for the poor slave; and is it from discussions of slavery among such a people that the country is to be overturned?

"It will undoubtedly be said, that our uncertainty as to the issues of West Indian emancipation, prevented our rejoicing in it. But does uncertainty so act, where the heart is deeply moved? Is it a part of human nature to wait for assurance, before it exults at events, in which its affections are involved? Does the new-born child receive no welcome, be-

cause we are not sure of the prosperity of his future years? Does the lover of freedom give no salutation, no benediction, to a people rising in defence of rights, or establishing free institutions, because the experiment of liberty may fail? Undoubtedly there were evils to be apprehended from West Indian emancipation; for when was a great social revolution ever accomplished, or a great abuse ever removed, without them? It was impossible for the slave and the master to change their old relations, to reorganize society, without continuing to feel more or less the influences of the old system of oppression. Are the wounds of ages to be healed in a moment? Could a perfect social order be expected to rise from the ruins of slavery? But must corrupt systems be made perpetual, because of the chances of reform? In the case of the West Indian emancipation, we had more pledges of success than are usually given. We knew that the trial of liberty had been made in Antigua, without the occurrence of any of the evils which had been dreaded. The great transition from slavery to freedom had taken place in a day without disorder, without the slightest injury to property or life, with no excitement but overwhelming gratitude. Yet, as a people, we cared nothing for the liberation of the West Indian slave. With the exception of a few voices, the mighty chorus of praise to God, which ascended from the Gulf of Mexico and from Great Britain, found no response here.

“ This indifference to slavery has foundations among us, which are not to be removed in a day. One cause is to be found in the all-devouring passion for gain, accumulation, which leaves little leisure for sympathy with any suffering which does not meet our eye, and which will listen to no innovations, by which the old channels of trade and profit may be obstructed. Another cause is to be found in the sympathies of what are called the higher and more refined classes here, with the like classes at the South. The tide of fashion, no unimportant influence even in a republic, sets strongly against anti-slavery efforts. Another cause is, our position in regard to the coloured race. In Europe, the negro is known chiefly by report, and is, therefore, easily recognised as a man. His humanity is never questioned. Still more, he is an object for the imagination and the heart. He is known only as a wronged, suffering man. He is almost a picturesque being. Thousands and thousands in England, at the mention of the African slave, immediately recall to their minds the most affecting figure of the negro, as Darwin portrayed him, touching the earth with one knee, lifting up his chained hands, and exclaiming, ‘ Am I not a man and a brother?’ To us, the negro is no creature of imagination. We see him as he is. There is nothing picturesque in his lot. On visiting the slave states, we see him practically ranked with inferior creatures, and taking the rank submissively. We hear from him shouts of boisterous laughter, much oftener than sighs or groans; and this laughter repels compassion, whilst it inspires something like contempt. We here have a hard task to perform. We have to conquer old and deep prejudices, and to see a true man in one, with whom we have associated ideas of degradation inconsistent with humanity. These are painful truths; but it is good to know the truth. One thing is plain, that free discussion of slavery is not likely to stir up in the free states rash, careless assaults on the institutions of the South, and so to endanger the

Union. We who are called incendiaries, because we discuss this subject, do not kindle our fires among dry woods, but too often on fields of ice. A consuming conflagration is not to be feared."

Surely there is matter in these observations worthy of the deep meditation of all men. The breadth and weight of such views, we cannot but feel convinced, will leave corresponding impressions, wherever truth, humanity, and knowledge have found an advocate. Nor can it be the natural and legitimate result of a full disclosure of such facts and perception of how they point, to stir up physical violence in the free States, to the peril of the South. It is not by the enlightened abolitionist who wields the weapons of morality, and appeals to the holiest principles of our nature, that the torch of the incendiary will be hurled; it is by the systematic, hardened, and passionate trafficker in human creatures, the slave-holding enemy of his race, that damage will be dealt to the person, to private and public property, to the very sanctuaries of national freedom. Nor need we travel beyond the pages before us for proofs:—

"I have now concluded my remarks on the topics suggested by Mr. Clay's speech; and here you may expect me to close this long communication. But believing, as I do, that my engagements and duties will not allow me to write again on slavery, I am inclined to relieve my mind of all its burdens on this subject. Allow me then to say a few words on a topic, which has given me many painful thoughts, the more painful, because so few have seemed to share my feelings. I refer to that gross outrage on rights and liberty, the burning of the Hall of Freedom in Philadelphia. I have felt this the more, because this Hall was erected for free discussion, was dedicated to liberty of speech. Undoubtedly it was especially designed to give the Abolitionists a chance of being heard; but it was also intended to give the same privilege to others, who, in consequence of having adopted unpopular opinions, might be excluded from the places commonly devoted to public meetings. This building was associated with the dearest right of an intelligent, spiritual being, that of communicating thought and receiving such communication in return; more intimately associated with it than any other edifice in the country. And this was stormed by a mob; a peaceful assemblage was driven from its walls; and afterwards it was levelled to the earth by fire.

"Various circumstances conspired to take this out of the class of common crimes. It was not the act of the coarse, passionate multitude. It was not done in a transport of fury. The incendiaries proceeded leisurely in their work, and distinctly understood, that they were executing the wish and purpose of a great majority of the people. Passionate outbreaks may be forgiven. An act performed by the reckless few does not alarm us, because we know that a moral force subsists in the community to counteract it. But when individuals, to whom we look for a restraining moral power, undertake deliberately the work of the reckless and violent, then the outrage on law and right wears a singularly dark and menacing aspect. Such a community may well feel the foundations of social order

tottering beneath them. After the mob of Philadelphia, who wonders at the mob of Harrisburg?

Another aggravation of this act was, that the blameless character of those who had erected and were occupying the Hall of Freedom, was distinctly understood. The assemblage thronging this edifice, was not made up of profligates, of the false, the lawless, the profane. On that occasion were met together citizens of Philadelphia and visitors from other cities and States, who were second to none in purity of life; and they had convened in obedience to what they believed, however erroneously, the will of God, and to accomplish what seemed to them a great work of justice and humanity. I doubt whether, at that hour, there were collected in any other single spot of the land so many good and upright men and women, so many sincere friends of the race. In that crowd was John G. Whittier, a man whose genius and virtues would do honour to any city, whose poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and indignant energy of an ancient prophet, and whose noble simplicity of character is said to be the delight of all who know him. In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood. Who that has heard the tones of her voice, and looked on the mild radiance of her benign and intelligent countenance, can endure the thought, that such a woman was driven by a mob, from a spot to which she had gone, as she religiously believed, on a mission of Christian sympathy? There were many others, worthy associates of those whom I have named, religious men, prepared to suffer in the cause of humanity, devoted women, whose hearts were burdened with the infinite indignities heaped on their sex by slavery. Such were the people who were denied the protection of the laws; denied the privilege granted to the most profligate political party, and even to a meeting of Atheists; treated as outcasts, as the refuse and offscouring of the world. In them was revived the experience of the first witnesses to the Christian faith. Happily, Christianity has not wholly failed to improve society. At first, the disciple himself was destroyed; now only his edifice;—and this is certainly some progress of the world."

We wish that we had space to follow the author, while he pursues the disgraceful scene mentioned in all its bearings, its moving causes, lateral and future relaxations. One thing is certain, that like most other persecutions and measures adopted in support of a bad cause, the outrage described will serve more speedily to propagate the principles sought to be strengthened by the abolitionists. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the arousing and convincing pamphlet before us would have breathed such a sustained tone of truth, humanity, and magnanimity, if its author had not had the highest feelings and eloquent powers touched by the outrage. At any rate one of his best and most magnificent efforts is now published, which will deal one of the heaviest blows ever felt by the slave-holders and slavery abettors in the United States of America.

ART. II.—*A Sketch of Native Education in India, under the Superintendence of the Church of Scotland. With Remarks on the Character and Condition of the Hindus, as these bear upon the Question of Conversion to Christianity.* By JAMES BRYCE, D.D. Late Chaplain on the Bengal Establishment of the East India Company. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1839.

AN opinion has been very widely spread, that the efforts of Missionaries in India, which of late years have been prosecuted with remarkable zeal by various religious establishments and sects, have been all but profitless. This opinion has very frequently been expressed by persons ignorant or regardless about the propagation of Christianity, and such as profess to look upon all systems of religion as equally good, arguing that every nation should be allowed to follow the faith peculiar to it, be it Mahomedan or Pagan. Not a few ministers of the Gospel and believers in Christianity have felt discouraged at the small ascertained amount of conversions among the natives of British India. No later than last month, we found the Rev. Mr. Thelwall, when treating of the Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China, uttering a sweeping sentence on this subject, which we at the time considered too unguarded, when he said all the Missionary efforts had hitherto failed in the regions alluded to.

That the triumphs of the Christian cause in India have been far fewer and slighter than many sanguine advocates of Missions contemplated, we admit to be a truth; but it is also not less agreeable to reason, probability and experience that good seed may be sown which is destined to live and ripen, although to the human eye or apprehension it may be dormant for a season. We find in the present volume many attestations to the effect, that inroads have, through the instrumentality of the Missionaries, been made upon the superstitions of the Hindus,—that some of the prejudices formerly tenaciously cherished by them, are yielding,—and that there never has before been such an opening and such encouragement for Christian philanthropists to continue and enlarge their exertions among the many millions of that peculiar people as now. This looks not like the waste, the folly, the rashness, or the premature interference, which the enemies, the doubters, and the despairing, have with more or less warmth charged against the Eastern enterprize. If Dr. Bryce's testimony, experience, and enumeration of facts are to be trusted, very great and benign achievements have already been realized; which, however, promise at an early date a very abundant harvest. We shall proceed to conduct our readers to some of his statements, after having presented a few notices of his opportunities of becoming acquainted with the

matters described, statements which are indeed exceedingly gratifying, not merely considering the destinies of the natives of India, but as affording undeniable proofs of the cultivation, growth, and development of great moral principles, and apprehensions at this moment throughout Christendom.

Dr. Bryce, as the title of his book announces, is a member of the Church of Scotland; and as it may not be generally known, beyond the boundaries of that kingdom, that this Church has of late signalized itself as a great promoter of the intellectual, moral, and religious amelioration of mankind, both at home and abroad, we shall, guided by our author, shortly describe the efforts of the Establishment. These are divided into what are called "The Four Great Schemes." One of them is confined to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with the view of supplying such inaccessible and impoverished localities with a properly conducted Christian education. A second follows the emigrant to Canada, and Australia, and "labours to preserve and to strengthen the religious chain that is still to bind him to the place of his birth." A third takes the dense masses of the Scottish population for its field, where the "voluntary system toils in vain to overtake them." The fourth has in view by far the most gigantic achievement, viz. the conversion of the millions of British India, in which enterprize Dr. Bryce has distinguished himself as one of its earliest, most efficient, and conspicuous servants. It is not less worthy of record, that the people of Scotland have heartily responded to the calls of these Schemes, the last being regarded by them with peculiar anxiety and hope, and having drawn from them, as it continues to do, constant aid.

This mighty field, our author tells us, became to him an object of interest before he had well left the walls of the University at which he studied for the Church; and circumstances which he could not have calculated upon, in a remarkable way brought the thing desired to be realized. The late Dr. Claudius Buchanan had appointed prizes to be given for the best Dissertation on the means of civilizing India, and our author was adjudged the successful competitor. This Essay also attracted the attention of a far more influential body in regard to the East than the Members of the University who had awarded the prize—the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, then engaged in bestowing Chaplains of the Church of Scotland on their Indian establishments; and Dr. Bryce was the first chosen.

It was in 1814 when this branch of the Church of Scotland was extended to India, the supply of Christian instruction to the Presbyterians at the Presidencies, or wherever a demand was made, appearing to have been the only or principle object then contemplated. Our author indeed candidly confesses that he went to the scene of his Eastern labours strongly impressed with a belief, that should he

step beyond the pale of his countrymen, he would find every attempt to shake the Hindu in his faith futile and unavailing. But he adds, that a few years' experience and knowledge of the native character and condition satisfied him that he was wrong; and that, if but a slender advance had as yet been made, in bringing the Hindus to the reception of a better creed, it was as much owing to the inaptitude of the means employed, as to the obstacles presented by native prejudices. At length, principally we believe, owing to the representations and arguments of Dr. Bryce, the General Assembly and the people of his native country were induced to look to the heathen of India, and a Mission was accordingly instituted, having for one of its prime objects the education of the natives in intellectual knowledge. The establishment of this Mission, its rise and progress, together with schools, as well as the progress and state of the Scottish Church in India, the institution of Presbyterians, in connection with the mother country, and other ecclesiastical, missionary, and educational matters, are subjects which enter into the present sketch. But this is not all; for he presents many views, details many facts, and delineates many features belonging to Indian character, feelings, habits, and ameliorations, that must possess an unwonted importance in the estimation of all who desire to become acquainted with the actual state and the prospects of the inhabitants as well as of the government of that vast empire.

A number of circumstances concurred to favour the Scottish Mission and schools in India. The countenance of the Court of Directors, of several influential individuals at home, that of not a few men of rank and wealth in Hindostan, especially the confidence and approval of the Government, have lent great encouragements. But what was also a novelty, the native population regarded the General Assembly's Institution with respect, seeing the manner in which it was viewed and treated by distinguished Europeans and local authorities. This institution, in fact, has been held forth by Lord William Bentinck, in the most marked and honourable manner, as an example to all other Christian bodies having the same object in view; and its public examinations have been attended by Lord Auckland. And, adds Dr. Bryce, "It is, indeed, worthy of observation, that the attendance of the Governor General, at the public examinations of this avowedly Christian Institution, was not given until the desire of the natives, who had sent their children to receive education within its walls, had reached his knowledge."

The Church of Scotland's Mission had not only the advantage derived from certain failures and errors of preceding labourers and sects, but has now recommended itself, at the three Presidencies, by its judicious and approved conduct, as the above extract partly indicates. The Church has been exceedingly careful, and not less fortunate in the choice of labourers sent out, these having been men

of learning, ability, zeal, prudence, and personal respectability. Connected with this part of the subject, we quote the precise words of our author at some length :—

“ It is not meant to be denied, that the Christian missionary in India has had his difficulties to encounter, arising from causeless fears and prejudices on the part of the natives, stirred up from interested motives to withstand him. But in every instance in which this has taken place, such have been the prudence, yet firmness, of those attached to the institution of the General Assembly, that the occurrence has but served the more to satisfy the natives, that they have no object in view, but the promoting of the best and highest interests of their heathen brethren ; and that this object is pursued under, at once, a firm belief of its paramount importance, and under a sense of the imperative duty of those, who have undertaken its accomplishment, to urge it with every kind and considerate allowance for the ignorance and prejudices, which they have to combat and overcome.

“ It will not be supposed, that in these observations the writer is withholding from other missionary bodies the tribute of a like kindly feeling towards the natives, which he is claiming for those of the Church of Scotland ; but he could not, in justice to the task which he has undertaken, have omitted noticing, that the Scheme of the General Assembly originated under circumstances, which led from the beginning to the anticipation, that such would pre-eminently be the spirit in which it would be conducted ; a spirit, which every subsequent step, taken under the judicious, yet ardent management of Dr. Duff and his colleagues, has more and more strengthened and confirmed ; and which, in the opinion of every candid man, who has witnessed its operations on the spot, has given to the institution of the General Assembly a manifest advantage over every other of the same kind. This remark is not hazarded until after a most careful attention to facts ; and it is confidently felt, that it will be borne out by all, who have regarded the progress of events in the world of NATIVE EDUCATION. The School and Mission of the General Assembly unquestionably occupies a most distinguished position among the bodies, who are labouring in the missionary field properly so called ; and one the more honourable, that it is in a great degree peculiar to itself. It is the aim of all these associations to convince the Hindu of the degrading ignorance, into which superstition has plunged him, and the demoralizing influence of the idolatry in which he is immersed ; and in doing this there certainly mingles, in the labours of the Church of Scotland's missionaries, less of that asperity towards the creed which is to be subverted, than the natives have hitherto witnessed ; while at the same time not a doubt can rest on the sincerity, and ardent faith of the teachers, in the truth and infinite superiority of that, which they seek to substitute in its place. In one word, and in all the sincerity of truth, it may be averred, that in the work of native conversion, as it is conducted through the medium of the General Assembly's Institution, there has from the beginning been so much of the charity of Christianity enlisted, as to engage the hearts and affections of those, who are to be instructed, to a greater degree, than under any formerly tried system ; while there runs

through the whole, as we shall soon see, an appeal to their intellectual faculties, which, it may surely be said without offence to any well-meaning Christian, is gratifying to the pride of the natives, and on that account not the less likely to obtain their attention. Nor will this appeal be regarded by any as misplaced, who keep in mind the class of natives with whom, at the very outset, the missionaries of the Church of Scotland come into contact, and through whom they have been enabled to make the impression they are now doing, on the less instructed sections of the native population of India."

Several of the schools are very numerously attended, nearly a thousand attending at the Institution at Calcutta. Nay there are cases of indigenous liberality in founding schools upon the Assembly's scheme. Female education, too, has made considerable progress at several stations, a desideratum of singular importance among the natives of India. But what is perhaps the most remarkable step taken by the Assembly's Mission, has been the vesting Presbyteries with the power of licensing native youth to preach the doctrines of Christianity to their countrymen. "The progress of many of the young natives, receiving their education at the Assembly's Institution," says Dr. Bryce, "in the knowledge of the evidences and doctrines of Christianity, and the manifestation, on the part of some of them, of a desire to become themselves instruments of still farther diffusing this knowledge among their countrymen," has pointed to the approach of a period when the means of rendering this desire available should be afforded. Not unconnected with this circumstance the following statement may be read :—

"Were the labours of the Assembly's Institution confined to bestowing a mere elementary education on the children and youth, who are brought within its walls, they would scarcely be felt in their effects on the great mass of ignorance, and moral and religious demoralization, which they are endeavouring to remove: and it might even be problematical, how far they would deserve the commendation they are receiving, if they generated wants and desires, which there was no prospect of being satisfied. Much must obviously depend on the policy pursued by the government of India, in rendering the rewards of this education commensurate with its value; but the Institution itself, it must be remembered, is less an *elementary*, than a *NORMAL SCHOOL*; and the sending forth Schoolmasters rather than scholars, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, is its great object."

Other missionary institutions in India, that of the Baptists at Serampore, Bishop's College maintained by the Church of England, &c., pursue similar methods of instructing and sending forth native youth, who must, one would presume without the evidence of facts, make some impression upon the minds of many of their countrymen.

But there is a variety of positive and ascertained encouragements and facts at this moment in existence to cheer on the Assembly's Missionaries.

For example, a spirit of inquiry, and the desire of improvement, have sprung up among the better classes. So strong, says our author, had become the longing for the knowledge, which the natives were persuaded that their Christian masters were both able and willing to afford, about the very period of the Scottish Mission's foundation, that they began forming Literary Societies among themselves, for the purpose of more easily reaching this knowledge. We copy an extract from the Exposé of one of these Societies, which was organized at Calcutta in 1823, a little before the establishment of the Assembly's Mission.

"In the days of remote antiquity, the people of *Bharat Varsha*, or Asia, possessed a superiority over all nations in their love of knowledge, and regard for the general good. This region was also the choicest portion of the habitable globe, and the original site of the human race.

"Amongst the tribes of *Bharat Varsha*, those of Hindustan were, above all, valiant, powerful, energetic, merciful, sincere, and wise. Hindustan was the garden of empire, and the treasury of knowledge, and consequently the people were happy, independent, and addicted to honourable practices.

"Owing to various causes, however, the Hindu monarchies were destroyed, and the Hindus lost their learning, became conceited, blind with passion, dark to knowledge, and animated only to selfish considerations. In consequence, they were reduced to the last degree of dependancy and degradation; immersed in an ocean of suffering, and fallen to the lowest stage of insignificance. If we compare them now with other nations in wisdom and civilization, our regret must be inexpressible.

"But while we are thus situated, owing to our arrogance, to many new and absurd customs, that have crept in amongst us, and to our mutual disagreements, we are not the less apt to consider ourselves as happy, superior, and independent, never to think of our condition in its true light, nor to acknowledge it as it is. Consequently, any endeavour to change or improve it is out of the question.

"The chief causes of our depressed situation may, we think, be regarded as the following wants:—

"That of social and mutual intercourse.

"Of mutual agreement.

"Of travel.

"Of study of different Shasters.

"Of love of knowledge.

"Of good-will to each other.

"Other causes are especially indolence, insatiable appetite for riches, and the desire of sensual enjoyment.

"Many defects in the constitution of our society are owing to the distinction of Castes, Family, Rank, and Wealth. Those who possess these in a high degree seldom visit other persons, except on occasions of

business and emergency ; and, on the other hand, they evince little affability towards those, who are compelled to seek their presence ; the intercourse, therefore, that now exists amongst ourselves, is confined to the interchange or solicitation of assistance, to the observance of ordinary forms and modes of insincere civility ; or, in a word, it springs from motives of self-interest, and never from a feeling of affection or esteem. It is obvious, that as long as no one feels an interest in the good of others, or is actuated by any but motives of self-interest, agreement or concurrence in opinion on any subject cannot be expected ; the truth remains unknown, the parties being incapable of correcting their mutual errors.

“ We therefore beg to call your attention to the necessity, which evidently exists, that all the respectable and opulent men of this country should unite, and use their individual and combined efforts in the cause of knowledge, at least for a time : and we are confident, that they will rouse and excite an appetite in our countrymen, in general, for knowledge and improvement.”

Our author advances a number of circumstances which prove that the state of native feeling in India towards Christianity and Christian Missionaries has become greatly ameliorated ; and this in a remarkable degree owing to the Mission which he particularly describes. In an earlier part of our paper we noticed the fact of the advantages derived by the Presbyterians from the experience, the mistakes, the errors, and the failures of preceding labourers. Our next extract glances at some illustrations ; but more particularly to certain encouragements to the Christian cause, whoever may be its ministers and friends :—

“ Although translations of the Christian Scriptures into the languages of India, engage less of the attention of the Missionary than they once did, let it be recollected that these Scriptures in the English garb are now read, as common and every day text-books at the very schools, that are patronized by the members of the Native Literary Society ; and the gratifying change of sentiment, for which we are contending, will not be doubted. Nor is this all. The writer of these remarks can take upon himself to state, from personal acquaintance with the fact, that even under the native roof, although the father still profess an adherence to the vulgar faith, the BIBLE is read by the children : and it need not be added, that at the annual public examinations of the Assembly's School, where crowds of the most intelligent natives attend, a very great part of the exercises consists, in displaying the knowledge, which the pupils have acquired in Scripture History, and even in the Evidences of Christianity. Can a more convincing or gratifying proof be desired, that now-a-days, even within the brief space of twelve or fifteen years, an attempt to complain of the Christian advocate making known the contents of that volume, in which his faith is found, to those who profess to be seeking the truth, would be at once scouted to scorn, by the rising generation of enlightened Hindus, if not even by their more narrow-minded and bigoted fathers ?”

Again,—

“ In the absence of such translations of the sacred writings into the native languages, as we can desire to see in circulation, it is truly consolatory to reflect on the progress, which so many of the rising generation of natives are now making in the English language; a medium through which they may become acquainted with gospel-truth, perhaps more easily, and more correctly, than through that of any versions, with which the most erudite foreigner could present them in their own languages. It is through the instrumentality of the English alone, that the rudiments of that profane knowledge, which we are now bestowing upon them, can be conveyed. Until they reach this language, the door is still shut against the instruction we would convey; but once educated in a thorough comprehension and use of the English tongue, and they can proceed for their attainments in Bible-knowledge, to the same pure and correct fountain, from which their teachers themselves are drawing it. Nor this alone: Such a thorough knowledge of English once attained, and we may look with the greatest confidence to a channel, by which ultimately to make known the truths of Christianity to the great body of the native population, in all the purity and intelligibility, which we can desire.”

Dr. Bryce, when treating of the various and peculiar *encouragements* that now exist, to the prosecution of Christian enterprise among the natives of India, brings the progress of the Hindus in philosophy and literature to bear upon the subject. This he does in a way, although he modestly avoids laying claim to profound and elaborate investigation, that convinces us he is completely at home, and that indicates an acquaintance with a range of facts and principles which he can very forcibly pursue to their rightful conclusions. We have room only for one extract from the chapter in which this inquiry is conducted:—

“ It is to the Christian a subject of the highest satisfaction, that the more Hindu Chronology is divested of all that is clearly allegorical, and brought within the limits of legitimate criticism, the more does it confirm our faith in the account given by Moses in the Sacred Writings; and so far from proving a weapon in the hands of the adversary, to shake belief in Christianity, may be employed with the most manifest good effect by the Gospel missionary, to establish the truth of that Religion which he seeks to make known to the Hindus.

“ In all the Hindu systems, which a knowledge of Sanscrit is now laying bare to us, the matter of the universe is eternal; its forms alone are finite: a theory, which pervades the philosophy of Aristotle and the Greeks; and has been, perhaps, the most universally received of any, by all who have treated of this subject, unassisted by the light which revelation affords. All existing beings, according to the Hindu school of Cosmogony, are from time to time destroyed; and it helps us, in some measure, to a notion of what they really understood by gods, when we find,

that from this change they are not exempted. The Great First Cause of all alone remains unchanged and unchangeable. The importance of the objects destroyed, founded on their possession of higher intellectual qualities, regulates the periods at which the destruction takes place : and the doctrine, that the world of gods is destroyed and renewed at intervals, far exceeding in duration those that are allotted to the vicissitudes, which occur to man and his world, would seem to point to a belief in the existence of a race of beings different from the human ; and, may we not add, seemingly corresponding to the spirits or beings, through the agency of whose chief or master-spirit, we are taught in Scripture, that man was first led astray from his integrity. When the chronological and mytho-historical legends of the Hindus are thus found capable, on being better known, of being reduced to an approximation with all that the Sacred Writings have seen fit to teach us on these subjects, it will easily be perceived, that if properly studied and employed, they may prove instruments of no mean utility, in the hands of the Christian missionary, to recommend his faith to the natives of India, instead of being found those impediments in his way, which they have too frequently been esteemed."

How obvious does it become from our last extract, that it is not zeal and piety alone that can equip the Missionary for his arduous and various duties ; especially among an ingenious, a subtle-minded people, far removed from barbarism, and who have antiquity and many splendid monuments of civilization and genius to enumerate and glory in !

The character and moral condition of the Hindus, considered as an *encouragement* to native education, our author makes the theme of another chapter. He neither joins those who have painted this people as altogether mild, gentle, and engaging ; nor as revolting in manners and feeling to a degree quite the reverse ; although he inclines, after a variety of discriminating and explanatory circumstances, to lean to the favourable view, and hails the policy that is now pursuing that adopts a similar principle. Fiscal regulations, political degradation, and years of scarcity, are, however, grand sources of crime. Relative to these points we quote as follows :—

"In India, a year of plenty is a year of comparative quietude and negative morality ; a year of famine, and all is insurrection, robbery, and rapine, even under the bayonets of the British Sepoys. In a country where population is constantly touching on the very verge of subsistence ; and where the rule of a foreign and a distant power necessarily drains the resources of the country in the shape of public revenue, and which has hitherto kept its population at the *minimum* of food, government is indeed a frightful and an arduous responsibility ; and nothing but the lessons of a pure and holy CHRISTIANITY can teach its masters, how to preserve such a country from the alternations of a sensual apathy and indifference to all, that is excellent and honourable in human nature, or a fearful and brutal strife and contention for what is absolutely necessary to keep soul and body together.

"Those, who have given the least flattering picture of our native subjects, have been brought almost exclusively into contact with that part of the population, to which their portraits do, perhaps, but little injustice. On the other hand, such as have seen them, where the violence of political convulsions, or the temptations of our judicial and fiscal apparatus of government have not seduced them from their more natural path, have perhaps been as little in error, in painting them the harmless, kind, and inoffensive beings, whom they have been represented. The poverty, in which the great mass of the natives is plunged; the utter impossibility of ameliorating the condition, in which they may have been born, from being altogether shut out from sources of wealth and aggrandizement, must tend to preserve them from many vices, which in other circumstances might attach to them; and to give them an appearance of contentedness with their lot, which, after all, is more indebted for its existence to necessity, than to principle; while the same poverty, no doubt, generates vices, from which, in different circumstances, they might have escaped. From the operation and influence of accident on the moral character, the Hindus are no more exempted than other men. Their celebrated division into *Castes* ought, perhaps, to be regarded as the effect, rather than the cause of their present condition; and, accordingly, where circumstances are occurring to effect, or to offer a change in this condition, by the temptations to which all men are open, the observance of caste is found among the Hindus to be much more easily foregone, than many have hitherto been apt to believe."

Our author does not allow *caste* to be such an obstacle to social, moral, and religious improvement as many have pictured it. At any rate it is giving way very extensively, the very impossibility of adhering to its requirements under a foreign rule, necessarily undermining this once celebrated institution. As to the mode of treating such superstitions to be adopted by Christian Missionaries, we have not space to be more particular than to say that our author's system uniformly resolves itself into that of a Christian education, prudently and temperately applied with a strict reference to the peculiar dogmas of Hinduism, and also so as to expose the degradation that accompanies a mere reliance upon external and monstrous rites :—

It is never to be forgotten, in all our attempts to overthrow the system of error and superstition, which have so long led the Hindus astray from the TRUTH; in all our endeavours to instruct them in the knowledge of the Gospel, that FATH lies at the foundation of the creed, polluted and perverted as it has become, in which they now believe. The principle on which the religious superstructure has all along rested among them, is that which Christianity itself has consecrated, that the *Reason* of man is not the test or the standard, to which the *Doctrines*, which we are enjoined to believe, are to be brought and measured. The deluded disciple of Brahma presumes not to doubt or question what he believes to have been revealed by God, because he is unable to understand or ex-

plain it. The pious Christian bows with the same reverence and Faith before all that has been made known to him by the Divine Founder of his religion ; who, by miracles the most stupendous, first established his title to be received as a messenger sent from heaven. But let the Hindu be taught, not less carefully, to discern wherein his own, and the creed of the Christian differs, than wherein they agree. Christianity, while it soars above the region of human reason, so far respects its power and province, in guiding the belief of mankind, that what is *contrary to its deductions*, the faith of the Gospel repudiates. Hinduism does not admit—or it has forgotten to keep in view—this essential limitation of the great and fundamental principle ; and the votary of Brahma is called upon, to believe as implicitly *what is opposed*, as what is *above the reach of reason*.

We have a chapter upon the early state of Christianity in India, considered as an *encouragement* to present exertions, bringing it down to the time when the Jesuits planted the cross upon some of the coasts, and thence to its present condition ; as also of the Native Reformations,—the Buddha and Jain-sects, &c. Next the Policy of the British Government, as regards the Christian and Hindu religions, is considered,—the tone being moderate as respects the oft-alleged wickedness of countenancing and drawing a revenue from the idolatrous practices of the people. Our last extract will relate to some of these points, as well as to the disastrous events that would accompany and follow our expulsion from India :—

“ Whatever may be the defects of our Indian government, and many unquestionably are the hardships under which, benign and fatherly as it has become, it still permits the great mass of the population to labour, not a doubt can be entertained, that the subversion of our rule would, of all events, be the most calamitous, that has yet overtaken India. It is impossible to contemplate, without horror, the frightful state into which its population would be thrown, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, were British power and influence driven, by the success of internal revolt, out of the country. The scenes, with which India has unhappily been but too familiar, in every period of her past history, would be renewed with tenfold misery, as the restraints, that formerly mitigated their fury, have been overturned by the march of British superiority ; and nothing, as yet, save our own governance, substituted in their room, between the ruthless and ravaging freebooter, and the harmless and peaceable ryot.

“ But it may be said, that the result of a successful revolt in India, aided, as it might be, by assistance from without, would be only to substitute one Christian power for another ; and the march of that improvement which is now being carried on under us, might still be proceeded in. The aspect of the great political world of the West presents no power but one, that can possibly supersede the British in India. And who can doubt, that the consignment of her population to the tender mercies of Russia, and her savage soldiery, could only terminate in

its utter extirpation, and in planting the Cossacks of the Don and the Wolga on the banks of the Indus and the Ganges? The path, by which the English stole into India, and insinuated themselves into the power which they now possess, required of them to make them stepping-stones of much, which an irrupting army of Scythians would at once rudely demolish. How far the Russians might prove the mighty besom, in the hand of Providence, to sweep away the 'idolatrous practices' of India, with the race of idolators themselves, it is not given unto us to say. But judging from what we know of the Hindu character and habits, and of Russian barbarity and despotism, we are warranted in drawing the conclusion, that the transfer of the Indian sceptre to her hands, would seal the misery of millions of the human race, now rising under a milder sway and happier circumstances, to a height of social and political, moral and religious prosperity, for many centuries unknown to them.

"But the Christian philanthropist will not contemplate this catastrophe. His heart is cheered, at this moment, by the belief, every day obtaining stronger and stronger confirmation, that the natives behold with indifference the fabric of the vulgar superstition tottering to its fall, under the EDUCATION which he is bestowing on the rising generation, if they do not even hail the event with satisfaction, as the bloodless triumph of a better faith and a better philosophy. If the statesman will wisely abstain from applying the rude hand of force to the unseemly structure, which now outrages the reason and humanities of the heart, and strongly indeed tempts, even to its forcible overthrow, the CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY will be the more secure in the triumph that awaits his labours, and is even already beginning to requite them; and the victory will be the more full and final, that beneath his meek and persuasive efforts, superstition and idolatry, with all their hideous train of evils and abominations, were put to flight."

We now close Dr. Bryce's Sketch, satisfied whatever may be the partiality he entertains regarding the efforts of the Church of which he is an ornament, and regarding his own services when in India, or however over-sanguine his hopes may be of the speedy and extended amelioration of large numbers of the Hindus,—that he has laid before us such a body of facts and suggested such motives as will materially tend to keep alive in Scotland an earnestness in behalf of millions of benighted heathens, and in support of the Assembly's Mission, and also to stir up throughout the British dominions greater anxiety than ever concerning the natives and the government of our Eastern empire.

ART. III.—First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales.

THERE are many points of deep and pressing interest brought forward in this Report, some will amuse, some will astonish and

appal, others will suggest grave discussion as to the expediency of the remedial measures proposed, and what might be proposed more advantageously in their stead. But whatever may be thought of the conclusions to which the commissioners have already come, there can be only one opinion about the call for the inquiry that has in this instance been set on foot,—the diligence, zeal, ability, and searching nature of its conducts. Alas! that its discoveries should be so clearly and decidedly forbidding as to put to flight much of our national fondly-cherished self-complacency about *moral* England,—about every man's house being his *castle*,—about our superior civilization, about the admirable *administration* of our laws, about the *security* of property,—and such like themes of boast.

The first thing we shall do, will be to lay before our readers some portions of the Report, and of the testimonies from which its conclusions are drawn. We begin with a classification of the vagrants and vagabonds who prey upon the public, as taken from the confession of an experienced hand; and there is more than a sufficiency of similar and collateral proof to corroborate all that he says :—

“ 1st. Men who go about the country almost naked, begging clothes or food. They get about 3s. a-day. They have good clothes at their lodging-house, (the character of these lodging, or *travellers'* houses will afterwards appear) and travel in them from town to town, if there are not many houses in the way. Before they enter the town, they take them off, as well as their shoes and stockings, put on their Guernsey jackets, send the bundle and the woman forward to the lodging-house, and commence begging at the first house they come to. Knows a man who was recently clad from head to foot in new clothes at a shop at Billericay, by the son of the rector in a neighbouring village, all of which clothes, including hat, shoes and stockings, he sold about half an hour afterwards, by auction, in the tap-room of a low public-house, to his companions, and they all got drunk together with the proceeds. These fellows always sell a gift of clothes.

“ 2nd. Men who are ring-droppers. Travelling tinkers make sham gold rings out of old brass buttons. H— D— is a noted fellow at this work; his wife and mother go with him and drop the rings. They live in St. Giles's, and travel for a month or two. They sometimes make 20s. or 25s. a-day.

“ 3rd. Fellows who go round to different houses, stating their master's stock of rags has been burnt, or that a sudden supply is wanted, and that they are sent forward to collect them. The rags are called for, and one fellow marches off with the bundle, leaving one or more talking with the housewife, who is gravely cavilling about the price, and as gravely informed that the master is coming round, and they leave some mark on the door-post, which they say is the sign to indicate to him the quantity and the quality taken, and the amount to pay; so they walk off, and

'never tip her anything.' The rags are carried to the keeper of a rag-shop, who gives quires of paper in exchange, which they carry round to small villages, and sell to small shopkeepers, or at farm-houses. All rag-shops 'stand fence for anything,' and buy any stolen property, or metal, from iron-hoops to gold rings.

" 4th. A set of fellows who go about in decent apparel, leaving small printed hand-bills at cottages and farm-houses, wherein are set forth the wonderful cures of all sorts of ailments effected by medicine which they sell. The following day these bills are called for, and the credulous people buy small phials of this nostrum at various prices, from ten shillings to sixpence, according to the tact of the beggar and the folly of the party. The mixture is only a decoction of any herb or rubbish that may be at hand. He (B—) was told by one of this class that he had just sold a bottle of 'stuff' to a poor woman who lived in a cottage at Warley Common, Essex, and who had been long ailing. She gave ten shillings for it, and it was only salt and water, some tea, and coloured green with nettle tops. These fellows obtain more money than any other class of impostors, sometimes as much as 2*l.* a-week, and they seldom go to London.

" 5th. Men who travel about the country in shabby-genteel attire, stating that they had been well off formerly, but are reduced by recent misfortune. Some are burnt-out farmers, or shop-keepers; some first-class workmen out of work, owing to the bankruptcy of their employers; some captains, who have just lost their ships upon the coast. This story is always used after a heavy gale of wind. Some carry begging letters, which are written for them, price 1*s.* This is very profitable, if well-managed. The 'Lady Bountifuls' are great supporters of these fellows.

" 6th. Fortune-tellers. Many women, when tramping with the men, dress themselves like gypsies, and contrive to get a tolerable daily booty, at least 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-day.

" 7th. Trampers who have nothing to sell, but manage to live merely by begging.

" 8th. Thieves, 'prigs'—generally go in couples; walk into a country shop, where there is an old woman and a candle; levy something, drop a sixpence; get the old lady to bring the candle round to look for it, while the other fellow is filling his pockets with whatever he can lay his hands upon.

" 9th. Match-sellers. 10th. Ballad-singers.

" 11th. Fellows who boil fat and a little soap over night, run it out in a cloth, and next morning cut it up like cakes of Windsor soap. Its all bad, but they drive a good trade.

" 12th. Fellows who go from house to house, stating that they live in some neighbouring town, and ask for 'umbrellas to mend.' An active fellow in this line will make a clear sweep of all the umbrellas in a village before dinner. These umbrellas are produced in the London market on wet days and dusky evenings.

" 13th. A Jew seldom thieves, but is worse than a thief; he encourages others to steal. In every town there is a Jew, either resident or tramping; sure to be a Jew within forty-eight hours in the town, some how or other. If a robbery is effected, the property is hid till a Jew is found, and a bargain is then made."

The curious account and proofs given of still higher illustrations of professional system, such as, of migration, among the thieves and foot-pads, some of them halting on the Sabbath, others having their understood observances, are features that strike us as especially remarkable ; such as, indeed to astound the mind, and to force us to exclaim,—How gullible are the English people ! What a centre and sink is London !—And to ask, in what other country but this, do the frame of society, the localities of the inhabitants, the nature of their modes of business, extending traffic, peculiarities of habits, find such scope for the impostors and plunderers of whom we have been hearing ? But we have more to read, and other varieties of villany and crime, with their cunning arts, to be told of.

House-breakers, horse-stealers, and the more aristocratic classes of depredators as they may be called, considering their manner of proceeding to work, the value of their booty, the large objects of their outrages, and the style of living of many of the practitioners, shall not detain us. The Newgate Calendar, and abundance of newspaper reports, have made the public well acquainted with these more exalted characters. We abide, in the next extract, by a smaller, yet most vicious and injurious specimen of miscreants. Take some notes taken from the confessions of a young thief, confined in Cold Bath Fields' Prison :—

“ A twelvemonth ago he and P— were together in Cold Bath Fields, where they planned a thieving journey to Kidderminster.

“ They built a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, bought hardware, brooms, &c., at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17s. While they were purchasing the articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and a half of hand-brooms from the door ; they valued them at 5s. ; making, as four were concerned, 1s. 3d. each ;—P— and H— paid them 2s. 6d. They also took with them twenty sixpences, and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H— with 5s., P— with 15s. 6d., they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1s. 4d., and a broom for 11d. They went on to Wimbledon and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner-bar, and continued serving. The boy H— reached round and took four silver salt-spoons, which were on a shelf ; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house and sold the spoons to the landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5s. for the bargain.

“ They proceeded on their journey, and at about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road ; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P— ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a

quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50*l.* offered for the recovery.

"At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places) about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H— made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue and cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3*s.* H— considers it to have been worth 7*s.*

"For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

"They put up for a short time at a *travellers'* house. Houses of this kind are in every town, price 3*d.* or 4*d.* a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P— confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6*d.* and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

"At every lodging-house on the road H— met plenty of trampers, and he *did not see one face that he had not seen* at St. Giles's. They also recognised him and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3*s.* a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5*s.*, and average 3*s.* 6*d.* per day; and some often get a sovereign where humane people reside. (All this is confirmed by P—.)

"P— having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H—. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two or three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1*l.*, and they got 10*s.* 6*d.* for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets at the lodging-houses.

"P— and H— were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches—one was pawned for 15*s.*, the other two for 1*l.* a-piece. P— is very clever at easing a yokel of his watch.

"They went to a fair fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P—, who can play at 'prick in the garter,' soon got a mob, and soon formed betting. He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then

won it back with double interest. In the mean time H—, who never appeared to know P—, was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money bags. (He minutely described the bags as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15s.; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse; a row ensued, every one felt his pockets, the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P—, took him to a pond and ducked him. H— decamped when the storm was brewing, as he had all the bags and the property about him. This occurred at four in the afternoon, and about nine P—, having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H— at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle."

There were many other adventures of a kindred sort to those which these young Jonathan Wilds describe in the above extract, and some other duckings and escapes before they were again landed in safe and sure custody; but we must proceed to other kinds of depredations, and to the testimony of some more reputable witnesses, when we shall obtain a deplorable picture of rural life, a most disheartening and alarming account of the practices of many who are ranged, according to general reckoning and to their own estimation, among the decent and the industrious, or at least never among the lawless, either as idlers, mendicants, or thieves. Mr. Richard Gregory appears as a witness, who occupies a large farm in Essex. He is asked,—

"Are you acquainted with the depredations to which farmers and holders of agricultural property are exposed, and their want of appropriate protection?—I am; the person I succeeded had been very much plundered by his servants. The men engaged upon the farm premises would get up between twelve and four o'clock in the morning, while the farmer was a-bed, and help themselves to every kind of produce. Most of the plunder was regularly disposed of by the carters at the different watering-houses on their way to the London markets. There, almost as a matter of course, they sold their horses' corn, and much that should have been part and parcel of the produce they delivered to the different salesmen. The general plan was for them to put the things into cellars, or boxes left open on purpose at these houses, and as they returned they were paid for what they had left by the ostlers at the side of the road. Upon several occasions in going backwards and forwards, as I do daily, I have detected farmers' men plundering their masters in these ways, and have had them taken into custody and prosecuted."

Ostlers give large sums for their places,—from 5s. and 10s. to 20s. and 30s. a-week. We presume since rail-road travelling has so wonderfully increased to the damage of way-side inns and hostelries, there will be some diminution in the demand for corn on the latter lines, and therefore of fees for ostler's places. But still there will be inducements for the kinds of theft described by Mr. Gregory, unless put down by police regulations. We copy other parts of his evidence:—

“There is another mode of plunder I may call your attention to by a description of the person called a jobber. He is a man who keeps his own one horse car. He has been an old carter, may be one of your own servants, and is associated with all your work people. He comes to the farmer, if possible to one that likes shooting and hunting, and sleeping and such like, more than his business, and offers more for his produce at the barn-door than he can get for it when he takes it himself to any market. But the jobber gives this and beer to the barn man besides; and his truss of straw instead of 36lb., weighs 50lb. A farmer told me the other day of a great bargain he had made; he got from such a one 28s. a ton for his mangel wurzel: ‘Why the fellow sells it again himself at 25s.; there must be something wrong somewhere.’ The farmer took the hint and investigated the case. A day or two after the man came again for half a ton. He had it as usual, but he was followed, and, on examination, we found the half ton to be 22 hundred instead of 10!”

Mr. G. had one field of potatoes, from which he lost as much as the produce of half an acre in the course of one week. The field adjoins a foot-path, and the plunderers were children, who dug up the spoil with their hands, while their parents stood a little way off ready to carry it home. Other articles of agricultural growth are stolen in similar ways; and had we space for enumerating all the methods by which the unwary as well as the unprotected farmer is robbed and imposed upon, the reader would wonder that there should generally be obtained a fair rent for the land which he occupies.

What a pitiable and shocking picture do the passages we have now cited afford of the depravity of numbers of the peasantry! a picture, which, from the evidence before us, holds true of very many parts of England. And yet our readers have not yet beheld the climax of the pervading evil, so demonstrative of moral degradation among the rural labourers; for the virtuous and industrious of this last-mentioned class are still greater sufferers, being still more weak to defend themselves:—

“Are the labouring classes subject to such depredation to any extent in your vicinity, in your parish, or in the adjacent parishes, as the farmers are?—I should say, that in my parish the greater number of complaints made latterly have been from labouring men. I should state, that we have the allotment system; that there are sixty allotment tenants, which form the large bulk of the labouring population; that they were going on with very great delight and prosperity; that every symptom connected with the people was promising. * * But all on a sudden I have found them discouraged. One person had a sack of wheat taken out of his little stack; another person had his potato-pit opened, and a quantity of potatoes taken from thence: and another person had another kind of property stolen; so that within one single week I heard that five or six of the allotment tenants had had their property stolen. I saw one of the tenants, who, having lost several sacks of potatoes, was actually putting a great number of sacks of potatoes into an inner-room of his

cottage, which we would have wished to have used, as he kept a little shop, not being able to trust them out in the potato-pit. He lost, I should think, not less than thirty sacks."

Other instances of a like nature are given, one of them being of an honest and industrious labourer, who has sat up for weeks together all night to guard his little property, and then, after a little sleep, has had to go forth and earn his regular day's wages.

We might instance other sorts of injury done to property than any yet mentioned, but will only particularly refer to one; and that is where commercial travellers, and people who convey goods from place to place in gigs and carts, are robbed. The rich and the powerful who ride in their own carriages are seldom attacked, and therefore the safety of our highways has been often a matter of boast, as compared with foreign countries. But observe what persons of wider experience than the majority of Englishmen can pretend to, have said on this point:—

"What do you commercial travellers find to be the comparative state of security of the roads on the Continent and England?—I can have no hesitation in stating that on the Continent the security is much greater. It is, within my own knowledge, much greater on the roads on the Continent over which I have travelled. The many German travellers with whom I am well acquainted have stated to me that in Germany robberies are scarcely ever heard of, and Prussia is marked as a country free for the traveller. In some parts of Italy, and in Spain, in general, the roads are stated to me, by commercial travellers, to be nearly impassable. In Tuscany, however, there is a good government, and there is a very perfect freedom for commercial travelling from the oppression and terror of robbers. England, in respect to the state of the roads, follows next after Italy and Spain."

Well, but it may be said, the vigilance of the constabulary force throughout the kingdom, and the strict administration of our laws, repress as much as it is possible all the evils referred to, and all the methods adopted by the plunderers, mentioned in the Report. We quote in the way of reply some passages. The Commissioners state, that,—

"If the performance of the duties of constable were now generally enforced from persons properly qualified in respect to station, they would be deemed by them, and would be, in fact, grievously oppressive. When persons who may be considered qualified in respect of station for the office are chosen, they almost all pay for substitutes, and avoid serving. In the consciousness of the inequality of the tax, the justices make the less inquiry as to the qualifications of the substitutes, although the person chosen as principal naturally obtains the cheapest service he can, and the substitute seeks the office commonly with a view to remuneration in corrupt or questionable modes."

In the present state of England, now that commerce, manufacturing establishments, dense masses of population, and a most intricately ramified, as well as conventionally refined system of manners, have all been superadded to the arrangements anciently adopted in defined localities and among municipal communities, each providing in those early times for the mutual protection of its own members, new methods must be employed, to meet the evils arising out of the great change. In fact, the foundation of the penal administration of the country has become so prostrate that many district separate associations have been formed to do that which it is the duty of government to do. The Report says,—

“From the information we have received, it appears that there are upwards of 500 voluntary associations for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons, besides very numerous voluntary associations in various parts of the country for the repression of vagrancy and mendicity. Amongst the rules of some of these associations for self-protection, we find rules for mutual insurance by the payment of a part of the loss sustained by depredation.”

Listen to something more that bears upon the efficiency of the present constabulary force in rural parts. In the case of a beer-shop disturbance, the officer, whose duty it is to quell it, or take cognizance of the riot, will answer, when applied to for assistance, “Nay, I man gang out at way, for I’m constable.” On being told that the body of a dead man was found, such a functionary has answered, “Yes, I saw him dead *there* three hours ago, but I have had trouble enough in finding one dead man;—I’ll be —— if I ever find another.” Here is another specimen, which we give at more length :—

“Some time ago, at between three and four in the morning, a farmer on the Mendip Heights went into a field to attend his sheep, and after being a short time there, he perceived two men going into the field, and putting a halter on a horse’s head, mounting it, and riding out on the high road. He immediately mounted his horse, and followed the men to a public-house, where he saw them stop. He rode as fast as he could to the public-house; the men were then in the act of drinking beer. He told the man at the public-house, who was a constable, that there were two suspicious people in his house, who had taken a horse out of ‘Farmer So-and-so’s field, and that he ought to detain them.’ The man said, ‘I cannot do it, I have something else to attend to; I have my brewing to attend to to-day; some body else must do it.’ The farmer remonstrated. He said he could not do anything in it. The men left the house, and the farmer followed them to another public-house farther on. The excuse that the man made there was, that he had his cattle going to the fair, and that he could not give up his time; that he was not sufficiently encouraged, or something of that sort. The farmer, determined not to

lose sight of the men, mounted his horse again, and followed them, when they were detained at length by a police officer and another man."

According to the present system of our rural police, and the administration of the law, the chances of escape for a thief are so numerous as to offer strong temptations to dishonesty, and very few inducements to the adoption of a lawful course of obtaining a maintenance. The Commissioners, indeed, state that distress seldom drives men to a dishonest course of life. Yet they also state, that where the police preventive system has been fairly tried, many find it to be for their pecuniary interests to leave off a criminal course. They say,—

"We find that in the metropolis, the preventive measures have so far diminished the chances of impunity in particular lines of depredation as to incline the balance of profit in favour of honest industry. This result is shown in the fact of persons who had no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and who were seen by the officers in courses of delinquency, or frequently detected in the commission of offences, but who now see these former offenders engaged in honest and productive occupations. One example was presented to us in the confession of a notorious burglar, who now keeps a public-house, and who avows, as the cause of the change, that housebreaking is no longer profitable. He accounts for eight of his gang, or former connexions in the same career: they are all brought up as mechanics; one as a carpenter, another as a locksmith, &c., who, having been tempted from their occupations by the profits of housebreaking, have of late returned to their several trades, where they are now engaged, and receive good wages as the produce of productive industry. Another notorious burglar, who was frequently brought before the courts of justice, is now the driver of a cabriolet; and a sufficient number of similar instances are presented to afford satisfactory promise, even from imperfect trial, of more extensive and beneficial results of the operations of a uniform and comprehensive system of prevention."

Still this preventive system is confined to a small space. To be sure the metropolis is the chief nursery of dexterous thieves, and the vast receptacle of the plunderer's spoils. But still the preventive arm upon an enlightened plan stretches over but a small space. What then is to be done, seeing that this very process of strict and efficient prevention at head-quarters, seems materially to affect the provinces, which become the refuge and the scene of new crimes on the part of the parties that are scared, but not in time seized? The remedy, we think with the Commissioners is, to extend the metropolitan system to the country, giving it a universality of sweep, and conferring upon its organization a central source of life, a unity, ever out going and in-coming processes of intelligence, action, and power.

When the Commissioners have found and demonstrated, "that the public information as to the number of crimes committed, inferred from the extent of crimes judicially pursued and punished, is widely erroneous,"—the Calendar of Prosecutions being no criterion to trust to, except as to the impunity of depredators,—when they find together with many other instructive and astounding facts, besides those we have before noticed, "that there is an average of upwards of 100,000 commitments annually to the gaols of the able-bodied population of England and Wales for criminal offences," are they rash, are their recommendations premature, their propositions unwise and dangerous, when they urge the following measures on the attention of the public, and call for their adoption by the legislature?—

First of all they propose, "That, as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organized in the principles of management recognized by the legislature in the appointment of the new metropolitan police force." We believe few will now object to the model who have had an opportunity to witness its working. Still the much more widely divided position of the different members of the rural corps from one another, may induce some different results in the manner of action, not yet tested.

The second proposition is, that for the purpose above mentioned, "on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the Secretary of State for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county!" By this the central commissioners are to have the appointment of the officers and the controul as to their number and condition, the magistracy of the district or county having reported on the inefficiency of the existing constables. It will no doubt be objected by some, that by the adoption of this clause, the patronage of the Minister will be unduly augmented. But another question ought to be, whether, supposing a centralized and universal system to have been approved of, any other arrangement could be operative and act in unison with the acknowledged powers of the Secretary of State? That which promises the strongest and most complete security to the subject ought to be adopted.

A third proposition is, that "the force should be paid one-third from the consolidated fund, and three-fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole country." Questions will arise and have arisen here as to the fairness of a highly rated but

peaceable community or county being obliged to contribute three-fourths of the rates, when other communities of quite an opposite character only contribute according to the same principle. But frequently general good must be consulted through the infliction of partial evil.

Fourthly, it is proposed, "That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed." To what other existing local authority ought this to be done?

Fifthly, "That the superintendents should be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions; and that the sergeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions." There seem from this to be checks interposed between the board of commissioners and the local authorities. How these may act in practice, remains to be tried.

Sixthly, "That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the Secretary of State, and if approved of by him shall be binding;"—thus insuring the adoption of perhaps already existing local and peculiar arrangements.

Lastly, "That the Commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the Secretary of State, be binding." Of course a wide and a close process of inquiry upon all practical points will be instituted, so as to suit not only the general exigencies of the country, but the specialities of particular parts.

The trained force proposed is to be about one constable to 2000 inhabitants.

An objection has been anticipated by the Commissioners. It will be alleged, say they, that such a force may be used to impair the political liberty of the subject. But no such apprehension can rationally be entertained. It is as it should be, that Englishmen have ever been extremely jealous on the score of personal rights and the sacredness of the domestic sanctuary, the privacy of which domiciliary visits will sometimes disturb, under any police or constabulary force system, even when suspicion has been on the wrong scent. But there must in every advanced state of society, especially where the population is dense, and the intercourse of the various classes and many families of it constant, the interests of individuals also often clashing, be sacrifices of certain feelings as well as of certain tests of liberty, for the very purpose of more consciously enjoying other higher sentiments and better defined privileges. The assurance of greater security to person and property, and the sense of contributing by hearty concurrence in the enactments of law to

the peace and the virtue of the community, will far outweigh any interference that tends to these salutary ends. Restraint for the public good is no restraint, but the subject of triumph to a man of mind and capable of looking beyond the passing moment, provided he be innocent. It would be worth while even to part with a portion of political freedom, were it shown that the barter was for being relieved from continual and abject fear, arising from the want of due protection by local establishments, or of the eye and arm of a paternal government. Is it dreaded lest domiciliary attacks shall be wantonly made by the supreme power with the view of oppressing the people, of stripping them of the fruits of their industry, of preventing them from contentedly following their callings, or of dragging them to dungeons? To us, we shall in conclusion declare, a more unfounded, unnecessary, and distrustful feeling does not appear within the reach of a wild alarm. Is England in a condition to be cowed or trampled upon by the contemplated constabulary force? Would that thinly sown body, one of whose offices it will be to trace, to keep, as it were, a continuous eye over wide distances upon ruffians and depredators, find it for its interests to unite against the people? As well might we expect the long established phalanx of excisemen to conspire successfully with a mad government against the liberties of the nation. The very publication of this Report gives the lie to the charge of evil intentions. Should the measures recommended in it never be carried further, it will do great good by opening the eyes of thousands, and awakening the concern of philanthropists.

ART. IV.—*Memoir of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne.* By MRS. A. T. THOMSON, Authoress of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth," &c. 2 Vols. London: 1839.

WE do not say that a Life of the first Duchess of Marlborough was not called for, seeing that her own "Vindication," and the selection lately published under the title of the "Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough" are the only books with which we are acquainted that approach to the character of a biography of this remarkable and celebrated woman. These works are naturally partial and at the same time incomplete records; while "Old Sarah," not only of herself, as a single personage and as a distinct character, but in consideration of her relation to notable events and many eminent individuals who figure prominently in the page of history, deserves to be the subject of a full and a searching biographical publication. The present time, too, we might say the very period in the year 1839 in which these volumes have appeared, and a variety of passing circumstances, some of them not yet fully deve-

loped or appreciated, throw around their subject a special interest, inducing us to pronounce Mrs. Thomson's venture opportune and lucky.

But though fortunate in the choice of her theme, and in regard to the particular moment of the completion of her book, we are obliged to call it an unsatisfactory production. It is spun out to absolute feebleness; it is tame and superficial. Mrs. Thomson is incapable of taking a grasp of character or events, so as, by a few dashes of the pen, to set before the reader a striking portraiture of individuals, manners, or occurrences. There is also for the most part too apparent an effort to be charitable, without, however, the success of engaging the reader's feelings and judgment in behalf of the persons so partially represented. The Duchess comes off most unfortunately; she is actually rendered so unpleasing as to make the book disagreeable. Whatever interest one expects to attend the history of a remarkable personage, of a woman possessed of a masculine nature, and of singular abilities, whose life was full of variety, and whose entire career left strong lessons, is here found to have distastefulness mixed up with it, so as to force us to feel that it would be a forbidding task were we called to read a second time any considerable number of these pages. Even the history of remarkably bad characters may be so written as to attract study. The power with which the truth is told, the beauty of the style, the richness of the instruction, and the lively image irresistibly conveyed of the writer's lucid and sustained mental vigour, may all unite to charm the student of biography; and more especially do we welcome the union when the biographer is of the fair sex. But the present writer is not only a female, but her manner and matter are *feminine*, to an extent that obliges us to pronounce her two bulky volumes tiresome and a failure. But of such as it is we are called on to present some samples.

Sarah Jennings, who was not only distinguished on account of her abilities, her beauty, and her wealth, but of her good fortune as well as unenviable life, was born in 1660. Her family had signalized itself on the side of royalty during the Civil Wars, and therefore on the Restoration her way was paved to Court favour. When twelve years of age, our heroine found herself a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, the first wife of James the Second; she also filled the office in the Court of her successor, where a close intimacy was formed with the Princess Anne.

While a Maid of Honour she was wooed and wedded to Colonel Churchill, both professedly attached to the fortunes of James; the former, on the marriage of Anne to Prince George of Denmark, being placed as a Lady of the Bedchamber in the establishment of the Princess. The Colonel had a kind patron in James who raised him to the Peerage. Yet, there can be no doubt of his

having corresponded treasonably with the Prince of Orange ; while the Lady was playing her own cards very artfully in the household of the weak yet obstinate Anne ; whose elopement as described below was no doubt encouraged and probably suggested by the imperious and virtual mistress of the Bedchamber :—

“ At first, to aggravate the distress of James, a mystery was made of Anne’s flight, and it was insinuated that the King, by encouraging the Papists, had been instrumental in the death of his child. The Earl of Clarendon, her maternal uncle, and her nurse, ran up and down like distracted persons, declaring that the Papists had murdered the Princess. James, who had fondly loved his daughter, and who had always shown her the utmost tenderness, burst into tears, and in the agonies of parental feeling exclaimed—‘ God help me, my own children have forsaken me !’ He had trusted, as it seemed, to the kindly and womanly nature of Anne : but her affection was considerably less than her prudence. Yet public opinion, adjudging to the Princess those softer qualities which become a wife and a daughter, were willing to exculpate her, at the expense of her advisers, for a feature in her character and conduct which offended the natural feelings. It was soon perceived that an ill-timed caution, not excusable fear, dictated her flight. By all good minds Anne has been, and she remains condemned for this act. It was doubtless the duty of the Princess to remain, to have received and consoled her father. However others might judge or counsel, she was still his child ; and the heart which could be cold towards a parent in such an extremity as that in which the degraded and unhappy monarch now found himself, must have been deficient in all that is high and generous, even if it could boast some amiable dispositions in the sunshine of life. It was soon ascertained with whom, and where, Ann had fled ; and the public, commonly right in matters of feeling, could not readily forgive her, whom they fixed upon as the prime adviser of the Princess. Upon learning that the Prince of Denmark had deserted the King, and that James was returning to London, the Princess, as Lady Churchill in her own vindication declared, was ‘ put into a great fright. She sent for me,’ continues the same writer, ‘ told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father she would jump out of the window. This was her very expression.’ Such was Anne’s first outbreak of emotion, *not for her father, but for herself.*”

The fickleness of courtiers, the frailty of professed devotedness to the fortunes of James, and the utter desertion of his cause by those whom his gifts and favours, or the ties of family, should have rendered constant and true, found remarkable illustrations in the events described and the anecdotes noticed in the following extract :—

“ During the six days that James remained at Salisbury, the unhappy monarch’s mind was every hour fretted and depressed by the news of some fresh defection. The first sea-officer that went over to the Prince

of Orange was the brother of Lord Churchill, Captain Churchill, who joined the Dutch fleet with his ship. Humbled and alarmed lest he should be delivered up even by his own troops, James retreated towards London. The night before he commenced his march, Prince George of Denmark and the young Duke of Ormond, who had lately received the order of the garter, supped with him. The King was in deep dejection; the Prince and the Duke were also lost in thought, meditating their own private schemes. On the following morning intelligence was brought to James, that his two guests of the preceding evening had gone over in the night to the Prince of Orange. Prince George thought it his duty to leave a letter of excuses. This royal personage, long a cipher in the court, which he could be said neither to disturb nor to adorn, had been accustomed to say, when he heard of the desertion of any of James's friends, '*Est-il possible?*' an ingenious mode of avoiding any expected opinion on so awkward a subject. On being acquainted with the Prince's flight, James recalled to his attendants the notable phrase, by the sarcastic observation, '*So est-il possible is gone too!*' And with this sole exclamation he allowed his relative to pass from his remembrance."

Churchill's fortunes were various during the reign of William and Mary. He was created Earl of Marlborough, and was employed upon some signal occasions. But he was also suspected, it is supposed, of corresponding with James, and was deprived of all public appointments. His wife was also shunned by the Queen. At length, however, Anne ascended the throne, and now there seemed to be no limit to the influence, the sway, and the good fortune of the great Captain of the age, and of his lady. Indeed the latter carried for a time all before her. Offices were to be secured only through her favour, and large were the sums which she accumulated by the sale of the highest appointments. The bearing of the favourite to the Queen herself was that of haughtiness, which passed into contumacy and rudeness. No doubt Anne smarted under some of these displays, and was often ill-at-ease in consequence of the tyranny exerted over her; and ere many years elapsed, it is now known, her Majesty's friendship, if ever such a disinterested principle existed between the two, cooled and was withdrawn; and this much sooner than was suspected by the Lady of the Bedchamber. In fact there is reason for believing that from the time of Anne's accession, the Duchess was dismissed from real favour. Anne was a Tory at heart, and a Stuart in feeling in many respects; while Lady Marlborough was an unflinching Whig, and resolved on advancing the interests of her party, together with the personal gain of her own inordinately ambitious nature. But when apparently high in favour, and when confident of her lasting good fortune, the power behind the throne was transferred and entrusted to an unsuspected and unlikely personage; a poor relation

of the Duchess, and her protégé, being substituted, rendering the sting of disappointment and the overthrow doubly galling.

The Duchess does not seem to have dreamt of the revolution in her history at Court, until Abigail Hill's marriage to Mr. Masham, a Groom of the Bedchamber, was reported to her; upon which she hastened to ascertain all the particulars from Mrs. Masham herself. Mrs. Thomson's account of the intrigues and deception connected with this notable case, the subject not only of an extraordinary amount of Court-scandal, but standing out as a remarkable passage in the constitutional history of the country, is as follows :—

“The Duchess, notwithstanding that she felt she had reason to be offended with Mrs. Masham's conduct, was willing to impute it to ‘want of breeding and bashfulness,’ rather than to that deceptive and petty spirit which rejoices in mystery. She forgave and embraced her cousin, and wished her joy; and then, entering into conversation with her on other subjects, began in the most friendly manner to contrive how the bride might be accommodated with lodgings, by removing her sister into some apartments occupied by the Duchess. After this point was arranged, the Duchess, still deceived, inquired whether the Queen were informed of the marriage, and ‘very innocently’ offered her services to acquaint her Majesty with the affair. Mrs. Masham, who had, says the Duchess, by this time learned the art of dissimulation pretty well, answered, with an untroubled mien, that the Bedchamber women had already apprized the Queen of it, hoping by that reply to prevent any further examination of the matter. The Duchess, all astonishment, and probably, though she does not acknowledge it, all fury, went directly to the Queen, and inquired why her Majesty had not been so kind as to tell her of her cousin's marriage; putting her in mind of a favourite quotation from Montaigne, adopted by Anne—namely, that it was no breach of secrecy ‘to tell an intimate friend anything, because it was only like telling it to oneself.’ ‘This,’ to speak in the Duchess's own words, ‘I said, I thought she herself ought to have told me of; but the only thing I was concerned at was, that this plainly showed a change in her Majesty towards me, as I had once before observed to her; when she was pleased to say that it was not she that was changed, but me; and that if I was the same to her she was sure she was so to me.’ Upon this the Queen answered, with a great deal of earnestness, and without thinking to be upon her guard, ‘I believe I have spoken to her a hundred times to tell you of it, and she would not.’ This answer startled the Duchess very much; and she began to reflect on the incongruity of her Majesty's two answers; the first asserting that she believed the bedchamber women had told her of Mrs. Masham's marriage; the second implying that Mrs. Masham and her Majesty had repeatedly held consultations upon this subject. This reserve, and the evident collusion between the parties, roused the suspicions of the Duchess; and she instantly resolved to commence a strict examination into the relative position and the ultimate end and object of the parties thus implicated in what she deemed a conspiracy against her

power and peace. Fortunately for her biographers, she has left ample explanations, carefully preserved, of all those passages of her life which relate to her ultimate dismissal from the Queen's service. In a letter, which many years afterwards she is said to have addressed to Bishop Burnet, she gives a clear statement, which she corroborates by copies of all the correspondence which passed between herself and the Queen relative to the great affair of her life. It was not long before the Duchess, on instituting an inquiry among her friends, discovered that the Queen had even gone herself secretly to her new favourite's marriage in the 'Scotch doctor's chamber;' a circumstance which was discovered by a boy who belonged to one of the under servants, and who saw her Majesty go thither alone. The marriage had also been confided to several persons of distinction. It was easy to be informed of that which everybody but herself knew: and, in less than a week, the indignant Duchess discovered that her cousin was an 'absolute favourite,' and that when the marriage was solemnized at Dr. Arbuthnott's lodging, her Majesty had called for a round sum out of the Privy Purse. To this intelligence was added the still more startling information, that hours of confidential communication were daily passed by Mrs. Masham in the Queen's apartments, whilst Prince George, who was now a confirmed invalid, was asleep; but who, in spite of the advantage taken of his slumbers, had been one of the illustrious confidants on this occasion. The Duchess could now trace the whole system of deception which had been carried on to her injury for a considerable time; her relative and former dependent being the chief agent, her sovereign the accomplice. She could account for the interest which Harley had now acquired at court by means of this new instrument. She could explain to her astonished and irritated mind certain incidents, which had seemed of little moment when they occurred, but which afforded a mortifying confirmation of all that she had learned. 'My reflection,' she says, 'brought to my mind many passages, which had seemed odd and unaccountable, but had left no impression of suspicion or jealousy. Particularly I remembered that a long while before this, being with the Queen, (to whom I had gone very privately from my lodgings to the bedchamber,) on a sudden this woman, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible; but upon sight of me stopped, and immediately changing her manner, and making a most solemn courtesy, 'Did your Majesty ring?' and then went out again."

No doubt Mrs. Masham was an artful and deceitful woman, whose influence over the Queen's mind was sedulously exerted to the furtherance of her own personal interests. But she was also the tool by which others, hostile to the Whigs and individual members of the Ministry, forwarded their views. Anne's share in these intrigues was shameful and treasonable. The two passages which we are about to quote exhibit her in a vile and a mean light. The first regards Harley's sly proceedings when the Queen was in the country, and after his colleagues were urgent to have him dismissed from office, and refused to act along with him:—

“That able and persevering courtier continued, during the whole summer after his dismissal, to entertain a secret correspondence with the Queen. Anne, whose nature was quite on a level with that of the most humble of her household, descended so far as to encourage these stolen conferences. The lessons which she had learned during her depression in the court of William and Mary were retained, when the same inducement to those small manœuvres no longer justified the stratagems which nothing but the dread of tyranny can excuse. To enjoy in privacy the gossip, for it could not be called society, of Mrs. Masham and the flattery of Harley, ‘she staid,’ says the indignant Duchess, ‘all the sultry season, even when the Prince was panting for breath, in that small house she had formerly purchased at Windsor; which, though hot as an oven, was then said to be cool, because, from the park, such persons as Mrs. Masham had a mind to bring to her Majesty could be let in privately from the garden.’”

When in town there was a similar disgraceful system of manœuvring, which is thus described:—

“The very closet where the Duchess had knelt in sorrow and compassion before her Sovereign—where she had striven to act the part of consolation (for the loss of her husband)—was the scene of Mrs. Masham’s influence. It seemed, indeed, strange that Anne should select for her daily sitting-room the closet which her deceased consort had used as his place of retirement and prayer, and the prying Duchess soon penetrated behind the screen of widowed proprieties. She has laid bare the occupations of the royal mourner, whilst closeted for many hours of the day in Prince George’s apartments. The Duchess, indeed, suspected that some peculiar motive could alone induce Anne to disregard the mournful associations with that retreat; and resolving to ascertain the cause, she had the mortification to discover the true reason of Anne’s choice: this was, that the ‘back-stairs belonging to it came from Mrs. Masham’s lodgings, who, by that means, could bring to her whom she pleased.’”

When the Duke and the Duchess resigned their various appointments, they repaired to the continent, nothing like royal opposition being offered to a withdrawal that was so welcome. Nor did they return till the accession of the house of Brunswick. At no time, indeed, can we suppose the life of our heroine to have been really enviable; her temper, her pride, her disappointments either uniting, or on all occasions some one feeling and failing predominating to distress her. “This celebrated woman,” says our author, “the beautiful and intellectual offspring of wealthy and well-descended parents; the wife of the most distinguished, and also of the most domestic and affectionate of men; blessed as a parent beyond the lot of most mothers; the favourite of her sovereign, and endowed with superabundant temporal means; lived, nevertheless, in turbulence and discontent, and died unloved, unregretted and calumniated.” Let us see what was the condition of her closing years:—

“ Her Grace's amusements became yearly more and more circumscribed. In former years she had occupied her shrewd and masculine mind with purchases of land, which she bought in the firm belief, or at least with the excuse of belief to her own mind, that a ‘sponge’ might do away with all the funded property, and that land would ‘hold longest.’ It appears from her will, that she was incessantly making additions to the immense landed property in which she possessed a life interest, and even went to the city herself, when nearly eighty years of age, to bid for Lord Yarmouth's estate. Her quarrels with Sir Robert Walpole began, as we have seen, upon the subject of ‘*trust money*,’ and they seem to have hinged upon that same matter even so late as the year 1737. As the darkened day drew to its close, the poor Duchess was fain to be contented to amuse herself by writing in bed, in which shackled position much of her ‘*Vindication*’ was penned by her. She frequently spoke six hours a day, in giving directions to Hooke. Then she had recourse to a chamber-organ, the eight tunes of which she was obliged to think much better than going to an Italian opera, or an assembly. Society seems to have afforded her little pleasure. Like most disappointed and discontented persons, she became attached to animals, especially to her three dogs, who had those virtues in which human beings, in her estimation, were so greatly deficient. Satiated with the world, the Duchess found, in the numerous visitants to Marlborough House, few that were capable of friendship. Hers was not a mind to cull sweetness from the flowers which spring up amid the thorns of our destiny. She knew no enjoyment, she declared, equal to that accompanying a strong partiality to a certain individual, with the power of seeing the beloved object frequently ; but she now found the generality of the world too disagreeable to feel any partiality strong enough to endear life to the decrepit being that she describes herself to have become. The Duchess, during the latter years of her life, changed her residence frequently. Sometimes she remained at Marlborough House, but exchanged that central situation for the quiet of Windsor Lodge or of Wimbledon. Yet at Windsor Lodge she was tantalized with a view of gardens and parks which she could not enjoy ; and Wimbledon, she discovered, after having laid out a vast sum of money on it, was damp, clayey, and consequently unhealthy. Wrapped up in flannels, and carried about like a child, or wheeled up and down her rooms in a chair, the wealthy Duchess must, nevertheless, have experienced how little there was, in her vast possessions, that could atone for the infirmities of human nature.”

We think that the Duke's extreme regard, so often expressed in his letters to his lady, may as to its reality be doubted. It is pretty clear that she rendered his domestic life anything but tranquil. We transcribe a portion of one of these strongly worded documents, which concludes with a reservation that is significant, we suspect, on this point :—

“ The first campaign in Ireland called Marlborough away from the home and the wife whom he loved so well. Every letter to the Countess which he penned during his absence breathes, a devotion which time and

distance seem only to have heightened. In the hurry of military movements, in the excitement of unparalleled triumphs, his heart was ever with her. 'I am heart and soul yours,' was his constant expression. 'I can have no happiness till I am quiet with you.' 'I cannot live away from you.' Again, he beautifully concludes one letter: 'Put your trust in God as I do, and be assured that I think I can't be unhappy as long as you are kind.' So true and elevated was the attachment of that affectionate heart. 'Pray, believe me,' he says, writing in 1705, immediately after the battle of Ramillies, 'when I assure you that I love you more than I can express.' These and other innumerable fond asseverations, even when his wife had passed the bloom of youth, and, it appears, no longer possessed (if she ever did) equanimity of temper, speak an attachment not based upon evanescent advantages. With a candour inseparable from a great mind, he generously took upon himself the blame of those contentions by which the busy and harassing middle period of married life, that period in which love often dies a natural death, is, in all stations, apt to be embittered. On one occasion, after thanking her, as for a boon, for 'very many kind expressions' to him in a letter, he says, 'in short, my dear soul, if I could begin life over again, I would endeavour every hour of it to oblige you. But as we can't recal what is past, forget my imperfections, and as God has been pleased to bless me, I do not doubt but he will reward me with some years to end my days with you; and if that be with quietness and kindness, I shall be much happier than I have ever yet been.'

The career and close of life in the case of other exalted personages, who were the contemporaries of the Duchess, were not much more tempting. The Queen's latter days were greatly embittered,—the very Ministry which she had brought in in an unworthy manner, by the quarrels which arose among its members, having hastened, there is much reason to believe, her death. Harley himself was unhappy in his political history, and Bolingbroke's fortunes were unstable and disastrous; so that the conclusion at which we arrive is, that the life of a courtier, especially of any one whose ways are tortuous and principles concealed, is sooner or later made to feel the poetical justice observed in the drama,—that there is no exemption in favour of Ladies of the Bedchamber,—and that a Queen Regnant is still more than a sovereign of the hardier sex exposed to the duplicities of selfish advisers and the misconduct of unfaithful servants. Had Mrs. Thompson more forcibly brought out these moral lessons her work would have been much livelier, as well as profitable to the reader, than we have found it. As it is, one has for the most part to trace her facts to an issue which she has not fully apprehended; and also, for the sake of allowing these their full weight, to recast their description, and clothe more pithily and briefly their amount. Some of her statements too are contrary to historical truth. Take for example a notice of the wife of James the Second, who, it was notorious at the time, died in communion with the Church of Rome:—

"She had virtue and delicacy sufficient to appreciate the prudence and good conduct of those around her, and to set an example of propriety and dignity in her own demeanour, becoming her high station. United to a husband who, in the midst of depravity, 'had,' says Burnet, 'a real sense of sin, and was ashamed of it.' Anne, had she lived, might have possessed, AS A PROTESTANT, and as a woman of understanding, a salutary influence over the mind of her husband;—an influence which prudent women are found to retain, even when the affections of the heart are alienated on both sides. But her death, which happened in 1671, deprived England of a queen-consort who professed the national faith; and, in her, James lost a faithful and sensible wife, and the court a guide and pattern which might have checked the awful demoralization that prevailed."

With the sentiments we have frequently felt inclined to quarrel, on account of unsoundness and their maudlin tone, which the spirit of "Old Sarah," had there been no other stimulus in the theme, should have prevented. We have neither felt cheerful in going through the work, nor much enlightened by what is new in it; while what is old is not placed so advantageously before us as it previously stood.

ART. V.—*Reconnoitering Voyages and Travels, with Adventures in the New Colonies of South Australia; a Particular Description of the Town of Adelaide, and Kangaroo Islands, &c.* By W. LEIGH, Esq. Late Surgeon of the Australian Company's Ship "South Australian."

London: Smith, Elder, and Co. (1839.)

CERVANTES smiled Spain's chivalry away—Voltaire laughed down the mighty power of the Romish priesthood—Gibbon sneered Christianity itself out of countenance, and here is an intelligent and vivacious man of medicine lustily employing the same weapons for the destruction of the "germ of a mighty nation of British origin," (or, as it is irreverently termed by its enemies "the *prosperity bubble*,") and the neutralization of the grand euraka of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, which was "to establish a hopeful era in the history of modern colonization." We confess we should view with sincere regret the annihilation of the Eldorado of the south; we should mourn over the prostration of those airy fabrics which our imaginations have delighted to contemplate rising majestically on the banks of the Torrens and the shores of gulf St. Vincent: we should lament over the departure of those blissful visions of rural felicity and plenteous contentment which were to signalize the Arcadia of the southern seas, and it is not without a pang that we proceed to commit Mr. Leigh's accounts to paper. But, *fiat justitia ruet cælum*. If delusion has been practised, it is but just that it should be exposed. If a course of systematic puffing has been persevered in for the interest of certain individuals, it is but

fair that the public should be put upon their guard against the deception. However unpalatable it may be to ourselves, we must respect an honest attempt to tell the truth. This, of course, Mr. Leigh assures us he does, and yet there is such an evident tendency towards caricature running through the whole of his narrative, that we feel at times a little suspicious.

He tells us, indeed, he left England warped by no party and biassed by no prejudices ; and that it has been his endeavour to give a plain and simple narrative of facts as they came under his view. He is quite aware that his statements and views are greatly at variance with existing interests and opinions, and that he is prepared for the wrath which his volume is calculated to draw upon him from modern theorists and speculators. He will, however, be amply indemnified for any attacks to which he may be subjected if it shall have the effect of deterring even one individual from embarking on a rash and *untried* adventure, or of warning those who have so embarked against the shoals and quicksands which beset their course. This is a highly praiseworthy object, and fearlessly and spiritedly proclaimed.

• South Australia has excited considerable interest in every part of the kingdom, and more especially in Scotland and Ireland. The unsettled state of affairs in Canada, and the commercial embarrassments of the United States, have arrested the current of western emigration, so that the stream is now directed towards the Great South Land. Many are the respectable families and individuals at present engaged in planning the erection of a new home in some one of our many colonies ; and it certainly is of the utmost importance that the advantages and disadvantages of each should be clearly laid before them, that they may be guided in the choice of their future destination—a step of paramount importance, which once taken cannot easily be recalled. Hitherto, all the accounts that have reached us from the colony have, with one or two exceptions, come from persons interested in the success of the “ great experiment.” In their eagerness to promote their own views, they may have been insensibly led to exaggerate the capabilities, and soften down or entirely suppress the drawbacks of their “ land of promise.” Hence many have, and many more may hereafter be induced to yield implicit credence to their representations, and thus give a preference to South Australia, without sufficient knowledge and consideration, which they may afterwards have occasion to repent of. To supply these persons with the proper data upon which to found their selection, is a very laudable object ; and if it be executed with impartiality and fairness, it is justly entitled to respect. • Let us see how Mr. Leigh has acquitted himself. Here is a passage in the very outset which we look upon as particularly good :—

“Men that emigrate I should take to be divided into two classes : first, those that emigrate from a mature conviction that another land holds forth advantages which their own does not possess, and who are resolutely determined to ‘rough it,’ come what will ; and these are the people who will find emigration to answer. They will, with due exertion, meet with success, whether they be gentlemen with large families and small capital, labouring men, mechanics, and tradesmen.

“The second class are those wild visionaries who court any new light, and snatch at any bubble which is more attractive than the last they followed. These restless and dissatisfied beings fancy every one is better off than themselves, and that every land enjoys advantages superior to their own. To such I would recommend the work of that industrious and persevering emigrant, Mr. Moore, which should be read by every one that proposes moving to a new colony. They will find not only some very valuable information as regards the agriculture of Australia, but the results of his experience during his many struggles and difficulties when he first settled in the colony. In one part he writes thus : ‘I find in emigration but very little of the romance. It is nothing but downright *laborious plodding*.’ And, in this observation, as in the most others of his work, I do heartily concur.

“Whilst I was at Kangaroo Island a vessel came in from England, bringing emigrants to South Australia. They were all, without exception, wild flighty young fellows; being about such another cargo as one would expect to have seen unshipped for the service of Donna Maria, Don Miguel, or any other Don, Don Quixote included. ‘It did not require a very clear sight to perceive that they were not the ‘sort of goods for the market.’ However, emigration was all the go, and all their conversation was of bullocks, &c. &c.; away they packed, and I heard no more of them till about three months after their arrival, when I visited their location, and found these mighty tillers of the soil, all sitting very cozily round a large fire, in a reed hut, smoking their pipes, on the floor, ‘à-la-grand-Turk.’ They laughed when I entered, nor could I better retain my gravity, for I never saw such an alteration in men in so short a time. Instead of being the ‘exquisites’ they were twelve weeks ago, they were dirty, shabby, and had a suspicious handit-like appearance, which, as I told them, would make a man pull his cravat an inch or two higher when he found himself in their company.

“In answer to my jests upon their toilet, they one and all exclaimed, ‘Oh, what does it matter in such a place as this?—who sees you?’

“I naturally inquired how they got on. One answered,—‘Why, I get on queerly ; I get a few pickings out of the kangaroos I kill—look, those are my hounds!’

“‘Well, Tom, and how do you manage?’—‘Why, sometimes I join the hunting,—sometimes I go and dine with B——,—sometimes he comes here, and so on.’ This was the situation of these magnificos—disappointed at the *commencement of their romance*.

“They remained in Adelaide a considerable time, expensive as it then was, spending money which might, if they had chosen, have been laid out very advantageously ; but, like the proud steward of old, ‘they could not dig.’ The result was—one became a clerk, another went to Sydney

a third to Launceston, and there only remained two behind, who were, at my last visit, disposing of the little that remained of their wardrobe. The others, if they have *good luck*, will arrive in England 500*l.* at least out of pocket, and with the satisfaction of being laughed at for their wild-goose folly.

"I never could recommend thoughtless young men to come out to these young colonies, abandoning the gay dissipation of England for the gloomy wilds of Australia, where nothing but the strictest perseverance can make way. The comforts of society must be disregarded for awhile; years must elapse before you can think of enjoying the comforts of happy England. The want, not merely of luxuries, but of even the *necessaries of life*, must often be submitted to. Even, after all your toil in preparing your foster-home, are you secure from disappointment, since the long drought to which these climes are subject may destroy all your labour, and leave the once verdant field, upon which you anchored all your hopes, a brown and withered wilderness.

"Forget, if it be possible, that you have lived in England; *forget*, at all events, *refrain* from comparing your native with your adopted country, and then,—with your wife and domestics, your little home, though rude as the huts which held our sturdy forefathers in Britain, you may have many comforts; indeed, I have spent as gay and as happy a night in a hut composed of bark and reeds, or under a log-hut, as ever I passed in the vicinity of Turkey carpets, purple and fine linen.

"There is a peculiar fascination in these scenes—a freedom that exhilarates. There is no idling all the morning among the vanity shops. That delightful part of the day is spent by the women in the more substantial and beneficial occupation of the kitchen. In using the word 'kitchen,' I should explain that it does not exactly mean a receptacle for fat cooks, fat joints, and greasy scullions; but a place where one sees a fire, a pot swung *à-la-gipsy*, a bench, a bundle of wood, perhaps a dog or two lying by the fire—Miss, or Sally So-and-So occasionally cracking a faggot, which her good little brother had been labouring to cut down behind the hut,—a piece of tarpauling over-head, sometimes bounded on the right by the hut, and on the left by thick bush. This is the kind of kitchen most in fashion in these parts, and when ornamented by the hind-quarter of a kangaroo, or a young wallaba, cuts no insignificant appearance about two or three o'clock in the day, when the cloth is laid upon two boards, on trestles, just in the shade of a fine young gum-tree."

The irony of the latter part of this passage is hardly fair, as such scenes are inseparable from the formation of new settlements; and even with all the appliances of capital, it is not feasible to unite the comforts and conveniences of the mother country in a day. But time will assuredly bring them, and *Sally-So-and-So*, who now arranges her pot *à-la-gipsy*, beneath a ragged piece of tarpauling, will, in a few years, hang it in a comfortable kitchen, surrounded by the English luxuries of bright saucepans and well-polished coppers.

After lying six weeks in Plymouth harbour, which, in the crowded

state of an emigrant ship, is certainly very objectionable, the Australian got under weigh-on the 22nd of December, 1836. - The first incident of the voyage was the discovery that their vessel was leaky, making no less than six inches of water on one particular tack. Then came sea-sickness of course, which, Mr. Leigh observes, leaves a kind of listlessness, which it is difficult to shake of:—

“ Thus, many persons who are about to undertake a long voyage, picture to themselves how gaily the time will pass with them. They have all Scott's novels—what a library! They are naturally fond of reading—it will be delightful! Besides, they can draw,—time cannot hang heavy with them. Behold these men of high resolves, after having been a week at sea, and recovered from the nausea,—give them fine weather and everything favourable for the pencil, or the Great Unknown, and they will find that ‘no angel will guide their pencil whilst they draw,’ and that instead of resorting to the novelist, they will walk or lounge about the deck, looking first at the sea, then at the sky, then getting upon the poop, then descending to the quarter-deck, till the bell rings for dinner. Such is life at sea. Johnson calls a ship a prison, with the additional chance of being drowned. It is in my opinion worse than a prison, for *there* at least is quietude, a luxury wanting at sea, which the old ballad well expresses in

“ Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,
Those endure you may be sure who go to sea,
A ship is a thing that you never can be quiet in,’
&c. &c.

And a good sailor and sensible man must assuredly be the author of those lines.”

But then it must be borne in mind that all ships are not emigrant ships; nor do they give rise to the numerous accidents which were continually calling for the display of Mr. Leigh's Esculapian powers:—

“ In my official capacity I found enough amongst the emigrants to keep me in full activity. Of so many women and children there were always some ailing. - Now a little urchin, by a roll of the ship, was pitched down the hatchway, another lurched into the fire, or out of bed; then one had the ring-worm, and they all caught it. Now came a touch of the ‘Caledonian Cremona,’ which a Scotch amateur had introduced from the Highlands! So it went on. There was more trouble with the women and children than with all the rest, including the ship's company. Many a good battle have I seen fought in true Belcher style by some Amazonian ady, whose dear little boy had got into trouble. At first the husbands would interfere; but latterly they were quite passive spectators, and would exclaim affectionately, when appealed to—‘Let 'em have it out.’ ”

Three weeks were consumed at the Cape, and, after an actual passage of thirteen weeks, the Australian dropped her anchor in

Nepean Bay. The aspect of Kingscote is not very inviting in Mr. Leigh's description. It lies on the slope of hills covered with wood, and having from the sea the appearance of one impenetrable jungle. On the slope of one of the hills a little patch had been cleared, and there stood the cottage of S. Stephens Esq. Half-a-dozen wooden huts containing emigrant farmers were perched on the brow of a hill looking down a steep precipice into the sea. On the beach was the skeleton of a store-house, surrounded by four or five huts built of rushes. Such was Kingscote. As soon as the new comers had landed, they were met by a settler named Beard, who very hospitably conducted them to his cottage:—

“We accompanied him to the door, where, in spite of good breeding, we indulged in a hearty laugh. I must describe the rich scene. In the centre of five or six gum trees was a canvass tent, very much like an eating booth at a country fair; before it was a fire-place made with a few stones, and a pot swung à-la-gipsy. There was on a bench, which ran along the front, a pigeon-house with its inhabitants; there were also two or three native parrots cawing away; agricultural implements, &c., and all around you were his poultry. The tent was upon a kind of stage, and we were invited good humouredly ‘to walk up and secure our places, as the performance inside would commence immediately.’ Notwithstanding the ludicrous figure the tent cut outside, it looked very respectable within, for he had, in his kind hospitality, spread his table, whereon was very good cheer, to which we did ample justice. Quentin Durward made not greater inroads into the astonished Maitre Pierre's pie than we did into a gammon of bacon and ‘soft tack’ [white bread]. Our potations were equal to our gluttony, for, in a very unlucky moment for poor B—, he discovered his bottled ale. This was corn in Egypt, and we all agreed that Kangaroo Island was a first-rate place.”

The house of Mr. Stephens they found finely situated, and containing a table arranged in true hotel style, with a leg of mutton recumbent thereon. These symptoms of civilization put them in good humour with Kangaroo Island, and led them to augur well of the undertaking. This feeling was by no means general with the great body of emigrants whom they had left on board, and who had neither admired Mr Stephens' house, nor tasted his leg of mutton. The visions of felicity in which they had largely indulged during the voyage, were rudely put to flight by the harsh tones of an islander addressing them after this fashion:

“‘What are you all come here for?’ he enquired. This was a very natural question, but it proved a poser. ‘And how do you mean to live?’ he added.

“‘Oh, why we mean to land to-morrow, and go into our houses—where are they?’

“‘I don't know that there are any other houses than those you see; and

they are all inhabited. Perhaps you don't know the prices of provisions here ?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well, then I will tell you. We pay 9½d. for Irish salt pork wet out of the pickle ; pickled bacon from Sydney 2s. 4d. ; ham 2s. 10d. ; cheese, *when there was any*, 2s. 4d. ; seaman's junk, alias salt horse,—alias mahogany, 6d. ; with this additional advantage, that if you purchase at the stores two pounds of pork, you are obliged to purchase also six pounds of the junk, or you are not allowed to be a customer at all ! You are not permitted to buy flour unless you buy with it biscuits which are scarcely eatable. A kind of bird, purchased by the monopolizing store-keeper at 1d. each, is retailed by him at 10d.,—and none but the strongest stomachs can endure them. Salt butter, and that not of the best, is 1s. 8d. There is no fresh water to be had near the settlement : what we use is fetched across the Bay from Point Marsden, a distance of seven miles, and we pay a penny a bucket for it. We seldom get any fresh meat, but an animal called a wallaba, and one called a bandicoot, resembling a large English rat. We have no vegetables of any description, not even a potato.'

" This information was productive of fervent benedictions on Squire this, and Squire that, who had so grossly misrepresented the whole. The committee, it was repeatedly argued by them, had pledged their word—the bond of honourable men,—that good provisions of every description should be retailed to them at 5 per cent. above the Sydney prices—that houses, such as there are in New South Wales, should be ready for their reception until, with their own and others' assistance, they erected more suitable dwellings. Upon the faith of these promises they had left their homes, and had arrived. They had come, 'strangers, in a land of strangers,' after a long voyage, without a morsel of fresh meat or vegetable, and without a place to rest their heads. They were informed, that on the morrow they should be turned into a part of the wood which is to be cleared ; a small tent is to be assigned to them, into which two families are to be thrust, without the prospect of any other during the rainy season, which is now about to commence."

To men who had been dreaming of sitting under the shadow of their own fig-trees, and luxuriating in the delicious productions of the sunny clime of the South, this was a painful disenchantment, a disagreeable surprise. The romance of the thing took flight upon the instant. On the morning of the 24th of April they were put on shore, armed with axes and saws, and directed to commence clearing a spot in the dense bush for their location. The young gum trees fell fast before the new invaders of the wilderness, and in the course of the forenoon the ground was sufficiently cleared for present purposes, when a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the commissioners had changed their minds, and that they were to be located elsewhere. With a hearty imprecation on the fickleness which rendered the toils of the morning unavailing, they repaired to the new location. In a few days the ground was

cleared, and the tents were erected. . It was the amusement of Mr. Leigh to walk among them in the evenings and hear the new settlers discuss the politics of the island, as they sat in groups around a large fire; he could not find a single individual among them that "did not bitterly rue the day he left England," and that was not determined to get back as speedily as possible.

This is obviously the feeling of men who had miscalculated the difficulties of their position, and were disheartened the instant they had to grapple with them. A lance at Cunningham or Laing's book on New South Wales might have taught the "sons of gentlemen" that in going forth to seek a home in the Australian wilds, they were bargaining for years of hard labour and incessant struggle, as the price of future ease and independence. It is the axe, and not the book that will tell: the pioneer and not the man of letters. There is very little romance in felling and stumping trees with the thermometer at 130, and a piece of salt pork for refreshment. And yet those who like Colonel Talbot of Canada, and Mr. Arthur of New South Wales, have had the requisite courage and perseverance, have triumphed in the end, and become the conquerors of their own independence. Mr. Leigh adduces several instances of individuals who embarked in the colonization speculation, utterly destitute of the qualifications necessary to ensure success, with their heads crammed with fanciful imaginings totally at variance with the hard realities of the life that awaited them in the land of their adoption. The first is that of the Company's dock-yard manager, who relinquished a comfortable situation in Thames-street to realize a bright idea of laying down a *patent slip* at Kangaroo Island, with warehouses, dock-yard, and a canal to bring it into operation. The plan was excellent upon paper, nothing could be better contrived: it was a splendid idea. There was but one small difficulty, the water was everywhere so shallow, that no place for fixing his patent slip could be discovered; the consequence was, that the dock-yard management was quite a sinecure, and the disappointed dreamer removed to Adelaide.

This is of a piece with the notable project of the Company for fishing in the waters of Nepean Bay, which upon trial were found to yield nothing but oysters. The second instance of a disappointed dreamer is represented by a Mr. B., who relinquished a good situation in Oxford-street to become a landed proprietor in Australia. He was in the habit of attending a club formed for the discussion of the merits of the new colony. His imagination was inflamed, and his fit of enthusiasm lasted until he landed. Then it was that a change came over the spirit of his dream. He found a melancholy jungle, where the bushes grew so thick that he was afraid to go twenty paces lest he should never find his way out again.

With his wife and five children he passed the winter under a little canvass tent, surrounded by impenetrable jungles. His wife was taken ill, and as no medical aid could be procured, he could do nothing but watch the progress of the malady, which terminated in her death. A melancholy picture truly,—but it merely proves that Mr. B. was not over prudent in bringing his delicate wife in the first instance. His companions in disappointment and misfortune were however very numerous, as may be collected from this passage :—

“I know two gentlemen's sons on the island ; the one was bred up to the church, having received a collegiate education. I left him there, on the burning sandy beach, sorting rotten potatoes from sound ones, from a quantity which had just been landed. He was to have been a clerk, and, like Oliver Goldsmith's brother, be

‘ Passing rich with forty pounds a-year.’

The other was from Worcestershire : he came out upon spec ! I left him, as I found him, a gentleman's valet ; and he held that high office until he was promoted to a retail store.

“ It might be said, what fools these fellows are, not to return !—Poor fellows ! it is not their fault ; they are in the island, and, like Yorick's starling, ‘ can't get out,’—though the emigrant last mentioned made the attempt, by smuggling himself on board a vessel homeward bound, and this with the consent of the captain ; but he was soon missed and discovered.’ He had, the authorities informed him, entered into a bond for so many years, and they insisted upon his adhering to it. If I were to quote the numerous instances of this description which came under my notice, I should fill a large volume. But one poor scholar, who had been a mathematical instrument maker, and whom I discovered holding the high office of *bricklayer's labourer*, attracted my observation by crying out ‘ *Tempora mutantur,*’ &c. I found him to be a very clever fellow. The times had indeed changed with him !”

• All this proves nothing against the prospects of the colony. The sufferings of some of the earlier colonists of the United States are well known ; many of them perished by starvation ; more died from anxiety and toil, though all the settlements finally became prosperous and wealthy. The older colonies of New South Wales and Swan River were frequently in danger of perishing by starvation, and notwithstanding all the obstacles which misgovernment and official corruption, as well as the demoralization growing out of the convict system have opposed to the first of these settlements, it has attained to greater prosperity and in shorter time than any other modern colony. In every extensive scheme of colonization numerous cases of individual suffering must necessarily occur. The untrodden wilderness cannot be converted into the well-cultivated plain in an instant. The rude hut must precede the cottage, the cottage the spacious mansion, and it behoves the emigrant to think

well whether his physical and moral qualities are such as will justify him in offering himself to contend with difficulties and privations which have appalled the stoutest hearts. It is not so easy to dispose of the charges of mismanagement, favouritism, and harshness, which Mr. Leigh makes against the Company's officers ; but it is to be hoped, that, for the sake of their own interests, they will exert themselves to put a stop to practices which must materially retard the progress of the colony.

The soil of Kangaroo Island is far from being of the first quality. In the vicinity of Kingscote it is composed of sand left by the sea, mixed with a small portion of vegetable mould. When properly moistened, it produces vegetables of every description except cabbages, but the heat of summer hardens the ground to the consistence of a baked brick, the surface being covered with a fine dust, which flies about with the least breath of air. Hence ophthalmia is a common complaint, and white garments are out of the question. Some good strips of soil have been found in the interior, and corn has been grown. But what with blights, and the depredations of myriads of parrots, which Mr. Leigh observes are the most impudent thieves he ever saw, and the inroads of the wallaba and the bandicoot, which, like hares in England, destroy all the young corn, a very scanty portion of the crop remains to reward the exertions of the cultivator. To exclude the last-mentioned animals, it is found necessary to fence every foot round a field as close as a wall. The island abounds with another animal called the guano, which is very destructive to poultry. Snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and every variety of creeping vermin are very numerous. The snakes are very venomous. Mr. Leigh mentions it as a matter for surprise that fewer persons were not bitten, when it is considered that the walks about the settlement are through jungle, from which the light is almost entirely excluded. Lying in the path they bear so strong a resemblance to the dead black wood, that they are not heeded until they are trodden upon. Dogs are the greatest sufferers, and in the summer the mortality amongst them from the bites of serpents is very great. A large hound swells up like a tub and expires in seven or eight minutes after being bitten. The danger of treading upon a snake renders shooting in the bush a hazardous amusement. Those who brave the peril should be provided with untanned leather trousers.

The winged plagues are as numerous and as annoying as the creeping vermin. The Australian flea is about twice or thrice as large as the European. Mr. Leigh saw some that were "nearly half as large as a barley-corn." They appear to breed in the sand, where they are found in millions. Every dwelling swarms with fleas, and the persons of the careless and the unclean are a moving mass. A very ingenious plan for extirpating these pests is practised at the

Swan River, viz. to spread the bed near an ant-hill, the denizens of which will seize the sleeping flea and carry him off.

Musquitoes, facetiously termed "Miss Kitties," bugs, blowflies, white, black, and purple ants, are in incessant activity.

The white ant is in myriads, and is very destructive to furniture and household stores. It is said that a bevy of these little animals will creep to the top of a full-grown tree, begin to burrow at its top, and render it as porous as a sponge from top to bottom. They eat their way into chairs, tables, beds, and planking: they eat the corks out of bottles, and get into mischief of every description. The natives eat them in handfuls as they do maggots and all sorts of vermin. The blow-fly is viviparous, and deposits its maggots alive upon whatever it alights: wire covers of the finest texture are recommended as a necessary protection to the meat that is brought to table, which may swarm with live creatures the moment after it is cooked. Musquitoes are very troublesome, and the climate appears to be almost as hot as that of the West Indies, and at some seasons it is very variable. The heats of summer are grilling, and the storms of winter are terrific. We have not been able to discover any decisive testimony as to the decided superiority claimed for South Australia over the other colonies, in its exemption from those scorching droughts which are the bane of agriculture, and of stock and sheep in New South Wales. Mr. Granger asserts that hardly a week in summer passes without refreshing showers. Mr. Leigh expatiates on the utter annihilation of crops produced by the want of moisture, which for domestic purposes is purchased at a halfpenny a bucket, and has frequently to be carried from a considerable distance. He vouches for the thermometer rising to 130 degs., nearly forty degrees higher than he found it in Calcutta. It has been known to rise from 45 degs. to 80 degs. in the course of a few hours, and *vice versâ*. All accounts concur in representing the heat as of by no means an oppressive character. Mr. Leigh says he could run a mile in it in ten minutes without any other effect than perspiration, while he dared not expose himself for one minute to the sun even in the winter at Calcutta. The languor produced by the heat in India is not experienced in Australia, and every account confirms the fact of the salubrity of the climate. Even amid winter it is beautifully sunny, the thermometer standing at 76 in tent, and 80 outside it. The mornings and evenings alone are so cold, as to make a fire desirable. "A tent," says our author, "is a most execrable place to live in. In the summer it is intolerably hot and close, in the winter wretchedly cold and damp. If it rain the top is sure to leak somewhere, very often just over one's bed; and the sides hang so loosely round as to spoil everything near; while, to sum up these comforts, it is so dark that unless we sit near the door we cannot read, while the dust blown in at the

entrance is ankle deep." And in another place he adds, the rain and confinement in a chilly wet tent make us low spirited, surly, and comfortless. The morale of the new colony does not seem to be at a much higher standard than that of its neighbours, although it puts forth a haughty claim to superiority. The following passage must dispel the visions of an innocent pastoral population, which have floated before the eyes of speculating philanthropists :—

"What an amalgam is a new colony! All, all,—every soul in the eager pursuit of money! 'Get money; if you can, honestly, but, at all events, get money.' Thus spoke the dying man to his hopeful son. Scraping, cheating, monopoly—every system of humbug is put into exercise. Do not let the philanthropist suppose that men going to a new region undergo any mental renovation, and leave their vices in the land they have quitted;—no, they go in desperation. In England they could go no further—in other lands they have a fresh sphere of action. The man who has lost his name, his credit and his friends in England, has a chance in a remote colony—he is not known—he moves among men who are not acquainted with his past life. In England he was well known, and he looked askance upon every man he met: it is not so here; the real scoundrel may stare an honest man out of countenance—may associate with 'Honourables,' and recover some self-respect; but certain it is, evil propensities will flourish in any soil, and the bosom that is inherently bad will not have one iota of its villany removed by the circumstance of going over a body of water. There is one thing to be said, that however dear and scanty, as at present, all things in the shape of provisions are, no man need starve, but he must work, ay even from the parson at Adelaide to my humble self. At Kangaroo Island I have been slaving, and felling trees, and turning up the soil; and every man, the governor inclusive, of a colony, must likewise slave and sweat and fell trees, and turn up the soil; if he cannot or will not do that, he had far better remain in the land he is in."

The following advice to emigrants is so valuable, that we must extract it entire :—

"Every man emigrating to a new colony ought to be married. No man should emigrate unless he is of a persevering and unrepining nature nor should any one who means to move in a sphere above that of a labourer go, unless he can command £1000. If a man emigrate with but a small capital, say £500, out of that what can he buy? There is his outfit, his passage, his land, his cattle, and his ready money continually running out for labour, and that for several seasons, before an adequate return is received.

"Cunningham says the best period to emigrate is September, as the party arrives in a good time for getting his corn; I should however not think of getting much corn the first year if I were an emigrant, but should be satisfied if a few potato plants held up heads round a log-house.

"I would rather emigrate to Twofold Bay than Adelaide, for which

preference there are many good reasons. But above all things, let the emigrant *never think of purchasing land in England before he goes out—it is madness.* Look at the anxious people at Adelaide, when I was there, walking about in groups discussing how they were *humbugged*. Just fancy a man purchasing three or four thousand acres, paying like a Briton, before he knows what he has got to pay for, and when he is to have it. The wise men in Adelaide did not see this 'clause in the indictment!' but as a friend who went out, and a 'big wig' too (rather) said, 'When I bought my land, I immediately sent my son out in the first ship to take possession, and see where to pick—look out for the rivers—get a house up—I was to reside with him in the house, and buoyed myself up with all the foolish ideas common at that time. Behold us when we arrived:—Son very wisely gone cabin-boy to Sydney—ship going to England to bring surveyors to survey land that was *somewhere* in Australia, he was sure, 'for they said so in London,' and he had bought and paid upon the strength of it. This is the situation of ourselves, and of scores, ay hundreds besides.

"There are in Adelaide, and I dare say in all new colonies, *a few* wealthy men, and those 'screwdrivers' monopolize and carry sail, running down all before them. God help the poor £500 man that lives near the vortex of these reapers!

"To the monied emigrant I shall say,—the less taken, except apparel, the better. But I recommend a wooden house to be built, and got into at home first, to see if it will do; a stove and a filter; take a few shut-up chairs, good beds, tools, and a frame-tent; take also a small medicine-chest of *common* physic, and a little book with simple directions—the plainer the better; take plenty of Seidlitz powders,—I found them useful. Take a dose of calomel before you start, followed by a Seidlitz, with brandy in it; take another before reaching the Line, another at the Cape, and another before you land in Australia; a Seidlitz powder twice a-week in the hot latitudes; above all, take to sea abundance of dried provisions; thin slices of bread, prepared like 'dried toast, packed in cases, are excellent; do not forget high-spiced gingerbread as a remedy for sea-sickness; do not drink too much wine, and you will, under these circumstances, if the ship is not overloaded, enjoy tolerably good health. Bathe in the wash-deck-tub every morning, weather permitting, but never get overboard unless a sail is put astern to get into; I cannot enforce this too strongly. Never quarrel on board about precedence."

What the reasons of the preference accorded to Twofold Bay may be, Mr. Leigh has omitted to state. 'This is the more strange, as, in summing up his account of the country, he seems to give the preference to South Australia:—

"The new colony of South Australia (if I were an agricultural emigrant) I should prefer, but if not that, I should go the Hunter's River way. Land there is but a few shillings an acre, and is said to be very good; but I like the beautiful and park-like land of South Australia, where you have nothing to do but turn out your herds on a land abounding in luxuriant herbage:—

“ Those ample plains,
 Where oft the flocks without a leader stray ;
 Or through continued deserts take their way,
 And feeding, add the length of night to day :
 Whole months they wander, grazing as they go,
 Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know :
 Such an extent of plain, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass.”

VIRGIL'S *Georgics*, III. v. 325.

“ In this beautiful passage Virgil has so exactly described this part of the world, that one would suppose he had the very spot in his eye when he wrote. There are settlers all along the coast, at intervals, from Swan River to Sydney; and the emigrant would do well, if he can afford it, to go to Sydney *first*, making that his head-quarters; and not being in too great a hurry about actually settling. Never heed what another's abuse may be of the soil;—it is the interest of settlers to keep neighbours away. I recommend ‘Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales’ to the notice of all settlers, and ‘Moore's Journal.’ I have now said as much about Sydney as my stay would allow; and do not profess to write an account of the colonies, but merely to escort a fire-side traveller to a few scenes in that remote region;—that he may profit by my experience, and never stir from his snug home, in search of ideal happiness in a wilderness.”

Mr. Leigh fully corroborates the accounts of the beauty of the country between Adelaide and the sea; long, level, and luxuriant plains, sheltered with trees, succeed each other, wear the appearance of a fine park, and the view to use his own expression “defies description.” The “City,” however, disappointed him somewhat, as he seems to have forgotten the circumstance of its being but a year or two old, when he saw it. Taking this into consideration, we think the wit of the following passage is quite thrown away:—

“ We soon fell in with the river running through Adelaide, and there we bathed. The situation of Adelaide is very picturesque, it being upon a gradual descent to the river Torrens, and studded with very large gum-trees, which afford an agreeable shade. I confess I was greatly disappointed at its appearance, for the first view, or, in fact, any view you obtain, reminds one of the miserable huts that we see in an extensive brick-yard in England, it being built after that fashion. I had read, a few days ago, of the various names of the streets—such high sounding names!—this square and that square—east-end and west-end—such a terrace and such a street,—that I could not but fancy that my sight was suddenly failing me, when I strained my eyes in vain, to see either square, terrace, street, house, or even anything to lead me to the conclusion of there ever having been any. There was no volcanic matter; not even a stone could be found to indulge in the benevolent propensity of throwing it at a dog; and two or three people were jogging along together, talking calmly of bullocks, when one would have expected to have beheld them at public thanksgiving for their own preservation from the mighty earth-

quake, which had, doubtless, suddenly swallowed up the once noble city of Adelaide !”

The site he pronounces injudiciously chosen, on the ground of its distance from a navigable river, and the intricate and dangerous navigation of the port. It will, he thinks, cost as much to get merchandize from the ship at anchor in the port to the town, as the freight from England to Adelaide. The idea of selecting it as an emporium of commerce, he treats as an absurdity. To remedy these inconveniences, steam tugs and a railway are in contemplation, but a considerable time must elapse before an undertaking of the latter kind can be completed, as yet there is not a bridge, wharf, or road in the Colony.

Glenelg is seven miles from Adelaide. It is situated on the shores of Gulf St. Vincent, at the Bay of Hold-Fast. A most appropriate appellation, as it is exposed to the tremendous swell of the large gulf. After floundering through a swamp, and wading through a couple of rivers, our author and his party reached the town. The description is not very flattering :—

“ The situation of this place as a settlement will never do, unless immense expense be incurred by draining. There is, here, on the beach, a kind of hovel called a store, as empty as the pockets of the man who keeps it, and that, added to some half-dozen miserable and comfortless-looking sledge huts, is the ‘town of Glenelg,’ named ‘in honour’ of that illustrious nobleman. They find it does not answer, and I understood were about to desert it. The four families who had fixed their residences here, were planted pleasantly under the gum-tree,—when, lo ! the place of their rest was surrounded in the night by a torrent four or five feet deep, and all hands were forced to run for it. Dr. Everard, who, from being so utterly surrounded by water, was unable to fly, got upon the table, and with his family waited till daylight, when he turned out, dug a trench in the distance, which carried off some of the flood. He has now a kind of embankment round his hut. On the right is a swamp filling round the remainder of his dwelling, which swarms with mosquitoes and bull frogs, that keep up their music day and night. ‘Oh !’ quoth the Doctor, when I visited him, ‘these are the beauties of emigration.’ The land about here is good, and in some places looked like a neglected English orchard.”

Mr. Leigh's account of the natives corresponds, in every respect, with those of Cunningham and Moore. After dwelling on their habits and dispositions at some length, he sums up their character in this style :

• They are superstitious, revengeful, courageous, jealous, cunning—great thieves and liars—idle—susceptible of friendship—capable of feeling sorrow, and excellent mimicks.

• The first flock of sheep they beheld going up a hill in the dis-

tance, they said was smoke, and they were terribly alarmed at the appearance of the first horse. They have killed many sheep in the vicinity of Adelaide, alleging in excuse—"White man kill black man's Kangaroo—Black man kill white man's Kangaroo."

• This acuteness they display in numberless particulars. Thus, when feasted by the "Protector of the Aborigines" on brown bread, the keen eye of the savage saw "that white man lub white bread, make black man eat brown bread." This was a great oversight and led to much mischief.

• After remaining in the new Colony until he was heartily tired of it, Mr. Leigh proceeded to Sydney. The beauty of Sydney Cove, the picturesque appearance of the gay and well-built villas looking down upon the harbour, the regular and even magnificent streets, call forth his warmest praise. The only thing to dispel the illusion of his being in an English town, was the heat.

• The whirlwinds of sand and dust which suddenly envelop the stranger, remind him more strongly of Cape Town than England. The Botanical Gardens are finely situated, skirting the shores of a romantic bay, and the grounds of Government House. Mr. Leigh thinks it is worth a trip to Sydney to see that garden. The view from the grounds of Government House is, he tells us, unequalled by any in those Southern Shores. Some idea of the progress of the settlement may be collected from the following facts:—

• "The reader would scarcely believe what enormous sums are given for town lands; it is literally covering the surface with gold. I saw a piece of land that had originally been given to some individual—a careless wight, who had not, according to articles, erected a building upon it; this, after certain terms, reverted to government; and though it is but an acre, the prodigious sum of 15,000*l.* has been offered and refused. Building goes on here blended with greater improvements than a commercial money-getting town might be supposed to contemplate; we would instance premises in the possession of a worthy who is a convict for life, and who has tempted government by an offer of 30,000*l.* for the remission of his sentence. This 'gentleman,' who has since been pardoned gratuitously, has amassed enormous riches; and the magnificent mansion in question he lets for 1000*l.* a year. Not many months ago, the respectable landlord of the best house in the colony might have been seen walking leisurely along George-street behind a cart, a friend of his at the same time accompanying him, and making certain legal memoranda on his back. I have forgotten his name; but I am told that occasionally he still performs a few sleight-of-hand tricks, and, for his legerdemain, is rewarded with the above-mentioned parade, escort, &c. • The people in this town, who had never seen any other, tell us, with great gravity, that in a few years Sydney will be a 'city of palaces!' If it does, they will most undoubtedly be 'Gin Palaces.'"

• Touching the latter observations, the number of public-houses

in all Australian towns is very remarkable. Every third house displays a sign; the roads too are studded with pot-houses, and in front of them are to be seen smokers and drinkers all the day long. Of Paramatta and Windsor, our author says little—they are thriving towns with good business-like houses. We shall close our remarks on Mr. Leigh's Australian tours with his last admonition to would-be emigrants, which is couched in terms absolutely startling:—

“It must be a most mortifying thing for the poor fellow who has emigrated, after having selected his land, toiled away in miserable solitude, distant from every humane being but his little establishment, in the midst of a gloomy wilderness, fifty miles from his next neighbour, when the drought or blight comes to blast the few straggling blades that scarcely give his field a verdant patch. I saw a poor fellow in this very predicament: he had the additional mortification of having bought all his sheep at as high as 14s. or 15s.; and at this moment they are at Sydney so low, that there is no established price from 6s. downwards; and yet, from his losses on the farm, he has incurred debts, and he must sell.

“I also knew another party who freighted a large vessel with wool, for which he paid some 2s. a lb., fine Merino. He insured it, &c.; and in England it realized the enormous profit to them of 7d. Cunningham advises no one to emigrate unless they have ‘a couple of thousand pounds.’ But I advise them, if they have that money, not to emigrate at all, unless they love vexation, severe labour, and privations of every description, which are seldom mentioned by the sufferer, because pride forbids; but I, who have shared them, and hope to be straightforward in my dealings with pen and ink, unhesitatingly say, that the privations to be endured at the outset are enough to discourage the stoutest heart.”

ART. VI.—*Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels. Delivered in Rome, in the Lent of MDCCCXXXVII.* By NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D. London: Dolman. 1839.

WITHOUT uttering a single word upon the subject of religion, in so far as regards our own sentiments of the differences of opinion and feeling existing between Roman Catholics and Protestants, we may, in perfect accordance with the character and purpose of the “Monthly Review,” call attention to the religious forms observed, and the sentiments entertained by any one class of Christians. More especially does it fall within our province, if the subject be that of the relations which the fine arts are made to bear to doctrines and ceremonies. Now, it is notorious that in no church are the forms of worship more abundant or more splendid and imposing than in that of Rome. It is also, unquestionably, the fact, that however objectionable these forms may appear to Protestants, however unmeaning or ridiculous, they are full of solemnity to the professors of the Roman

Catholic creed. Ignorance, as to the intent of each rite, and prejudice, may combine to render the ceremonies of Holy Week,—the most sacredly and studiously observed season of religious festival of the establishment spoken of,—tiresome, and to be accounted idolatrous; but the members of that communion discover beauty and wisdom in every one of them, and derive instruction from what others deem absolute mummery. The present publication affords us deeply interesting and elegantly illustrated proofs of what we have said, and an occasion to notice some of the most impressive circumstances connected with the ancient system of faith mentioned.

Dr. Wiseman, as many of our readers must know, is a professor (of Oriental Languages and Literature) and an ornament in the English college at Rome. He informs his readers that the late Cardinal Weld was in the habit of having occasional courses of Lectures delivered in his apartments, upon the ceremonies of Holy Week. Some of these have already been published, others are about to appear, varying considerably in their modes of treating their subjects. It is, however, sufficient to state, using our author's own words, that his endeavour has been to represent "the passion of Christ viewed in relation to the arts of design, to poetry and music, to history and to religion,"—to show the "intimacy of art with the sacred commemoration of the passion." We have accordingly placed before us, by a divine, a scholar, and a man of highly-cultured taste, explanations of works by many of the greatest Masters, in various departments, works, the marvel of the whole Christian and civilized world,—the objects of undying admiration,—and their use or association with acts of religious homage, so as to instruct a stranger, and enable him to understand their symbolic or mysterious meaning. It will therefore be sufficient for our purpose if we follow Dr. Wiseman in the course of some of his illustrations and comments, convinced that whatever may be our opinion of the wisdom of the combinations described and explained, in a religious point of view, there can be no doubt with regard to the beauty of the light which he diffuses upon art itself, or of the intensity of devotion that may be excited by art's combination with religious rites.

The first of Dr. Wiseman's Lectures has for its immediate subject, the *external relations between the Functions of the Holy Week and Christian Art*, he being convinced that none can wish to witness them while totally ignorant of their intended meaning, and of the laws and the principles by which they are generally regulated,—such arrangements having been the great foster-mothers of architecture, music, and painting.

The great and most illustrious scene of Roman Catholic religious ceremonies, is of course, identified with Rome and St. Peter's, and is witnessed when the Sovereign Pontiff is present, in *Holy Week*,—

the week which closes the fast of Lent, and the first day of which is known by the name of *Palm Sunday*. We shall not tarry to notice our author's brief catalogue of the ceremonies of this festival, according to each successive day's particular and appointed functions, but quote as our introductory extract to some of the succeeding details and sketches, a few general preparative observations. Of the *Week* as a whole, Dr. Wiseman says,—

“They will be much disappointed who expect any gorgeous display of laboured ceremonial, or sudden bursts of theatrical effect, or many overpowering strokes of choral music. With the exception of the ceremonies of Easter day, where the massive action of elements in themselves simple, but powerfully combined, produces a splendid result, the eye must not look forward to stirring or bustling scenes; and excepting some few passages of truly ‘eloquent music,’ in the offices of Sunday and Friday, the ears must be prepared for the instillation of only the simplest, purest, but withal richest harmonies, which can insinuate themselves through that living labyrinth. The gratification to be derived is of a character more deeply mystical; it must be the result of considerations, complex in their origin, which have previously worked in the mind, and of an abandonment of the feelings and the soul to the tide of various emotions which will overflow them. Those who, in the language of the day, *lay themselves out* for seeing everything, as though it were a show (for some have even been known to go to the indecent extent of taking refreshments with them into the chapel), will very soon be wearied.”

By the external relations of the offices and ceremonies in question, Dr. Wiseman means those connexions which exist between them and art, identified with the places and circumstances in which they are performed, and which give their peculiar character to the functions of the Vatican,—places powerfully connected with the history and fate of Christian art. The Sixtine Chapel, where, on Palm Sunday, the principal function takes place, is the first scene which our author particularly describes, in illustration of his views. Upon entering it, he says,—

“There is certainly nothing striking to the eye in its architecture; or perhaps the first impression it produces is rather gloomy and unpleasant. Its loftiness seems almost excessive; at the same time, that, instead of architectural advantage having been taken of the circumstance, it is broken by two insignificant cornices, which destroy the proportion between the walls, and the high attic in which are placed the windows. This defect, or peculiarity, proper to the architecture of the age in which the chapel was built, is in this case more apparent, from the inversion of order in which its decorations seem disposed. For the lower division presents a series of curtains or hangings imitating brocade, and therefore seems too light a base to what rests above; although this effect would be in former times greatly lessened by the broad and noble tapestries of Raffaele, which were hung, on festivals, over this lower part. Above

and over the first cornice, comes the second division, covered with paintings of the old school, and consequently in a finished, minute and almost miniature-like style ; then over all presses the heavy ceiling, loaded with the massive, gigantic, and awful figures of Michael Angelo's sublime composition.

" This overpowering work has necessarily the effect of rivetting for a time the entire attention, and while it crushes, in a manner, all below, in an architectural sense, absorbs in most spectators the notice which the other paintings deserve."

Fuseli has declared the vault of the Sixtine Chapel to be a magnificent epic ; and our author is in ecstasies about its Homeric grandeur and breadth of manner. But he also stands up in defence of the beauty and *keeping* of the individual compositions, which the magnitude of architectural features and sublimest harmonies obscure, or rather render less noticeable ; the specimens of primitive Christian art there to be witnessed, produced even prior to the rise of Michael Angelo, calling forth his warmest praise. He describes the works of the older masters as having exactly followed the models they were accustomed to admire during the performance of the sacred functions of the very places which these works now distinguish ; and thus is illustrated the important fact, that the religion and the history of the Church of Rome have been the true themes of art, and the source of those inspirations which have given birth to the sublimest productions of human genius. For example, the costumes of saints, " beside the throne on which the mother of God is seated, with their precious embroidery and noble folds, that give such play to the rich colouring of their school," were taken " from the venerable ministers at these holy and splendid offices," a close adherence to ecclesiastical costume and attitudes being observed. Thus it is that a Roman Catholic regards art as a heavenly gift, as the proper and faithful vehicle of religious language and sentiment, sanctifying at once those who exercised it, and those who receive its influences.

We pass over the observations regarding the works of painters when art had reached its golden age, which only further illustrate the influence exercised by the ceremonies of the Church upon design and execution, that we may present a specimen of the manner in which he interprets the connexions to be traced between architecture and the religious condition of the Catholic Church. It is easy, however, to conceive how a lively or fond fancy may discover apparent relations between sentiment and the actual productions of art, after certain such productions have long existed, although these relations may not have been perceived or actually appreciated at first, or were, perhaps, partly the result of accident or some unrecorded circumstances which have not been dreamed of by modern critics. But let us see how Dr. Wiseman interprets different conditions.

Having remarked that in the first ages, when the Church was in a state of affliction, Christians had their subterranean oratories, and among the tombs of their brethren ; that when under Constantine, the empire adopted Christianity, reprisals were made on pagan temples, the Church adopting the forms of basilicas, appropriating also many portions of ruins, he goes on to say, that—

“ In northern countries, art, and consequently architecture, arose from Christianity ; there were no previous feelings to gratify, nothing to record, but what that holy religion taught ; and hence arose that style, most barbarously misnamed ‘ the Gothic,’ which a modern French writer so happily describes as ‘ la pensée chrétienne bâtie,’ the architectural expression of Christian thought. The architectures of Greece and Rome, like their religion, kept their main lines horizontal or parallel with the earth, and carefully avoided breaking this direction, seeking rather its prolongation than any striking elevation. The Christian architecture threw up all its lines, so as to bear the eye towards heaven ; its tall, tapering, and clustered pillars, while they even added apparent to real height, served as guides and conductors of the sense to the fretted roof, and prevented the recurrence of lines, which could keep its direction along the surface of the earth. Nothing could more strongly mark the contrast between the two religious systems. The minute details of its workmanship, the fretting and carving of its many ornaments, the subdivision of masses into smaller portions, are all in admirable accord with the mental discipline of the time, which subtilized and divided every matter of its enquiry, and reduced the greatest questions into a cluster of ever ramifying distinctions. The ‘ dim religious light’ that passed through the storied window, and gave a mysterious awe to the cavern-like recesses of the building, excellently became an age passionately fond of mystic lore, and the dimmest twilights of theological learning. Nothing could be more characteristic, nothing more expressive of the religious spirit which ruled those ages, than the architecture which in them arose.”

Such is our author’s theory of the origin of Gothic architecture, the peculiar style of whose arches and other combinations have occupied the researches and speculations of many writers, some tracing the principal arch to accident, others this peculiar form of it to what must have been suggested by the union, bendings, crossings, and twinings of willows and saplings, when the dwellings of men were made of such fragile and yielding materials.

The type of art as it has been established in the sacred edifices of Christian Italy, especially in Rome, and the case of St. Peter’s, or where the dome has been introduced,—a most noble symbol belonging to a temple consecrated to the Worship of the God of Heaven,—also engages Dr. Wiseman, as one of the remarkable conditions of art ; but we pass on to another of his Lectures, that we may hear something of what he says upon the *essential and inward relations* which subsist between the functions and offices of

Holy Week and art,—“the artistic principles, so to speak, which pervade the ceremonies themselves, their poetry, principally of the highest dramatic power, and the music which accompanies it.” The recognition and the sketch of the general principles are as follows :—

“No eye will fail to be struck with the perfect grouping that takes place in many of the ceremonies; such, that had the first masters been employed to regulate the ceremonies for the production of effect, they could not have devised anything more beautiful. I would notice particularly the pyramidal groups which are formed at the altar or the throne during the Mass on Easter-sunday, where everything is in the most progressive order—the richness of the costumes, and the dignity of the persons, from the base to its highest point. But these are matters that require little notice; for the eye of each will discover them. I am rather desirous to turn your attention to the more hidden points of beautiful arrangement and feeling with which these functions abound. Whoever will read with an unprejudiced mind the Offices of the Week, will be not only charmed, but, I think, astonished, at the perfect taste, harmony and dignity of sentiment which pervade them, as though the genius of sacred elegiac poetry had presided over the composition. A great part of them, indeed, consists of Scriptural passages allusive to the Passion, and this at once speaks their highest commendation. But still the selection and union of these passages into a whole, will be found on every occasion the most happy and harmonious that well could be imagined. In addition to these are many antiphons and hymns, both in classical measures and in ecclesiastical; which will be found upon examination full of the most touching sentiment.”

After explaining that by the term *dramatic* he neither intends nor recognizes a mere theatrical acceptation nor any outward display, but, for the want of a better word, to maintain that the poetry is highly representative as well as descriptive, we have this exemplification :—

“Palm-Sunday is intended to commemorate the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, and the first preparatory steps of his Passion. This might have been announced by a lesson or exhortation, informing the faithful of the object and character of the festival. Instead of this cold, formal method, a chorus, precisely as in the best Greek tragedy, is charged with this duty. It opens the service in true dramatic style, by singing, with noble simplicity, ‘Hosanna to the Son of David! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Oh King of Israel, hosannah in the highest.’ After this burst, the priest, or officiating bishop, introduces the service by a short but expressive prayer, begging a blessing on the commemoration of Christ’s Passion, which is going to commence. The subdeacon then reads a lesson from Exodus, in which, with an appropriate, and consequently beautiful analogy to the festival, God, after Israel had rested beneath the palm-trees of Elim, promises complete redemption, with the evidence thereof, from the Egyptian bondage. Such an introduction is at once harmonious, noble and most apt. It contains

the type, whose fulfilment is about to engage our attention. The chorus again comes in, and prepares the way for what will follow, by recounting the conspiracy of the Jewish priests for Christ's destruction, and the prophecy of Caiphas, that one should die for the people lest all should perish. Then, at length, the deacon fully unfolds the nature of the day's celebration, by chaunting the gospel that recounts the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and the song of joy with which it was accompanied. The celebrant (in the Sixtine chapel, the Pope himself) then proceeds to bless the prepared palms,—that is, to invoke the benediction of heaven on all who devoutly bear and keep them in remembrance of this opening event of our redemption."

Palms are distributed, and the scene of Christ's triumph is represented by a procession, when, we are told, the true dramatic feeling of the whole is kept up by the chorus ; after which a ceremony takes place, that is thus described :—

" When the procession returns to the chapel, it finds the door closed : to represent how heaven's gates were barred against lost man. A semi-chorus within sings the two first verses of Theodulph's hymn, even as he did within his prison. The full chorus replies in the same strain from without. These two first verses are afterwards repeated as a burthen, or reply to each distich, sung as an antistrophe by the semi-chorus within. At the conclusion, the sub-deacon strikes the door with the staff of the cross which he bears, to denote, that through the redemption on the cross the bolts of heaven were withdrawn ; the doors are opened, and the procession enters, while the chorus recounts the final entry of our Lord's triumphal procession into the holy city."

Again,—

" But there is another part of the Office performed on Sunday and repeated on Friday, which goes much beyond all this in dramatic power and sublimity of representative effect. I allude, as many of you will readily understand, to the chaunting of the Passion, according to St. Matthew and St. John, in the service of these two days. This is performed by three interlocutors, in the habit of deacons, who distribute among themselves the parts, as follows.—The narrative is given by one in a strong manly tenor voice ; the words of our Saviour are chaunted in a deep solemn bass, and whatever is spoken by any other person is given by the third in a high contralto. This at once produces a dramatic effect ; each part has its particular cadence, of old, simple, but rich chaunt, suited to the character represented, and worthy of ancient tragedy. That of the narrator is clear, distinct, and slightly modulated : that in which ordinary interlocutors speak, sprightly and almost bordering upon colloquial familiarity ; but that in which our Saviour's words are uttered, is slow, grave and most solemn, beginning low, and ascending by full tones, then gently varied in rich though simple undulations, till it ends by a graceful and expressive cadence, modified with still greater effect in interrogatory phrases. This rhythm is nearly the same in all Catholic churches, but in the Pope's chapel has the advantage of being sung by three of the choir

instead of by ordinary clergymen, and consequently by voices most accurately intoned and most scientifically trained.

“ But the peculiar beauty, or rather the magnificence, of this dramatic recitation in the Sixtine chapel, consists in the chorus. For, whenever the Jewish crowd are made to speak, in the history of the Passion, or indeed whenever any number of individuals interfere, the choir bursts in with its simple but massive harmony, and expresses the sentiment with a truth and energy which thrills through the frame and overpowers the feelings. These choruses were composed in 1585, by Thomas Lewis de Victoria, native of Avila, and contemporary with the immortal Palestrina, who did not attempt to correct or alter them; probably, as his worthy successor, Baini, has observed to me, because he found them so perfect and suited to their intention. There are twenty-one in the gospel of Sunday, and only fourteen in that of Friday. The phrases, too, of which they consist, in the first, are longer and more capable of varied expression than in the latter, and the composer has taken full advantage of this circumstance. When the Jews cry out, ‘Crucify him,’ or ‘Barabbas,’ the music, like the words, is concentrated with frightful energy, and consists of just as many notes as syllables; yet, in the three notes of the last word, a passage of key is effected, simple as it is striking. In this, and in most of the choruses, the effect is rendered far more powerful by the abrupt termination which cuts the concluding note into a quaver (a note not known in the music of the papal choir), though in written measure it is a large, or *double breve*. The entire harmony, though almost all composed of semibreves, is given in a quick but marked, and, so to speak, a stamping way, well suiting the tumultuous outcries of a furious mob. These are all traditional modifications of the written score, preserved alive from year to year among the musicians since the original composer’s time.”

Such is a described specimen of the emblematic forms, which our author thinks are calculated to produce more solemn and devout impressions on the soul than any recital or exposition of their contents possibly could; although, in the passage immediately preceding the utterance of such an opinion, he speaks of the shortness of the musical compositions alluded to, the rapidity of their execution, and the suddenness with which they break upon the ear, and with which they expire, as appearing to him to produce generally a feeling rather of wonder and amazement than of admiration, and to prevent attention to the peculiar expression of each, and the scientific, though simple construction, of many of them. The Protestant, or he who adheres to some less ceremonial, and, to the external senses, less magnificent religious service, may perhaps question, after the explanations and views we have extracted or abridged, the assertion of excellence in any form of worship which produces wonder and amazement, or even lofty admiration, and insist that the proper and needful posture of mind is that of calmness and intelligent perception,—that the sort of feelings to be desired and cherished are those of such mildness, repose, and purity as are likely to be the

most enduring, rational, and explicable. He may also, perhaps, doubt whether the majority of any nation or community can be expected to become acquainted with all the refined and mysterious meanings of a great complication of emblems and rites : and may, lastly, not to utter a word about our own views on the subject, have a suspicion that whatever be the ability or practice of the more enlightened Catholics to look beyond outward forms to the inward spirit and meaning, that the bulk of mankind possess no such penetrating powers, or at least come to rest more easily and constantly in external forms. If it be true that the many and imposing church ceremonies of any class of professing Christians have this practical result, then the fact would be decisive on the point of their comparative merits with any other ritual or liturgy in which the observances (not to speak of fundamental doctrines) were more simple and plain. We observe that Doctor Wiseman holds it to be the case, that the best proof of the attention professed to be paid to the commemoration of Christ's Passion, by Roman Catholics, extending beyond the Holy Week, and not resting "outside the heart, but penetrating to its core, saturating it with a rich and lasting unction of true devotion," is to be "drawn from the writings of our Catholic authors," these being his very words, as marked by our inverted commas. We think on the other hand, however, that the best proof of the wholesome and holy keeping and culture spoken of, must be a realized enlargement of knowledge, an amelioration of feeling, and an abiding amendment of conduct on the part of those who join in the commemoration. How the matter may stand in these respects between or among the different classes of religionists, we pretend not to assert ; we only stand up for the best sort of proof and evidence.

The third of Dr. Wiseman's Lectures treats of the Ceremonies of Holy Week considered in connexion with *History* ; and the fourth and concluding Lecture takes the *religious views* of these functions or ceremonies. Upon neither of the fields which these two last discourses traverse, is it our purpose to enter. One extract more, however, we present, which contains the spirit of the work before us, upon the holiness of the rites explained, and their symbols and accompaniments ; for however beautiful and venerable these things may be, however much the painter's eye may be entranced, the musician's ear bewitched, or the poet's and antiquarian's mind pleased and instructed, the main design and alleged result is that they serve as sacred institutions by which the Christian's soul may be improved and perfected ; the very point which Protestants do question, to which we have above just now alluded, and upon which, therefore, it is right to let our author be, to some extent, heard. He says,—

"It is difficult to say from what principle of self-knowledge the notion sprung in modern religions, that outward forms destroy or disturb the inward spirit. It should seem, that the very knowledge of man's two-fold constitution would expose the idea to scorn. It must be that daily experience proves, how soon and how easily men forget their inward duty, unless outwardly reminded, through the senses, of its obligation. Wherefore it should have been decided in later times, that the ear alone is the channel of admonition and encouragement, and that the eye,—that noblest and quickest of senses, which seizes by impulse what the other receives by succession,—is not worthily to be employed for religion, I own the reason is hidden from me. One hand fashioned both; and why should not both be rendered back in homage to Him? If the splendour of religious ceremony may bewitch, and fix the eye upon the instrument instead of the object, as surely may the orator's skill, or the ornaments of his speech.

"And applying these ideas to our present subject; if the meditation upon Christ's Passion be the worthiest employment of any true Christian, what shall prevent our endeavouring to engage every good feeling, and every channel of inward communication, in assisting us to the exercise? Or, who shall fear that we shall thereby fail? When the unfortunate Mary Stuart was upon the scaffold, having prayed for her implacable persecutor, Elizabeth, she held up the crucifix which she bore, exclaiming, 'As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins.' Whereupon the Earl of Kent unfeelingly said: 'Madam, you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart.' Now, note her meek and just reply: 'I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings, but I must, at the same time, bear Him in my heart.' Who of those two spake here the language of nature? Whom would any one wish most to resemble in sentiment,—the fanatic who presided, or the humble queen who suffered at the execution? Sir Thomas Brown is not ashamed to own, that the sight of a Catholic procession has sometimes moved him to tears. Who will say that these were not salutary?"

Certain plates illustrative of our author's subject accompany the letter-press, the frontispiece being a most impressive and beautifully drawn picture by Overback, of the dead Christ and his sorrowing mother; the others, vignettes, representing the subjects of the Lectures, or scenes of the great days of Passion-tide; the whole, as specimens of art fitly and seasonably wedded to a work, whatever may be thought of the religious sentiments it contains, that exhibits an extensive knowledge of art's resources and triumphs, and a hearty appreciation of its beauties and value.

ART. VII.—*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III.* Second Series. By LORD BROUGHAM. London: 1839.

It is impossible to predict at any time what Lord Brougham will do, when, or how. Activity, restlessness, and unsameness,—qualities so characteristic, we may say, of his wonderful and terrible idiosyncrasy,—set us completely at defiance. He must speak or burst: and when he speaks, whether he be thought right or wrong, he will make people hear him. Accordingly, we have him once more upon one of his hobbies, which, for anything we can see, he may ride till the day of his death:—the *Sketching of the Historical* character of the Statesmen of George the Third's Time. And what is there in the whole performance, elongated as it has been, and may most likely take place to an indefinite period, but the levity, the froth of a practised rhetorician,—the sweepings of an *omnium-gatherum* chronicler? Questionless, Lord Brougham is a man of extraordinary acquirements, as well as of high standing among the erratic geniuses of the age,—versatile and universal. But we do alight in the course of these Sketches upon such a uniformity of manner, opinion, and illustration, as really to make us suppose that there is an adoption of consistency on his Lordship's part for once, a continuancy of purpose, of rashness, superficiality, and egotism.

We are getting tired of you Lord Brougham in the present guise, although you be one of the first men of the age. You prate to satiety of a race of Statesmen without leaving many lessons that might not be much more effectively taught, had modesty, diffidence, candour and calmness presided. Not that we charge his Lordship with intentional wrong,—nay not with any feeling distinct or distant from exemplary liberality. We think he errs more frequently on the side of latitudinarianism than any other, unless his personal bile is interested. But the flourish is much greater than the triumph,—the noise, with all its manifest bearings, intent, and scope, much louder than the report is effective. We think there is more manifest effort too, a pervading sense of being more hampered in the present display, than in some former ones by the same fertile and never-tiring writer and spokesman. Certainly there is an unusual involution and redundancy of diction, a stronger infusion of Gallicisms and other impurities of style, than we remember to have met in his Lordship's earlier works. Seeing, however, that he has once more put himself forward, and traversed more countries than one in search of characters which he wishes to set up as beacons for attraction, imitation, or avoidance to the passing and future generations, we cannot do less than follow him in some of his flights of advocacy, exaggeration, and caricature, which he never fails to bring

to his aid whenever dulness or tameness lies in his way,—either the barrister or politician triumphing over the moralist when a point is to be hit.

But let us see what is the professed and no doubt intended purpose of these Illustrations, as explained in the Introduction. His Lordship says, “It would be a very great mistake to suppose that there is no higher object in submitting these Sketches to the world than the gratification of curiosity respecting eminent Statesmen, or even a more important purpose, the maintenance of a severe standard of taste respecting Oratorical Excellence. The main object in view has been the maintenance of a severe standard of Public Virtue, by constantly painting political profligacy in those hateful colours which are natural to it, though sometimes obscured by the lustre of latents, especially when seen through the false glare shed by success over public crimes.” His Lordship goes on to say, that to show mankind who are their real benefactors, to warn them in regard to the opposite, are the views which have guided “the pen that has attempted to sketch the History of George III.’s Times, by describing the statesmen who flourished in them.”

Now, though the lesson contemplated is very necessary and as much called for at this moment as at any other period in English history; and though his Lordship can wield the scourge that political profligacy, tergiversation, and inconsistency merit with an able and a willing hand, yet somehow there has been borne upon our mind, while reading the above prefatory announcement, a surmise that not only will the author stand out as an example for delineation by some future critic and censor, but that throughout his Sketches there is a personal purpose predominating, or at least constantly obtruding itself, as if the laceration of a living and unnamed party were the subject and object of eulogy, or censure and denunciation. The under-currents are always strong and manifest in Lord Brougham’s writings and speeches. He himself, or his political opponents for the time being, constituting the only cognizable and obvious rudder that we have to his occasional congruities.

Before inserting any specimens of his present Illustrations, we have also to note, that along with his egotism, and the turn which his personal as well as political favouritism or hostility takes, we find in Lord Brougham’s Sketches a decided leaning of kindness and exaltation towards his own professional tribe. He loves to be in *the shop*,—to describe and detail the wonderful career, superiority, and matchless excellence of lawyers or advocates; or to dilate upon the achievements of what he himself is all but a master,—we mean the oratory of the senate-houses. Just hear him as he enlarges upon the opportunities which lawyers possess over other people in regard to knowledge of men and character. Why, he

absolutely thinks that the practitioners in the Common law Courts obtain, in the course of their practice, a measure of acquaintance with the ways of the world, not to be conceived or dreamt of by those "out of the profession." On the other hand we think that we have an eminent example in his lordship's own case of the constant and long-continued effort to make the worse seem the better cause, warping or rendering equivocal any argument, point, or distinction that arises in any instance, be it trivial or all absorbing. We are also of opinion that a farmer who goes once or twice a-week to market, and who has a variety of stock as well as a large extent of productive land to superintend, or that even a horse-dealer,—not to speak of medical practitioners, merchants, and stock-brokers,—has as fair a chance of studying the world as any *Nisi Prius* lawyer in the whole lot.

One other feature in Lord Brougham's Illustrations of tendencies it will be judicious in our readers to appreciate and watch,—we mean his everlasting endeavour and practice to produce effect, and his sacrifice of less dazzling, yet more important and valuable considerations for this end. One must always be tempted to say that the *Orator* has been looking intently from one side to the other, at each burst of sarcasm or astounding remark that escaped him, for applause and cheers. The consequence of this habit and tendency is frequently a prostration of argument as well as dignity of sentiment for a temporary and despicable purpose,—falsification and perversion being the result.

Having offered these general and very widely entertained opinions of Lord Brougham's speeches and writings, especially of the present example, it is only necessary that we select a few illustrative specimens, our endeavour, however, being to introduce some that appear particularly pertinent and smart, either in the way of description, remark, or anecdote,—France as well as England serving us for the field, where Mirabeau, Carnot, Lafayette, Talleyrand, and Madame de Staël figure as well as Horne Tooke, Lord Eldon, Tierney, &c. We begin at home, and with the first of these English worthies,—viz., Horne Tooke, whom, as in the case of another and a living man of genius, eccentricity, and political notoriety, was frowned upon by certain Benchers, and forbidden the liberty to practise as an ordinary advocate before the supreme Courts. Here is part of the sketch of an unprofessional forensic advocate:—

"He was peculiarly fitted for the very different contests of forensic skill, by his learning, his subtlety, his quick and sure perception of resemblances and of diversities, which, with his unabashed boldness, his presence of mind, and his imperturbable temper, made him a most powerful advocate, whether before a judge in arguing points of law, or in the conduct of the inquiry for a jury's decision. That he was wholly im-

pregnable in the position which he took, both the court felt, when its efforts to stop him or turn aside his course were found to be utterly vain, and the opposing advocate, who never for an instant could succeed in putting him down with the weight of authority and station, any more than in circumventing him by the niceties of technical lore. All that the Mansfields and the Bullers could ever effect, was to occasion a repetition, with aggravating variations, of the offensive passages; all that Attorney-Generals could obtain, was some new laughter from the audience at their expense. Unruffled by the vexation of interruptions, as undaunted by power, by station, by professional experience, by the truly formidable conspiracy against all interlopers, in which the whole bar, almost filling the court on great occasions, really is in a considerable degree, but appears to be in a far larger extent combined—there stood the layman rejected as a barrister, relying only on his own resources, and in the most plain and homely English, with more than the self-possession and composure of a judge who had the whole court at his feet, uttered the most offensive opinions, garnished with the broadest and bitterest sarcasms at all the dogmas and all the functionaries whom almost all other men were agreed in deeming exempt from attack and even too venerable for observation. That his coolness and boldness occasionally encroached upon the adjoining province of audacity, which might even be termed impudence, cannot be denied. When he would turn the laugh against a person who had offended him or had defeated him, there was nothing at which he would stick. Thus Mr. Beaufoy, having fallen short of his expectations in his evidence to character, or to political and personal intimacy, at the treason trials, he resented his coldness and refreshed his recollection by a story invented at the moment. ‘Was it not when you came to complain to me of Mr. Pitt not returning your bow in Parliament Street?’ ”

Our next extract presents a generous appreciation of Horne Tooke's patriotism at a time when patriotism was at a discount and cost some notable sacrifices:—

“But it was not in action only that he distinguished himself, and gained great and deserved popularity. He suffered and suffered much for his principles. A bold and just denunciation of the attack made upon our American brethren, which now-a-days would rank among the very mildest and tamest effusions of the periodical press, condemned him to a prison for twelve months, destined to have been among the most active of his life. His exertions to obtain Parliamentary Reform and good government for the country, accompanied with no conspiracy, and marked by no kind of personal or party violence, subjected his house to be ransacked by police officers, his repositories to be broken open, his private correspondence to be exposed, his daughters to be alarmed and insulted, his person, now bent down with grievous infirmities, to be hurried away in the night, undergo an inquisitorial examination before a secret council, be flung into prison, and only released after months of confinement and putting his life in jeopardy by a trial for high treason. These are sufferings which fair weather politicians know nothing of, which the

members of the regular parties see at a distance, using them for topics of declamation against their adversaries, and as the materials for turning sentences in their holiday speeches ; but they are sufferings which make men dear to the people,—which are deeply engraved on the public mind,—which cause them to be held in everlasting remembrance and love and honour by all reflecting men,—because they set the seal upon all professions of patriotism, and bolting the wheat from the chaff in the mass of candidates for public favour, show who be they that care for their principles, by showing who can suffer for them, and tell a clear voice upon whom it is safe to rely as the votaries of public virtue."

Going to the sketch of Lord Eldon, we find the following remarkable proof of readiness and tact :—

" A singular instance of his universality, and of the masterly readiness with which his extensive learning could be brought to bear upon any point, was once presented in the argument upon a writ of error in the House of Lords. The case had run the gauntlet of the courts, and the most skilful pleaders as well as the most experienced judges had all dealt with it in succession ; when he, who had not for many years had the possibility of considering any such matters, and had never at any time been a special pleader, at once hit upon a point in pleading which appeared to have escaped the Holroyds, the Richardsons, the Bayleys, the Abbots, the Littledales ; and on that point the cause was decided."

Before travelling from this sketch of one of the greatest lawyers that ever appeared in England, we quote a curious illustration of how the machinery of government and regal authority may be guided in this country :—

" There is not the least doubt whatever of the extraordinary fact, that, after the King had been in a state of complete derangement for some weeks, and after the Government had during those weeks been carried on by the Ministers without any Monarch, important measures were proposed to him, and his pleasure taken upon them after Mr. Pitt resumed his office, when the Sovereign was so little fit to perform the functions of his high station, that Dr. Willis was obliged to attend in the closet the whole time of his Majesty's interview with his Chancellor. Hence we see, that the exigencies of this form of government not only imply the Monarch exercising his discretion upon subjects wholly above the reach of his understanding on many occasions ; not only involve the necessity of the most difficult questions being considered and determined by one wholly incapable by nature, or unfitted by education, to comprehend any portion of them ; not only expose the destinies of a great people to the risk of being swayed by a person of the meanest capacity, or by an ignorant and inexperienced child ; but occasionally lead to the still more revolting absurdity of a Sovereign directing the affairs of the realm, conferring with the keeper of his conscience *circa ardua regni*, while a mad doctor stands by, and has his assistants and the apparatus of

his art ready in the adjoining chamber, to keep, by the operation of wholesome fear and needful restraint, the royal patient in order, and prevent the consultations of politic men from being checkered with paroxysms of insanity."

Who does not feel that there is more meant in the above description and reproof than what is openly expressed, or that certain actors of the present day are significantly pointed at? The living are often tilted at through the sides of the deceased in these Illustrations, a fact, which alone convinces us, that, whatever may be Lord Brougham's alleged or actual purpose in the publication of them, a personal and more prevailing feeling than is acknowledged, or than has been perceived by him, has dictated the smarter portions of the work.

We now extract an estimate of Mr. Tierney's political character :—

"The removal of Mr. Tierney from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches was not attended with any increase either of his weight in the country, or of his powers in debate. No man certainly had a right to charge him with any violation of party duty; for he had never been connected with the regular Whig Opposition, and had been treated upon all occasions with little respect by their leaders. Yet in his opinions he agreed with them; they had always professed the same principles upon those great questions, whether of foreign or domestic policy which divided public men; and he was now in office with statesmen, who only differed from those whom he had always opposed, in the inferiority of their capacity—in having done their patrons' bidding, and in refusing to go out and let him in again when that turn was served. * * But, as has often happened to men who thus place themselves in what our French neighbours term 'a false position,' his weight in the House was not more remarkably lessened than his gift of debating was impaired. He never seemed to be thoroughly possessed of himself, or to feel at home, after taking his seat on the Treasury Bench, among the Jenkinsons, the Bragges, the Yorkes, the Percevals, and the other supporters of Mr. Addington's somewhat feeble, though certainly very useful, administration. It was drolly said of the latter—in reference to the rather useless acquisition which he appeared to have made—that he resembled the worthy but not very acute Lord who bought Punch."

Some *piquant* anecdotes are related concerning Sir Philip Francis, from which we quote instructive specimens :—

"He was wont to say that he had nearly survived the good manly words of assent and denial, the *yes* and *no* of our ancestors, and could now hear nothing but 'unquestionably,' 'certainly,' 'undeniably,' or 'by no means,' and 'I rather think not;' forms of speech to which he gave the most odious and contemptuous names, as effeminate and emasculated, and would turn into ridicule by caricaturing the pronunciation of the words. Thus he would drawl out 'unquestionably,' in a faint,

childish tone, and then say, 'Gracious God ! does he mean *yes* ? Then why not say so at once like a man ?' As for the slip-slop of some fluent talkers in society, who exclaim that they are '*so* delighted,' or '*so* shocked,' and speak of things being pleasing or hateful to '*a degree*,' he would bear down upon them without mercy, and roar out, 'To what degree ? Your word means anything, and everything, and nothing.' There needs no addition to this for the purpose of remarking how easily he was tired by proser, (those whom it is the mode to call *bored*) come they even under coronets and crowns. Once when the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to pursue at great length a narrative of little importance, Sir P. Francis, wearied out, threw back his head on his chair with a 'Well, Sir, well ?' The sensitiveness of royalty at once was roused, and the historian proceeded to inflict punishment upon the uncourtly offender by repeating and lengthening his recital, after a connecting sentence, 'If Sir Philip will permit me to proceed.'—A less exalted performer in the same kind having on another occasion got him into a corner, and innocently mistaking his agitations and gestures for extreme interest in the narrative which he was administering to his patient, was somewhat confounded when the latter, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed with an oath that 'Human nature could endure that no more.'—In all this there was a consistency and an uniformity that was extremely racy and amusing. He is not now present to cry out, 'What does that mean, Sir ? What would you be at ? No gibberish !'

His Lordships shows that he is nearly as intimately acquainted with the lives, characters, and deeds of prominent French actors during the Times of George the Third, as with those of the political and legal contemporary leaders in his own country. Take the following notices of Madame de Staël, who, by the bye, was no stranger, we believe, personally speaking to the author, as a specimen of nice discrimination — :

"The assertion so frequently made, that Madame de Staël had no wit, is true and it is false. If made absolutely, and so as to comprehend all wit, the choice of witty and pointed expressions, the striking combination of ideas, the unexpected illustration of one thing by reference to another—nothing can be more unfounded. Hardly a page of her writings but refutes it at once. But it is quite as certain that it was rather in witty expressions than in witty ideas that she abounded ; and it is undeniable that she had little or no sense of the ludicrous, whether in persons or in things—and was thus without any humour, as well as averse to, or incapable of bringing any powers of ridicule to bear upon an adverse argument. Whoever would deny her powers of ready illustration, or of happy repartee, happy both in force and in delicacy, must have known her only through very bad reporters, persons unfair towards her, or incapable of appreciating her.—Napoleon having, during the hundred days, sent some one to express the want he felt of her to aid in establishing the constitution, received for answer—'Il s'est bien passé de constitution et de moi pendant douze ans ; et à présent même il ne nous aime

guère plus l'une que l'autre.'—A man of learning and talents, but of sensitive vanity, having made before her a somewhat intemperate sally—
'Avouez donc, monseigneur (said she to a prelate who sat beside her), qu'il n'y a pas de chose si sotte que la vanité ne fasse faire aux gens d'esprit.'"

Our next and last extract presents a clever summary of Lafayette's history, talents, and virtues.

"That the capacity of Lafayette was far less eminent than his virtues, we have already had frequent opportunity to remark. To eloquence he made no pretensions, but his written compositions are of great merit; clear, plain, sensible, often forcible in the expression of just sentiment and natural feeling, always marked with the sincerity so characteristic of the man. His conversation was unavoidably interesting, after all he had seen and had suffered; but his anecdotes of the American War and French Revolution were given with a peculiar liveliness and grace, set off with a modesty and a candour alike attractive to the listener. He was extremely well informed upon most general subjects; had read history with care and discrimination; had treasured up the lessons of his own experience; was over-scrupulous in his applications of these to practice, somewhat apt to see all things through the medium of American views, generally forgetting the progress that men had made since 1777, and almost always ready to abandon what he was engaged in, if it could not be carried on precisely according to his own conscientious views of what was prudent and right. But in private life he was faultless: kind, warm-hearted, mild, tolerant of all differences civil and religious, venerated in his family, beloved by his friends, and respected even in his manifest errors by all with whom he ever held any intercourse. The appearance of such a personage at any time is of rare occurrence; but by one whose life was spent in courts, in camps, in the turmoil of faction, in the disturbances of civil war, in the extremities of revolutionary violence, it may well be deemed a wonder that such a character should be displayed even for a season, and little short of a miracle that such virtue should walk through such scenes untouched."

We observe in the preface to the present volume, that Lord Brougham complains of a very general opinion and utterance regarding the former Illustrations and work under the same title, which were circulated by the press, viz., that it was a "republication" of what had originally appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. He says than such a statement "nothing can be more untrue." His Lordship should use more measured terms in regard to a point which can be so easily tested and ascertained; otherwise his strong representations and asseverations on other less patent subjects will come to be suspected. There is in fact, in plan, substance, and details a great similarity, yea a sameness of reading in many parts of the two publications mentioned,—while in portions before us we

have, as already stated, a remarkable uniformity in the manner of following up a book-making and most excursive system, that should he write twenty times as much of the same sort and style would never add to his literary, oratorical, or political reputation. But that there may be no misconception in regard to the novelties in the volume before us, as compared with his papers in the Northern periodical above named, we copy his own account. He says,—“Much of George IV., the Emperor Napoleon, Lord Eldon, Sir W. (William Lord Stowell) Scott is new; Mirabeau's public character, with the whole of Sir P. Francis, Mr. Horne Tooke, Lord King, Mr. Ricardo, Charles Carrol, Neckar, Carnôt, and Madame de Staël, are new.”

ART. VIII.—*Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle, between the Years 1826 and 1836.* 3 vols. London: Colburn, 1838.

THE narrative of these Voyages details the observations and the incidents in the course of a close and scientific examination of the Southern shores of South America, and during the *Beagle's* circumnavigation of the globe. In the first volume, we have Captain King's journal of the first expedition, which took place between the years 1826 and 1830;—in the second, Captain Fitzroy's narrative, belonging to the Survey conducted between 1831 and 1836; and in the third, Mr. Darwin, the Naturalist's remarks and discoveries, who accompanied the second expedition of the *Beagle*, are compressed. These voyages were undertaken, and for a long time energetically pursued, with the view of extending and perfecting our knowledge, nautical, geographical, and scientific, of some of the most dangerous, interesting, but previously inadequately examined regions, shores, and seas of the globe; and the results, as now published, form an ample return for the money and time thus expended. For variety and value of information, few books of the kind surpass this collection; care, study, and numerous as well as excellent artistic illustrations having been abundantly employed, to render the work worthy of its design, the enterprises and labours which it describes. To the reviewer, however, the narratives before us of these voyages present a tantalizing subject, not merely because the contents consist to a great extent of nautical details, scientific discussions, and journalized notices, which hardly admit of condensation or easy illustration; but because there are several journals, each minute on very many points that require to be thus handled, but each also frequently traversing the same ground, and referring to the same facts that have been observed and taken up by the others. We shall therefore confine ourselves to such notices of the natives described, to

such incidents, and to such scientific remarks as possess a popular interest ; leaving to those who desire to study the prolix and dryer calculations and proceedings, the task of analysis and critically testing the conclusions. We at once conduct the reader to the Straits of Magellan, a region of sterility and storm, though we learn that the former of these characteristics is by no means so complete, nor particular spots of the shores and adjoining land so uninteresting in regard to natural beauty and luxuriant productions, as has generally been represented by navigators and seamen. In certain places there are evergreen groves, and, in sheltered spots, the veronica grows to the height of twenty feet, with a stem six inches in diameter. When the weather moderated and became comparatively fine, humming birds and large buzzing bees were observed to ply their organs as if they had been much nearer tropical regions, instead of mountains covered with eternal snow, and of terrible glaciers down to the sea side. But the Patagonian natives who, soon after the voyagers entered the Strait, were seen on the northern shore, and with whom intercourse was maintained, deserve a more particular notice.

The Patagonians are wanderers, traversing vast regions of bleak and barren plains. They wrap themselves in ample mantles, so large indeed as to cover the whole body, made chiefly of the skins of guanacoës, and sewed together with the sinews of the same animal. All were robust, the head, length of the trunk of the body, and the breadth of shoulders, being of a gigantic size. We further learn concerning the race the following particulars :—

“ The Patagonian women are treated far more kindly by their husbands than the Fuegian ; who are little better than slaves, subject to be beaten, and obliged to perform all the laborious offices of the family. The Patagonian females sit at home, grinding paint, drying and stretching skins, making and painting mantles. In travelling, however, they have the baggage and provisions in their charge, and, of course, their children. These women probably have employments of a more laborious nature than what we saw ; but they cannot be compared with those of the Fuegians, who, excepting in the fight and chase, do everything. They paddle the canoes, dive for shells and sea-eggs, build their wigwams, and keep up the fire ; and if they neglect any of these duties, or incur the displeasure of their husbands in any way, they are struck or kicked most severely. Byron, in his narrative of the loss of the *Wager*, describes the brutal conduct of one of these Indians, who actually killed his child for a most trifling offence. The Patagonians are devotedly attached to their offspring. In infancy they are carried behind the saddle of the mother, within a sort of cradle, in which they are securely fixed. The cradle is made of wicker-work, about four feet long and one foot wide, roofed over with twigs, like the frame of a tilted waggon. The child is swaddled up in skins, with the fur inwards or outwards, according to the weather. At night, or when it rains, the cradle is covered with a skin that effec-

usually keeps out the cold or rain. Seeing one of these cradles near a woman, I began to make a sketch of it, upon which the mother called the father, who watched me most attentively, and held the cradle in the position which I considered most advantageous for my sketch. The completion of the drawing gave them both great pleasure, and during the afternoon the father reminded me repeatedly of having painted his child ('pintado su hijo'). One circumstance deserves to be noticed, as a proof of their good feeling towards us. It will be recollected that three Indians, of the party with whom we first communicated, accompanied us as far as Cape Negro, where they landed. Upon our arrival on this occasion, I was met, on landing, by one of them, who asked for my son, to whom they had taken a great fancy. Upon my saying he was on board, the native presented me with a bunch of nine ostrich feathers, and then gave a similar present to every one in the boat. He still carried a large quantity under his arm, tied up in bunches, containing nine feathers in each; and soon afterwards, when a boat from the *Beagle* landed with Captain Stokes and others, he went to meet them; but finding strangers, he withdrew without making them any present. In the evening my son landed, when the same Indian came down to meet him, appeared delighted to see him, and presented him with a bunch of feathers, of the same size as those which he had distributed in the morning. At this, our second visit, there were about fifty Patagonian men assembled, not one of whom looked more than fifty-five years of age. They were generally between five feet ten and six feet in height: one man only exceeded six feet—whose dimensions, measured by Captain Stokes, were as follows:—

	Ft.	in.
Height	6	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Round the chest	4	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto . loins	3	4 $\frac{1}{4}$

I had before remarked the disproportionate largeness of head and length of body of these people, as compared with the diminutive size of their extremities; and, on this visit, my opinion was further confirmed, for such appeared to be the general character of the whole tribe; and to this, perhaps, may be attributed the mistakes of some former navigators."

A sort of Christianity was found among a tribe of this race; but it seems to have been traced to an authoritative female of the name of Maria, who spoke a corrupted Spanish, and who came from another region of South America, having been borne, as she said, in Paraguay. There is one inducement to visit them—this is, the cheapness and abundance of guanaco meat,—four thousand pounds having been obtained for ten pounds of tobacco, forty biscuits, and six pocket knives. At first, a biscuit was considered equivalent to forty or sixty pounds of meat; but as the demand increased, the price rose four or five hundred per cent.

Accompanying the *Beagle* towards the Southern extremity of the globe, we arrive on the coast of Tierra del Fuego; and find some incidents described which led to several unforeseen but deeply interesting consequences. The ship being at anchorage, the Master

was sent to make a survey of a neighbouring shore. The absence of the party became so protracted as to occasion alarm. At length three of the men reached the ship in a kind of canoe, made with clay, sent by the Master to say that the boat had been stolen by the natives, as well as most of the provisions. Means were immediately adopted to succour and save the Master, as also to recover the boat. But the Fuegians were too cunning and expert for the pursuers, so that instead of the recovery of the stolen property, our people seized several families, thinking that by this measure prompt restitution would be made. The whole, however, effected their escape by swimming ashore during night, excepting three; viz., Fuegia Basket, a little girl; a youth, to whom was given the name of Boat-memory; and another young man, who after a spot in the vicinity, got the appellation of York Minster. A lad was afterwards obtained, whose price was a button, and who got the snip-like appellations of Jemmy Button. The four were brought to England, but Boat-memory died; the other three being sent to Walthamstow with the view of being educated and civilized. We quote some notices of their progress and future lot and prospects:—

“Passing Charing Cross, there was a start and exclamation of astonishment from York. ‘Look!’ he said, fixing his eyes on the lion upon Northumberland House, which he certainly thought alive, and walking there. I never saw him shew such sudden emotion at any other time. They were much pleased with the rooms prepared for them at Walthamstow; and the schoolmaster and his wife were equally pleased to find the future inmates of their house very well disposed, quiet, and cleanly people, instead of fierce and dirty savages. At Walthamstow they remained from December 1830 till October 1831.”

The boy and girl made considerable progress, but the man York Minster was hard to teach, except mechanically:—

“He took interest in smith’s or carpenter’s work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees, a good many words of their own languages were collected (the boy’s differed from that of the man and the girl), and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble; were very healthy; and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known.”

Captain Fitzroy was once more appointed to prosecute still further the survey of the coasts of South America, and he took back with him the three Fuegians, who longed to behold again their native land and to meet and mingle with their own race. A Mr. Matthews also accompanied them, it being thought that a fair opportunity had occurred to introduce civilization and Christianity in the *Far*

South. Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, also volunteered to join the expedition.

They sailed in December, 1831; but before replacing the Fuegians once more upon their native soil, let us quote a notice of a phenomenon, as witnessed in the vicinity of the Pampas, which must have almost repaid the naturalist for all that might have been dreary or forbidding in the preceding part of the voyage:—

“The horizon” we are told “was strangely distorted by refraction, and I anticipated some violent change. Suddenly, myriads of white butterflies surrounded the ship, in such multitudes, that the men exclaimed, ‘it is snowing butterflies.’ They were driven before a gust from the north west, which soon increased to a double-reefed topsail breeze, and were as numerous as flakes of snow in the thickest shower. The space they occupied could not have been less than two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length.”

On approaching the Fuegian coast, its three children became much elated at the certainty of being so near home; and the boy was never tired telling how excellent his country was,—how glad his friends would be to see him,—and how well they would treat his European benefactors. But the bright vision which hope and fond remembrances conjured up, did not promise to be immediately realized. While coasting along,—

“Several natives were seen in this day’s pull; but as Jemmy told us they were not his friends, and often made war upon his people, we held very little intercourse with them. York laughed heartily at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys; and Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. Fuegia was shocked and ashamed; she hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates; for it turned out that Jemmy’s own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called ‘monkeys—dirty—fools—not men.’”

England had affected Jemmy Button’s taste: but how much had he become deteriorated, or how uninteresting, in spite of all his improvements, in the eyes of his kindred! Having arrived near Woollya, his birth-place, we read that,—

“Canoes continued to arrive; their owners hauled them ashore on the beach; sent the women and children to old wigwams, or to a little distance, and hastened themselves to see the strangers. While I was engaged in watching the proceedings at our encampment, and poor Jemmy was getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure, on account of his countrymen whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant: up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distribut-

ing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, 'My brother!' He then told me, that, it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, which consisted of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him, before she hastened away to secure her canoe and hide her property, all she possessed, a basket containing tinder, firestone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy, and the brothers, (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all round him, without uttering a word. Brutes, when they meet, show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified, and to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences in which English predominated."

Woollya was deemed to present a number of advantages and inducements for planting the mission. Accordingly wigwams were immediately constructed to accommodate the settlers, Fuegia being now Mrs. York Minster. One wigwam was for Matthews, another for Jemmy, and a third for the lately united couple.

"'York told me,' says the writer, 'that Jemmy's brother was very much friend,' that the country was 'very good land,' and that he wished to stay with Jemmy and Matthews. A small plot of ground was selected near the wigwams, and, during our stay, dug, planted and sowed with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, lettuce, onions, leeks, and cabbages. Jemmy soon clothed his mother and brothers, by the assistance of his friends. For a garment which I sent the old woman, she returned me a large quantity of fish, all she had to offer; and when she was dressed, Jemmy brought her to see me. His brothers speedily became rich in old clothes, nails, and tools, and the eldest were soon known among the seamen as Tommy Button and Harry Button, but the younger ones usually stayed at their wigwams, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. So quietly did affairs proceed, that the following day (25th) a few of our people went on the hills in search of guanacos: many were seen, but they were too wild to approach. An old man arrived who was said to be Jemmy's uncle, his father's brother; and many strangers came, who seemed to belong to the Yappo Tekeenica tribe. Jemmy did not like their visit; he said they were bad people, 'no friends.'"

For several days at first a few thefts were committed upon the settling party. One man was seen to pick Jemmy's pocket of a knife, while another was talking to him; and even York lost something. But from Fuegia not a single article was taken. Indeed the kindness shown to her was remarkable. Among the women she was quite a pet. It was not long, however, that Matthews was allowed repose. The *Beagle's* books and men who had attended

and countenanced the establishment of the mission, for a few days withdrew to survey some neighbouring parts. On returning to inquire and ascertain how matters had proceeded during the brief absence, they found everything in a disheartening condition. Thefts were continually practised to the detriment of the missionary. Violent threats had sometimes been made when he did not comply with the unreasonable requests of his visitors. He was at other times insulted and mocked; pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him, were specimens of the treatment he endured. The women, however, were his partisans, and they always received him kindly at their wigwams. Still Matthews was quite disheartened, and it was soon decided that he should not remain. York and Fuegia fared very well, but Jemmy was sadly plundered, even by his own family. After a long cruise our voyagers once more visited Woollya to learn how the fortunes of the three travelled natives sped. The following particulars are touching:—

“The wigwams in which I had left York, Jemmy, and Fuegia, were found empty, though uninjured: the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible any where; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass, I saw that two of the natives in them were washing their faces, while the rest were paddling with might and main: I was then sure that some of our acquaintances were there, and in a few minutes recognised Tommy Button, Jemmy's brother. In the other canoe was a face which I knew, yet could not name. ‘It must be some one I have seen before,’ said I,—when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was, indeed, Jemmy Button—but how altered! I could hardly restrain my feelings; and I was not, by any means, the only one so touched by his squalid, miserable appearance. He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of a skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever; and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with them. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all, especially Mr. Bynoe and James Bennett. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was ‘hearty, sir, never better,’ that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he got ‘plenty fruits,’ ‘plenty birdies,’ ‘ten guanaco in snow time,’ and ‘too much fish.’ Besides, though he said nothing about

her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying until Jemmy again shewed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, 'Jemmy Button, canoe, come!' After some time, the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents; and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave a fine otter skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely; another he gave to Bennett. Next morning, Jemmy shared my breakfast, and then we had a long conversation by ourselves; the result of which was, that I felt quite decided not to make a second attempt to place Matthews among the natives of Tierra del Fuego."

York was a cunning fellow, and had preyed much upon poor Jemmy. He also, said the latter, had "very much jaw,"—he "pick up big stones,"—"all men afraid." Fuegia had, like her husband, helped to "catch" (steal) the lad's clothes. She was contented with her lot. Still, Captain F. hopes that some benefit may occur to the natives of Tierra del Fuego, through an intercourse with these three comparatively civilized persons; and that should a shipwrecked seamen fall into the hands of Jemmy Button's children, they may receive help and kind treatment; "prompted," he says, "as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour." But we fear, unless a larger flood of light and good feeling set in, it will be at the expense of robberies of all save the life of the castaway. Such need not expect much ceremony in regard to the ownership of clothing or anything else.

We shall not follow the *Beagle* further in its protracted voyage, but rather alight with Mr. Darwin at two or three spots in order to have some specimens of his descriptions and remarks. Speaking of the kelp, the *fucus giganteus* of Solander, which abounds in the Magellanic seas, and which Captain Cook has said sometimes grows upon rocks so deep that its length is 60 fathoms, the present authority says:—

"The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. A great volume might be written, describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weed. Almost every leaf, except those that float on the surface, is so thickly encrusted with corallines, as to be of a white colour. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple hydra-like polypi, others by more organized kinds, and beautiful compound Ascidiae. On the flat surfaces of the leaves, various patelliform shells, Trochi, uncovered moluscs, and some bivalves are attached. Innumerable crustacea fre-

quent every part of the plant. On shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle fish, crabs of all orders, sea eggs, star fish, beautiful *Holothuriæ*, (some taking the external form of the nudibranch molluscs), *Planariæ*, and crawling nereidous animals of a multitude of forms, all fell out together. Often as I recurred to a branch of the kelp, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structures.

"I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the intertropical regions. Yet, if the latter should be destroyed in any country, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish, as under similar circumstances would happen with the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else would find food or shelter; with their destruction, the many cormorants, divers, and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist."

Mr. Darwin gives a variety of ingenious reasons for his believing that the plains and indeed the whole South American continent has arisen from a submarine station. He found in the region of the Cordillera of the Andes, where many volcanoes are still working and tremendous, petrified trees at an elevation of perhaps 7,000, feet and the following are some of his bold inferences; yet, probably, not more bold than accurately and ably drawn. He says,—

"It required little geological practice to interpret the marvellous story, which this scene at once unfolded: though I confess I was at first so much astonished that I could scarcely believe the plainest evidence of it. I saw the spot where a cluster of fine trees had once waved their branches on the shores of the Atlantic, when that ocean (now driven back 700 miles) approached the base of the Andes. I saw that they had sprung from a volcanic soil, which had been raised above the level of the sea, and that this dry land, with its upright trees, had been subsequently let down to the depths of the ocean. There it was covered by sedimentary matter, and this again by enormous streams of submarine lava—one such mass alone attaining the thickness of a thousand feet; and these deluges of melted stone and aqueous deposits had been five times spread out alternately. The ocean which received such mass must have been deep; but again the subterranean forces exerted their power, and I now beheld the bed of that sea forming a chain of mountains more than 7,000 feet in altitude. Nor had those antagonist forces been dormant, which are always at work to wear down the surface of the land to one level; the great piles of strata had been intersected by many wide valleys; and the trees, now changed into silex, were exposed projecting from the volcanic soil, now changed into rock, whence, formerly, in a green and budding state, they had raised their lofty heads. Now, all is utterly irreclaimable and desert; even the lichen cannot adhere to the stony casts of former trees. Vast, and scarcely comprehensible as such changes must ever appear, yet they have all occurred within a period recent, when compared with the

history of the Cordillera ; and that Cordillera itself is modern as compared with some other of the fossiliferous strata of South America."

Our next and concluding extract refers to the Keeling Islands, which are of coral growth, and which are still low, forming lagoons, —the ocean having by its constant and stupendous force thrown up fragments, so that a reef is constructed that prevents its rage from destroying the nascent interior, and to which a great variety of vegetable substances have been drifted from other shores. He says,—

" I can hardly explain the cause, but there is to my mind a considerable degree of grandeur in the view of the outer shores of these lagoon islands. There is a simplicity in the barrier-like beach, the margin of green bushes and tall coco-nuts, the solid flat of coral rock, strewn here and there with great fragments, and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean, throwing its waters over the broad reef, appears an invincible, all-powerful enemy, yet we see it resisted and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral ; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall coco-nut springs, plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell, caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade-wind, always blowing in one direction over a wide area, causes breakers, which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be porphyry, granite, or quartz, would ultimately yield, and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet those low, insignificant, coral islets stand, and are victorious ; for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments ; yet what will this tell against the accumulated labours of myriads of architects at work night and day, month after month ? Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature, could successfully resist."

There is splendour in such speculations as these, provided experiment and observation warrant the conclusion. In regard to the formation of Coral Islands, many valuable discoveries have been made ; and Mr. Darwin himself is about to publish the ascertained facts on this subject, and the manner in which science has been and can be brought to make use of these facts. With respect to some other theories advanced in his present work, the cautious as

well as the timid and incompetent inquirer will pause until much fuller details are given of what he has seen, and of the course of reasoning pursued in his interpretation of them than have been afforded in the volume before us. Still we look forward with considerable confidence to the treatises which he promises for the developement of his views, seeing that a mind of no ordinary grasp, clearness of conception, and dignity of purpose, is so richly stored with whatever has been conjectured, or has been established by the most eminent of the naturalists who have preceded him, as to augur very favourably for the interests of the particular branches of study to which he has devoted himself.

ART. IX.—*An Essay on the Utility and Advantages of Classical Studies.*
pp. 48. London: 1839.

As literature deals more particularly with the taste and sensibilities of man, the effects of literary pursuits, being more strictly confined to the mind, are less obvious, and their claims less likely to be appreciated. But in proportion as the intellectual nature and moral sensibilities of man are more important than mere scientific attainments, in the same proportion those studies, connected with this nature and these sensibilities, ought to be held in higher estimation.

When the education of a youth is, according to the common estimate, complete, how little, how very little does he know, in comparison with what may yet be learned! The whole amount of his knowledge is as nothing, in comparison with the extent to which he still continues ignorant. The chief value of his education, therefore, must consist in the cultivation it bestows upon his mind. The worth of youthful studies must be rated, less by the importance of the subjects on which they are employed, than by their adaptation to their great end; which is, to strengthen the intellectual powers; and train up the mind to activity and vigour, by sound discipline, and well-ordered exercise. Hence the propriety of conducting through the same preparatory course of study those intended for different pursuits in life. And hence, too, may be derived a sufficient answer to an objection often urged; that the studies in question have no relation to the intended callings of many who pursue them. For, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, yet experience will approve it to be true, that a youth, who has pursued with diligence the study of the ancient languages, though he shall, upon going forth into the world, and engaging in the active duties of life, throw aside his books, never to open them again, is so far from having *wasted* the hours spent upon them, that he could not have employed the same portion of time with equal advantage in any other way. But if the mere study of a language be in this point of view important, the actual possession of

it will appear no less so, when we consider how much an acquaintance with *one*, facilitates the acquisition of a *second*, and a *third*; what essential aid a knowledge of the *ancient* affords to the student of *modern* tongues, as respects the utility of which there is no dispute; and that it is difficult, if indeed it be possible to know well even our own language, otherwise than through the medium of the Latin and Greek. But, not to dwell on these, and other like arguments, is it not enough, that Greek lays open to us, and renders accessible, the richest treasures of human wisdom; the fairest creations of the mind of man? Can we need a more persuasive motive to the study of a language than that it contains the most perfect models of poetry, of history, of eloquence? That it is the language in which Homer sang; in which Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon record events they were actors in, or describe scenes they saw? In which Demosthenes roused or allayed at will the passions of his hearers? Can we be indifferent, lastly, to that language, in which are contained the sacred scriptures of the New Testament, and the most ancient and venerable version of the Old?

In a society circumstanced as ours is, the complaints made of the devotion to classical learning of so great a portion of the time of youth, ought not, perhaps, to excite surprise. These complaints, though founded in error, appeal to the prejudices of an age possessed with such a love of innovation, that it looks with an evil eye at systems of instruction established on the sure basis of long experience, *merely* because they are *ancient*; of an age so devoted to the pursuit of gain, that it regards with little favour what has not a tendency to promote some pecuniary end; as there were nothing suited to advance the condition of society, or to grace and embellish life, except improvements in railways; the devising new applications of steam; the opening new channels of trade; or the discovery of some new process in the arts. These complaints, we say, have their foundation in error, for they suppose, that one employed in the study of classical literature is employed upon empty sounds; is acquiring nothing that can aid him in the serious pursuits of life. But this is far from being true. And if it were so, we might still with truth maintain, that the object of youthful studies is not so much to *furnish* as to *form* the mind. Classical studies, however, while they, in the most effectual manner, attain this chief end of youthful discipline, do much besides. They not only *form* the faculties, but supply the *memory* with a rich stock of information. The student spends much time in learning words, no doubt; but he cannot learn the signs, without at the same time gaining some acquaintance with the things signified. Does he not learn the history, geography, and chronology of the ancient world; the civil, military, and religious institutions; the private life, manners, and customs of

the most interesting nations of the earth ; as also, the wisest systems of philosophy and morals, that unassisted human reason has been able to invent ? Does he not become acquainted with the most sublime and beautiful monuments of human wit and genius ? And is it possible that all this should be unattended with most sensible advantage ? What does experience teach us on this head ? Let us use that of England ; Shakspeare alone excepted, (who, it has been well remarked, is an exception to all rules,) what great poet, historian, orator, statesman, lawyer, or divine, has she produced, who was not a classical scholar ? Hear the testimony which Chatham, one of the greatest of her statesmen and orators ; one of those few who may be compared with the best of Greece or Rome ; bears to the value of the studies we are called upon to defend. Writing to his young nephew, he expresses his joy to hear that he has begun Homer's Iliad, and has made great progress in Virgil, and his hope that he tastes and loves particularly authors, who are not only the two greatest poets, but who contain the finest lessons for his age to imbibe ; lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and in one word, virtue in its true signification. He exhorts his nephew to drink deep of those divine springs ; and assures him that the pleasure of the draught equals the prodigious advantage of it to the heart and morals. Milton teaches, both by precept and example, the great value of these studies, and prays God to recompense a father, whose "exceeding great care had caused him to be diligently instructed in the tongues." Locke states with his own entire approbation the opinion of La Bruyere, that languages are the proper study of our early years ; that they are useful to men of all conditions, and open an entrance, to the most profound, as well as to the more entertaining parts of learning.

But, perhaps, after all, the main argument for classical studies, is neither the necessity of knowing Greek and Latin, to a thorough knowledge of English, nor the adaptation of the study of language to the powers of childhood and youth. The strongest argument lies in two considerations ; the excellence of the classical authors, taken independently of everything else, and the fact of their antiquity. As works of taste and genius they stand, if not at the head, at least in the foremost ranks of literature. The authors which we have, are the choice authors, the picked men of all antiquity ; and within their narrow circle we have the best representatives of every species of literary work. When letters awoke from the sleep of the dark ages, the classics became the teachers of taste and elegance to the reviving intellect of Europe. They were made the basis of a learned education, and intermingled with the delightful associations of the dewy morning of life. Much of the charm and splendour of Modern Literature is imparted to it by the veins of golden thought which

run through every part of its structure, from the inexhaustible mines of Antiquity. The voice of British Eloquence was trained in the schools of Athens and Rome ; and the stately song of Greece sustained the majestic march of Milton.

But there is much, as we have said, in the fact of their antiquity to claim our respect. One of the most foolish whims of this age is to deride a love of the old. Those who are absurd enough to do so, forget, or perhaps never knew, that there lies deep in the human heart, an inextinguishable reverence for the past. As time goes on, all the meannesses that encompass human life disappear, and the grand features in the characters of the Ages alone remain as objects of our contemplation. The venerable forms of antiquity stand before us in severe relief, and we bow down in a willing homage of the heart to their unutterable majesty. The love of the old is connected with the best and highest feelings of our nature. The past is sacred. It is set beyond the revolutions of nature and the shifting institutions of man. So much of beauty, of experience, of wisdom is secure from the touch of change. He who would destroy this treasury of the heart and mind, by rudely assailing our reverence for the old, would rob human life of half its charm and nearly all its refinement. Let no enthusiastic student, then, permit his ardour to be chilled by the fear that his love has been wasted on an unreal thing ; that he has been bewildered by an idle dream ; and that he has lost so much precious time, which ought to have been given to the stirring interests of the present ; for he may rest assured that the study of antiquity has a noble power to elevate his mind above the low passions of the present, by fixing its contemplations on the great and immortal spirits of the past.

ART. X.—*Class Book of Natural Theology ; or, the Testimony of Nature to the Being Perfections and Government of God.* By the Rev. GEORGE KATER. London: 1839.

THE moral constitution of the universe presents a problem that has perplexed the philosophers of all ages. When the mind of any one at all disposed to reflection, begins to expand itself and rise above merely physical and sensible things, it looks out from its new elevation with an anxious curiosity for the relations and prospects of existence. Though the child has been taught the existence of God, and the youth has felt the force of moral relations with the promptness of instinct, yet the man would fain contemplate the same subjects from a new point of view, and teach himself the great truths he had been taught by others, or which had spontaneously sprung up in his mind as essential to his being. He examines the grounds of his belief, not merely as matter of curious speculation, but as the

basis of his strongest hopes and fears. He ventures to ask himself if this is an orphan universe, and whether, when the body is struck by time, the mind is exhaled and dispersed like the odour of a flower that is crushed. The mere assumption of a doubt for the purpose of the inquiry is painful to him, for it presents to his mind illimitable space, dark, desolate and blank ; void of the benignity, the almightiness and the perfect intelligence of the Supreme, and his own existence as a transient flame, and his moral constitution and sense of obligation and duty merely as machinery, vainly to regulate his actions to which there are to be no corresponding consequences. He must imagine his being as withered, its beauty departed, and the universe a vain spectacle shorn of its glory. The very dreariness of such a view frightens thousands at once from its contemplation, and is of itself a sufficient argument for ever to establish their faith in a God, their own immortality, and a moral retribution ; while others though not satisfied, are yet predisposed to believe. All men above, the stupidity of the beasts,—excepting a few who studiously brutify their own minds, to the loss of the perception of all that is not physical and grossly material, out of a poor conceit of their own wisdom,—cling to their moral and immortal affinity to the Deity.

The teacher of Natural Theology then has, for the most part, a willing audience, desirous to give their assent to his doctrines ; but his task is not therefore easy. The inquiry leads far away from experience and accustomed speculation into the regions of abstract conceptions and metaphysical subtleties, difficult to be seized by the understanding, and apt to elude the power of language.

The first step in Natural Theology is to adopt a theory of the existence of the world. We have a choice of two different theories, 1. That matter is from eternity, and that all the species of animals and vegetables have been evolved from its essential properties, and have been coeval and eternal with it. 2. That matter itself, and all its forms, animal, vegetable, and mineral, have been created, that is, that there is a God.

We see, then, that whichever hypothesis is adopted, we must suppose something to have existed without a cause and without beginning. This is intelligible, the meaning is plain ; but the proposition is an exception to all our other knowledge and belief. Though we cannot comprehend how it can be so, we are necessarily reduced to the admission. Neither the theist, the atheist, or, which is the same, the pantheist, undertakes to solve the enigma of the universe. Each must in the outset confess and believe in a mystery. He must admit something unfathomable and incomprehensible to the human mind ; that is, the existence of something or some being without beginning. This is the common predicament of the professors of all systems of philosophy and religion, or irreligion. The proposition is common to them all, that the origin of things can be

traced back only into the obscurity of a fathomless, incomprehensible past.

This familiar fundamental position in the theory of the origin of things renders reasonings and modes of expression, that are applicable on other subjects, totally inapplicable to this. We say, for instance, in all speculations, in regard to all other subjects whatsoever, that every thing that is must have a cause; but in discussing the origin of things, we cannot say so, for whether we assume that matter was eternal, or that all living forms are only the present links in a chain that had no first links, or that all was formed by an intelligent cause without a beginning, that is by the omnipotent and eternal Deity, still we assume equally, in either case, either that matter was not caused, or the chain of beings was originally not caused, or that the Deity was not caused. If, therefore, in regard to this science, we use the common maxim, that whatever is, is determined to be what it is by a cause, we utter an inapplicable proposition.

We have not named among the hypotheses from which a choice may be made, that of the eternal existence of mere inorganic matter, or primordial atoms, because it explains nothing and accounts for nothing. A forming, creative power is still wanted to account for the origin of the species of animals and plants. It is true, the Epicureans and Stoics undertook from this postulate only of primordial atoms of various forms and properties, to explain the origin of the vegetable and animal species, and taught that the earth, before it had become sterile by age, and while it was yet in the genial period of its freshness and vigour, after the first specimens of the vegetable species had germinated from her fruitful bosom, became literally the mother of the animal races, giving birth to all sorts of forms, some perfect, others mixed and monstrous, the perfect only being capable of nourishment, and surviving to continue their respective races, through the series of their descendants, when their common parent, should lose her prolific powers by senility and decay. This is all sung in beautiful verse by Lucretius, and is indeed a fit subject for poetry only, for we have no knowledge or ground of conjecture that a new species can originate in the powers and properties of matter. Except for the purposes of poetry, the hypothesis of the eternity of mere matter is sterile and useless.

We are, accordingly, reduced to a choice of one of the two hypotheses already mentioned, namely, that the series of the present races of animals and vegetables had no beginning, or that there is a Creator; and these are we believe the only two hypotheses seriously proposed.

What then is there to recommend the theory of an eternal series of living things? Whether we choose this, or the theory of an intelligent Creator, we assent equally to what is mysterious and

incomprehensible. The existence from eternity of an intelligent creative power is *in itself* as probable as, or no more improbable than, that of an infinite anterior series of any one species of animals. Suppose a species of insects to be the only known living things, we might as probably at least, suppose them to have been formed by an intelligent power at the beginning, as to suppose the series to have been without beginning. Why then should those who affect to be philosophers ; rational, sceptical, and circumspect of belief, and fearful of being too credulous ; choose the harder faith, and believe that not one merely, but myriads, of species, have existed without a beginning. Why should they choose to believe millions of times more than is necessary. These, of all men, can certainly have no right to reproach others with credulity. They gratuitously adopt into their creed millions of mysteries, instead of a single one, which they themselves cannot say is more objectionable *in itself* than any one of the millions, which they profess to believe in,—we say *in itself*, for if we look at the constitution of the world, and examine the structure of animals and plants, we shall find abundant positive evidence of an intelligent First Cause, as we shall soon notice. But, independently of that evidence, the hypothesis of such a cause, is; it seems to us, incomparably more philosophical.

A decisive objection to the arduous faith of the atheist, if made out, is to be met with as early as Lucretius, who asserted the recent origin of the human race, which he inferred from the rude state of the arts, and the short period embraced by historical memorials and traditions. We do not mention this theory in connexion with our present argument ; but it is plain that if we can go beyond the origin of the human race, or any species of living or vegetating thing, the theory of the infinite anterior series falls to the ground. Now it is remarkable, that the modern discoveries in geology seem to disclose a period when the earth was inhabited by other species of animals than at present. Though this should not be confirmed by subsequent discoveries, and though, on the contrary, traces of men and the present races of animals and plants should be discovered in all the anterior periods of which any memorials remain upon or beneath the surface of our globe, still it would afford not the slightest objection to the argument in favour of the existence of a God. But if, on the contrary, we can go back, by means of the memorials of the past state of the globe, to the period when either men, or any of the present races of living things, did not inhabit it, the admission of a creative power, becomes absolutely necessary. As far as geological discoveries have gone, they seem to carry us back to such a period.

But whatever may be the results of geological research, the faith of the theist is supported by another, and seemingly a conclusive argument ; not a demonstration, but as strong an argument as can

be given that is not such. We allude to the great and unanswerable argument drawn from the evidences of design in the constitution of the world and its inhabitants. It is an argument at least, as old as the poetry of David, who says the heavens show forth the glory of God. And Cicero, in his *De Natura Deorum*, says, that "the stable and perpetual courses of the heavenly bodies, with their admirable and wonderful regularity, manifest in themselves a divine energy and intelligence, in so much that the man, who does not see in them the power of the Divinity, must be truly stupid and insensible." The mind of a man must have become warped into a strange obliquity and perversity little short of derangement, who can doubt that the feet were *intended* to walk with, the eye to see with, the ear to hear with, the wings of birds to fly with, the fins of fishes to swim with, and so on throughout the whole of the animal structure and economy; and if any one does not doubt this, he believes in the existence of an intelligent creative power.

This evidence is not drawn from the depths of science and addressed merely to the initiated, it is level to the common understanding; it is full, clear and palpable, and so striking, forcible and apparently conclusive, that it seems to be in vain to reason with a man who professes not to be satisfied with it. We conclude that his scepticism is either nothing more than affection, or the effect of a perverted and disordered understanding; and in either case it is in vain to proceed further with him. And here the argument in favour of the first fundamental doctrine of Natural Theology might be dropped; we were almost ready to say that it is better that it should be, for the attempt to illustrate and fortify this unanswerable argument, very often weakens its force. The belief in a Creator is, as we have suggested, the simplest hypothesis which we can adopt; it is in itself less improbable than the only other one that can be offered with the slightest plausibility; it is confirmed by geological science thus far; and, finally, it is the only one which accounts satisfactorily for the phenomenon of the world; for any hypothesis which excluded design, or which does not include it, does not satisfy the mind; it does not answer the purpose for which any hypothesis is made in the case.

Such are the leading arguments on the first great doctrine of natural religion, namely, the existence of a Creator. The other branch of this science, namely, the attributes of the Deity, and moral obligation and retribution, we shall notice subsequently.

Some writers have confined themselves to instances drawn from physical phenomena, to the neglect of the intellectual; Dr. Chalmers, however, urges this latter argument very strenuously, though he considers it less satisfactory than that drawn from physiological phenomena, since we must know the end proposed in order to appreciate the means. If, for example, it be granted that

men are to be nourished by solid substances, we see very plainly the necessity, or at least, the convenience and adaption of an apparatus for mastication. But when we come to the mind, the end that may be supposed to be had in view, in the constitution of man, is not so obvious. The subject is wrapped in more obscurity, and therefore the form of the instances drawn thence are less striking and convincing. But still, the mind of man, and the instincts of brutes, certainly afford a wide field for strengthening the evidence of design. This part of the investigation is better conducted by considering man as an inhabitant of this world merely, for the reason that we know the condition and relations of men here better than in a future existence, and can therefore reason from them more clearly. Indeed, in the present stage of the argument, we cannot reason from a future existence, which is still to be proved. Denham very judiciously dwells much upon the instincts of brutes, the apparent design and various adaption of which are easily intelligible and beautifully illustrative of the subject. We find, for instance, men, animals, and plants in particular positions and relations ; if we then go into an examination of their faculties and instincts we shall be struck at every step with the admirable adaption of each species to its modes of life.

Take the example of the patella or kneepan, and that of memory. The argument is precisely the same in either case, and the existence of an intelligent creating cause is as distinctly proved by one instance as by the other ; and the best is the one that is most plain and undeniable. If the object or use of a joint, or tendon, or muscle, or tooth, is more obvious, definite and unquestionable than that of the memory, the imagination, or reasoning faculty, then either of the former is the more appropriate and better instance. We do not intend, however, by any means, to say that these illustrations should be neglected. The reasons for drawing illustrations from the instincts of animals, and the moral and intellectual faculties of man, as well as from the mechanical structure of animals, and mere physical phenomena, are not that they are more convincing, but that they may be more interesting, and that they belong to a more elevated strain of thinking, and that they may be more striking to some minds. A machinist, for instance, may be more struck with an illustration drawn from the action of a joint, or the structure of the hollow bones of birds, adapted to lightness combined with strength ; while a reader of intellectual pursuits and reflective habits, might see a more palpable evidence of design in the association of ideas.

The character and attributes of an intelligent creative power are the subjects of Natural Theology, and the investigation of the evidence of these come to be treated next, but the author does not make this a distinct subject. The usual course of argument on this subject, as is well known, is the same as on the existence of

God, namely, the illustrations to be found in the actual course of things in this world. We have not noted any reason given by him for omitting so material a part of his subject; it seems to be a striking deficiency in his work. The great difficulty of treating this branch of the inquiry would, we should suppose, have given it the greater attractions to him. The attribute of power is proved, of course, by the same argument as the existence of God. But that he is all-knowing, just and beneficent, needs other illustration. The great difficulty of this argument arises from the existence of evil, and the infliction and the suffering of wrongs; we surmount these by the hypothesis, that all partial ill is universal good, and that the wrongs of the present life are compensated in another. The idea that an omnipotent being is malignant, is too horrid and appalling to be admitted, but upon the strongest evidence. The evidences that the Creator is not so, are sufficiently manifest in the world. The proofs of benevolence entirely preponderate. This includes justice, for we cannot conceive of a benevolent being as approving of, or purposely doing injustice. Hence a very strong argument—much stronger than those instanced by the author,—is drawn in favor of future compensation for the evils and wrongs of this life. The argument is deduced from the attributes of the Deity supposed already to be proved. It is ably stated by Bishop Butler.

The constitution of the world demonstrates its governor not to be a malignant being; but to our imperfect view, it does not so clearly demonstrate his goodness. We see so many evidences of benevolence, that we suppose what seem exceptions, were we to judge from our own imperfect knowledge, are in fact not so. The Epicureans alleged the existence of evil against the doctrine of an intelligent Creator; considering it a proof of imperfection. There are two arguments on this subject, which are more satisfactory grounds of belief, than our own experience and observation of good and evil, happiness and misery, in this world.

In the first place, we cannot easily conceive an almighty Being as otherwise than good. There is some seeming incongruity and inconsistency in such a conception.

Secondly, we cannot suppose such a being to do wrong. Even allowing him, like the gods of the Epicureans, to be indifferent to the concerns of men, we cannot suppose him to be unjust, for this would be to suppose him malignant, since his injustice could not otherwise be accounted for. Now it would seem to be unjust in the Creator to give his creatures, universally, a deep and all predominant admiration of the beauty and surpassing excellence of benevolence, if it were a vain delusion and mockery, and he himself were without the quality. In short, we cannot believe in a God, without also believing in his goodness.

After establishing the existence and attributes of the Creator,

the obvious succession of topics in this science brings us next to the constitution of man, in which we seek for a knowledge of his relation to the Creator, and the foundation of duty,—the *foundation*, not the superstructure, for this belongs to the science of ethics, or deontology,—and here we are at liberty to reason, in part, from the character and attributes of the Creator, as already established, for if we have proved that He is all powerful and just and benevolent, our theory of the constitution, relations, and destiny of man, must be consistent with that character. And the connexion is close, and the consequence necessary, since if it be proved that man must be the creature of the deity, it follows of course that human destiny is subject to his control. The inquiries then are; first, what such a being as the deity is proved to be, will do? Second, what is man, as we experience him in ourselves, and observe him in others? The question is not whether the arguments on the subject go to the conclusion that man is mere matter, or a compound or combination of matter and some other substance that we call spirit, mind, or soul, but whether the latter doctrine is a fundamental and necessary one in this science. For a man may well believe the soul to be an immaterial substance, and yet not consider the doctrine as essential to the establishment of such a science as Natural Theology.

Whether we affirm or deny that man is mere matter, or a composition of this and something else, it is assumed that we know something of matter. Suppose then that we have got over Bishop Berkeley's doubts and objections, as to the proof of the existence of any such thing as matter, and admit that its existence is established beyond doubt, and that there really is, as there seems to be, an external world. What knowledge have we of the matter of which this exterior world consists? We can only answer from the intelligence given by our senses. Had we but one sense, instead of five, six, or seven, (for if we consider the feeling of heat and cold, and the power of perceiving resistance, two of them, the number will be seven,) we should get but little information of this external world; had we many more than we have, our knowledge would be much enlarged. The doctrine of the Platonists, of our author, and indeed of the far greater part of men, philosophers, and others, is that we may, by means of such senses as we have, obtain such a knowledge of the properties and capabilities of matter as to authorize us in the conclusion that it cannot think,—that something else must be superinduced to constitute feeling, perceiving, reasoning man.

What an obscure and subtile inquiry is here proposed? We know little of the nature and essential properties of matter; we witness its phenomena, or rather a few of its phenomena; what

proportion we know not ; we witness other phenomena of the human mind, of which we have a more full knowledge, since our experience and observation extend to all its properties, powers, and capacities ; we then say that these latter are so diverse from and incompatible with the former, that God himself cannot endow matter with the sentient principle. This we say without knowing whether there is but one or are millions of species of matter going to the composition of the globe and its animals and plants ; or whether the phenomena of a tenth or a thousandth of these species strike the senses. What constitutes life ? How are inferior animals endowed with a capacity for sensation, memory, the passions, &c. ?

There is, as we have intimated, no necessity for resorting to any positive or negative theory as to the composition of the intellectual part of man, to establish the doctrine of a future existence. The existence of an intelligent First Cause, and the attributes of justice and benevolence, being proved, but a single fact more is necessary, and that a very obvious and an indisputable one, to force upon a fair and reasonable mind the belief in a future state of being, in which the moral inequalities of the present shall be compensated and its imperfections remedied. This fact is the moral constitution of man. Every man that has any understanding makes the distinction of right and wrong, and has a sense of moral obligation. Men do not always agree to what is right and what is wrong in particular cases, though they usually agree even here ; but every man makes the distinction of right and wrong, and we do not know that any other animal does make this distinction in an ethical sense. It is one of the deepest and strongest innate principles in the mental constitution of man. No rational human being, whether civilized or savage, is without it. It follows from the attributes of the Creator already mentioned, and from the analogy of the whole system of the world, as far as it comes under our observation and within our knowledge, that the destiny of men is to be in accordance with this principle of their nature. In other instances among men and inferior animals, the capabilities, wants, instincts, and endowments of each race, are accommodated to its condition and destiny. If man's condition and existence are not accommodated to, and made to harmonize with, his sense of right and wrong, it is an exception to a rule which holds throughout creation in all other instances, as far as our knowledge goes. Now, if existence terminates with this life, then his condition and fortunes are not in accordance to this strong and most noble constitutional principle. A future state of compensation is absolutely requisite to make the harmony and correspondence in this respect, which are manifest in the world in other respects. Leaving, then, all speculations respecting the intellectual substance, or the com-

position of the soul, we may rest on this basis, in confidence that the universal sense of right and wrong was not given to man to mock his hopes ; and is not an exception to the rule of harmonies and correspondencies prevailing in the whole system of nature besides. A like argument is drawn from the capacity of man for unlimited progression and improvement.

We have thus stated concisely what appear to us to be the leading grounds of belief in the fundamental doctrines of natural religion. We do not touch upon the numerous ramifications and illustrations into which the argument has been pursued, and by which it is fortified.

It is observable that this argument does not necessarily go to the immortality of man, but only to a future state of existence. We do not see that nature merely, independently of revelation, can carry us beyond this result, by decisive reasons, though cogent arguments may be adduced from the same source in favour of our immortality. But we apprehend that it is doing an injury to the cause of Natural Theology and morality, to press the conclusions on this question, drawn from our observations of nature and the constitution of man, beyond their obvious force and application.

Even on the admission of atheists, of what no man in his senses can deny, that there is an evident adaptation, correspondence, proportion and harmony pervading nature, though they deny the evidence of design, a practical foundation of ethics may be drawn from the moral constitution of man and his capacity for unlimited improvement, since if his prospects and destiny ought, upon this theory, to correspond to his moral distinctions, and, therefore, when he is acting in conformity to these distinctions, he is acting upon a natural principle, and for his own well being ; and, when he is acting in contradiction to them, he is trying in vain to stem the current of nature, and will suffer in his conflict with the order of things established by fate. This is a sufficient ground for a system of ethics upon the mere principles of prudence and selfishness.

The argument from design, supposes a knowledge of the object to be attained, and, therefore, in one respect comes under the head of reasoning from final causes, a species of philosophising which Lord Bacon considered as not belonging to inductive science. Now, if Lord Bacon had laid down any axiom of philosophising which should make it a vain, fanciful speculation, to suppose the foot *intended* for walking, the lungs for breathing, and the ear for hearing ; for these are the sort of final causes involved in the argument for natural religion ; even so weighty an authority as that of the great teacher of the principles of inductive science, would have not the least influence in supporting such a proposition, in the opinion of any man of common sense.

ART. XI.—*A Summer in Andaluia*. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1839.

THE author's tour along the shores of Portugal and Spain, and in Andaluia and Granada in 1836, cannot be expected to afford much novelty of matter. We have the towns and cities of these provinces, the usual sights and peculiarities to an Englishman's eye, tastefully set before us and ranged in due order; but nothing that is strikingly new either as regards subject or remark. Still, more agreeable and lightsome reading, it has not been our fortune for some considerable time to meet with. The description is lively and flowing, the style elegant and rather *fine*, the observation of characteristic points forms a particular feature of the work, while an acquaintance with the usages and history of the countries he visited, enables the author to throw in a great variety of ideas or to touch upon a multiplicity of topics as he goes along. The faults of the work are over-descriptiveness, elaboration with the view to produce point where none really exists, and a mechanical sameness in the manner of delineating scenes, though essentially different in themselves, which, while in each instance flowing and having motion enough, occasions a feeling of uniformity when the book is taken as a whole. There is a mannerism in the style of his *mapping* cities and rural scenes, a frequent repetition of sweet or elegant phrases, and an excessive fondness of allusion to pleasing objects of nature, as well as to his own emotions, that pall the appetite of the reader, and look like the affectations and egotisms of a fine and finical gentleman.

In regard to the author's mannerism, examples will be found in his sketches of cities and towns, as one description of such scenes comes after another, just as if he had started from England with drawing-paper, gaily mixed and glittering colours, and brush in hand, that he might fill a portfolio with a series of pictures to allure the lounge's eye and fancy. He seems to have formally planted himself upon some adjoining eminence or spot which he at once considered the most favourable point for obtaining striking and picturesque effect, and then to have passed his eye from one division, street, or section, to another gradually, the pen the while doing what the pencil would have done piecemeal. The consequence is, that we have an intelligible description, and yet it may neither be correct nor remarkably characteristic. Take his sketch of Cadiz, which though distinct, resembles closely, in its manner of detail that of several other towns.

“ The streets of Cadiz are straight, and often cross each other at right angles; they are very narrow, as is general in the cities of the South, for the sake of coolness; this narrowness is increased, too, in appearance, by the loftiness of the houses and the projecting balconies. The Calle Ancha is the only ‘Broad Street’ in the city; in the rest, there is seldom room

for more than one carriage to pass, but as there are few or no vehicles, this is not felt to be an inconvenience. Some of the streets are extremely pretty. One fresh from the smoky dingy cities of England can scarcely believe them to be real, and is ready to fancy himself transported to some fairy-land, and traversing an enchanted city, newly sprung from beneath the wand of a magician. The fronts of the houses, white as the driven snow when reflecting the rays of the sun, are quite dazzling to the sight. A balcony painted a bright green, and filled with brilliant flowers, projects from every window, and along its lower edge runs a streak of vermillion, which is generally carried on horizontally to divide the stories, and another runs vertically to mark the division of the houses. The upper rail of the balcony is usually painted a bright yellow ochre, which colour also encircles the window; and a blue stripe or brown holland blind hangs over the rail from above. With this diversity of colours on the glittering snow of the houses, which contrasts again with the intense and transparent blue of an Andalusian sky above—a sky compared to which that of Italy has been said to be ‘dim and misty’—the effect is gay and elegant beyond conception. Most of the balconies are such as I have described, but a few are glazed as high as the top of the window; or all those on one floor unite, and, thus glazed, form small apartments overhanging the street. Similar balconied chambers are common enough in the cities of the East.”

We find him when describing a landscape scene combined with Cadiz and other adjacent objects, indulging threadbare notices of sky, soil, ocean, climate and city. We are here as elsewhere told by him of tropical and Oriental features, such as distinguish the foliage of particular plants,—of the fierce rays of the meridian sun,—of the heavens of cloudless azure, this azure being a pet term,—of the intense blue of the bay,—glittering towers, and so on; all which are very correct; but why be everlastingly repeating characteristic features of any country, unless to fill up a book and raise its price? Summer tourists, like holiday orators, to whom Lord Brougham has alluded in his Sketch of Horne Tooke’s patriotic sacrifices, are amazingly given to selections of sunny and gay figures of speech. But we have a few more specimens to insert, and shall make choice of as great a variety as we have room for.

The wine establishments at Xerez will afford some interest to the votaries of the juice of the grape. Speaking of one large establishment, our author says:—

“The wine is kept, not as in England, in dank, underground vaults, with low ceilings, stalactised with cobwebs, but in vast and lofty houses, called *bodegas*, from which the light of day is in part excluded. On entering one of these I was struck with the coolness and obscurity of the place—a delicious contrast to the heat and glare of the burning streets. The whole floor of the building was occupied by parallel rows of huge butts, in double tiers. Of these butts there are sometimes two thousand or more in one *bodega*. The attendant, from time to time dipping a long

stick, tipped by a cane tube, into a cask, and pouring the liquor thus extracted into a tasting-glass, called my attention to choice specimens of the various descriptions of wines. What with sherry of every age, hue, and flavour, *amontillado*, boiled wine, muscatel, *paxarete*, *tintilla*, full glasses of which were pressed upon me in turn at every step, my taste was confounded, and my brain almost bewildered, before I had made the circuit of the first *bodega*.

"The sherry most esteemed by the natives is of inferior price, very dry, with little body, and free from brandy; such wine, in fact, as would scarcely bear exportation, but which, with all the genuine sherry flavour is, from its mildness, much more agreeable in this fervid climate than the full-bodied wines which alone are prized in England. The strong wine is never drunk by the natives from choice; if set before them they invariably dilute it. Even Englishmen here prefer the milder wines, for it is surprising what sudden revolutions climate can effect in taste. The choicest butt of sherry in Domecq's stock is one whose fellow was sold to George the Fourth for six hundred pounds. It is more than a century old, very dark, and of a peculiarly rich flavour, which the proprietor assured me was the effect of age alone.

"Of the vast quantity and value of the wine in the stores at Xeréz, some idea may be formed from the fact, that in Domecq's *bodegas* alone are no less than eleven thousand butts, averaging in value on the spot one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty dollars, or about thirty pounds sterling per butt."

We have on former occasions had reason to notice the ruinous and absurd system of prohibitive duties as established in Spain, the smuggling to which it gives rise having the most disastrous effects, not only on commerce and the revenue but the moral character and police of the country. Whatever tends to encourage and increase the number of *Contrabandistas*, sends a thrust to the peace of the nation, breeds the assassins; the high-way banditti which have so long rendered life and property insecure in the land and disgraced its annals. Let us hear how the Spanish smuggler conducts business, and how the revenue laws are evaded and violated. We are told that he—

"Receives his orders in the country, proceeds to Gibraltar, well provided with funds, buys the goods, freights a bark, and sails for the coast where he wishes to land. Here the vessel arrives generally at night should she, if discovered, not respond satisfactorily to the hailing of the soldiers, a fire is lighted outside the nearest *torron*, and one tower after another repeats the signal, till in a short time all are on the alert, and a strong force of soldiery is ready at any point where a landing may be attempted. This is the legitimate course of events; but more generally the matter turns out otherwise. A 'composition' is made. The vessel stands off during the day, but at night runs in towards the land, and the *contrabandista* rows ashore as a simple cavalier, and proceeds to the nearest tower. He answers the sharp challenge of the sentinel,

'*Quien viva?*' by requesting to speak to the commanding officer on the station. When closeted with him, he confesses at once that he has a cargo of contraband goods to run ashore, and offers the soldier a good share in the spoil as the price of forbearance. It cannot be expected in a country where most public servants, from the prime minister to the lowest *aduanero*, either peculate or are open to bribery, and where it is hardly considered dishonourable, but almost one of the duties of an official station so to do, that an ill-paid military officer would make a display of public honesty, which would neither be understood nor appreciated. This argument to the pocket, then, rarely fails of success. The bargain is soon struck; the contrabandist is to land his cargo at a certain hour the next night, the captain is to withdraw his soldiers to another part of the coast, under pretence of having received intelligence of a meditated descent of a band of smugglers, and in recompense thereof, when the goods are safe inland, he is to receive a present of a handsome sum—several hundred dollars, it may be, more or less, according to the value of the cargo. As there is honour among rogues, he does not refuse to trust to the honesty of the smuggler for the fulfilment of his part of the agreement."

There are grades of *respectability*, however, among the fraternity. The better class, though bold and fearless in the course of their calling, are generous and honourable, being excellent companions for strangers to travel with. It is nothing less than the royal treasury they rob. But the inferior order will not scruple when an opportunity offers to help themselves by means of violence to person and goods, to anything that will advance their own interests. Some other sketches of character and manners, and portraits of a few types of particular classes, will be acceptable. Here is one of the far-famed race of Spanish Muleteers:—

"The *corsario* is an important member of Spanish society: without him the internal communication of the country, and what little traffic yet subsists between remote districts and cities, would be at an end. As his character is his meat and drink, his honesty is unshaken; and the confidence reposed in him by the merchant is unlimited. From his hardy, roving mode of life, he becomes independent in spirit; from constant exposure to peril, courageous and resolute; from conveying travellers, obliging, sociable, ever cheerful; a communicative and amusing *compagnon de voyage*. Towards his beasts he displays the affection of an Arab, treating them with great tenderness, never thinking of his own wants on reaching a *venta*, till his mules are unburdened and fed, and lying down to sleep at their side on the same straw, with a pack-saddle or his *alforjas* for a pillow. In short, in him is exhibited the Spanish character under its fairest aspect, arrayed in all its virtues, and stripped of most of its vices.

"Luis paid great attention to all—bipeds as well as quadruped—under his charge. From time to time he rode round, offering each traveller bread, sausages, cheese, and fruit, of all which he had a plentiful supply

in his saddle-bags. These provisions, however, were so impregnated with garlic, that I flung them away in disgust, preferring to refresh myself with alternate draughts from the water-jar, and wine-skin, that hung at the saddle of a companion. The water-jar was an *alcarraza*, a vessel of porous white earth, used for cooling water by evaporation, and though extremely slight and brittle, capable of bearing the motion of a mule travelling at the rate of two-and-a-half or three miles an hour. The wine-skin was a bottle (*bota*) of untanned goat's leather, with the hair inside, and well lined with pitch to close the seams. To the neck was attached, for the convenience of the traveller, a small cup of horn, with a wooden stopper for a cork."

The use of the *mantilla* and of the fan, by the Spanish fair, never escapes the attention of strangers. The latter appendage is seldom laid aside even within doors. It is an indispensable as well as a dangerous weapon in the hands of an *Espanola*. The ladies of Spain are notorious for amorous intrigue, and with the article of which we speak, a woman can significantly and intelligibly converse without opening her lips, provided one of the initiated watches her movements. Looks accompanying the emphatic furls of this slender instrument, can awaken the liveliest joy, or of deepest despondency, and tell a tale of love, or of repulse and displeasure. A Spanish lady "rarely allows it to remain idle in her hand; now fanning herself slowly, now rapidly; or closing it with a sudden furl on one side, opening it again in a moment, and all with one hand; uniting to apparent unconsciousness the most finished grace in every movement."

Our author seems to have studied the subject of female beauty with close attention, and therefore his report of the Spanish women may be relied on as upon the whole accurate and discriminating. Speaking of the claims to beauty set up by the *Gaditanas* he says:—

"In this I must candidly acknowledge I was at first disappointed. Whether my expectations had been too highly raised by the rhapsodies of travellers, or whether the darkness of the Spanish complexion contrasted unfavourably with the fair skins of the Devonshire and Cornish damsels, I know not; but the large majority seemed to possess little beauty save in their eyes. Yet these, however, full, black, well-fringed, and melting, though 'half languor and half fire,' will alone never constitute a face beautiful: regular features and sweetness of expression are equally indispensable. A few possessed all these; and, in spite of their complexions, might have laid claim to beauty in any country. The swarthy skin, by the by, was by no means universal; and I was surprised to see so many fair faces amongst a race whose duskiness has passed into a proverb. Some would have been esteemed fair even in England, having light hair, blue eyes, and all the characteristics of blondes; though these, as may be supposed, were rare exceptions. But if beauty was scarce, grace was abundant; and there were few, from the countess to the gipsey, who did

not walk with elegance, and display a thousand charms in the play of the fan and the arrangement of the *mantilla*.

"I had another opportunity in the evening, on the Prado, of judging of Spanish beauty, but my opinion was little altered by what I there saw. In fact, as I walked up and down before the rows of ladies seated on the stone benches on either hand, the paucity of what an Englishman would call 'pretty girls,' astonished me. All indeed, nearly without exception, had fine eyes, and an animated expression of countenance; their principal defect was the want of that regularity and delicacy of features which characterize our own countrywomen. When the Gaditanas unite these and a clear complexion to their other charms, they are pre-eminently beautiful. Their forms are generally good, often of an exquisite contour, though rather below than above the middle height; their feet are delicately small and pretty; and, as I watched these, cased in net-worked stockings and sandalled slippers, emerging from beneath the short *basquina*, or gown, as they paraded to and fro, and observed the graceful bearing of the head and neck, and gentle swimming gait, I began to comprehend the secret of Spanish beauty, to see that it consists rather in elegance of figure and manner than in regularity of features; and that its fascinations are displayed to more advantage in motion than in repose.

"But it is not the walk alone of these fair ones that is so attractive; every attitude, every motion, every gesture, is graceful in the extreme, and yet without affectation, for all appears perfectly easy and natural. The grace of the Andaluzas is, indeed, beyond description; it must be seen to be understood; it is unrivalled in Spain and elsewhere, if I may credit the reports of travellers who have visited the rest of Europe, the East, and the Americas, and assured me that the Andaluzas are nowhere equalled in this particular. The contrast between these daughters of the South and our English dames is striking enough; even the French ladies, whom we are accustomed to regard as models of elegance, are very far behind the fair Spaniards. All which tends to prove that it is 'in the blood,' as the natives themselves assert, that it is nature rather than art that produces this exquisite grace. It may arise in great measure from the fine proportions of their forms."

Having heard what use the Spanish woman make of the fan, let us see how the hardier sex patronize another tiny, but less elegant instrument; we mean the *cigar*, neither rank nor age causing any difference in the habit, a passion for smoking being universal.

"The noble always carries a cigar-case, a silver tube of *yesca*, or German tinder, and the necessary apparatus for striking a light; the peasant—nay, even the beggar—has his flint and scrap of *yesca*, with which, and the aid of his *navaja*, he may light the fragments of some cigar he has begged, or picked up in the street, and which, chopped fine and carefully wrapped in a morsel of paper, may lead him to forget for a while the more natural cravings of hunger. Boys, too, of the tenderest age, must have their *cigarillos*; and some ladies are said to indulge in the same luxury, though I cannot say I ever witnessed this profanation of

female lips. But I have seen the weed wrapt in the leaf of maize in tiny rolls scarcely thicker than a bodkin, professedly made for this unholy purpose.

"No present is so acceptable to a Spaniard as some choice Habanas; nothing conciliates his good will like the offer of a cigar. Is he in a towering passion, foaming with rage? a cigar produces a magical effect; calms him down, like oil upon the waters; changes the lion into a lamb. Does he threaten you with violence or robbery? the cigar, presented at this critical moment, will at least insure civil treatment. On this account it is always advisable for the traveller in Spain, even though no smoker, to provide himself with a stock of cigars wherewith to propitiate the favour of all men. '*El cigarro es alcahuete*—the cigar is a procurer,' says the proverb. It is the medium of introduction to any person, or to any house. If you wish to smoke, it is almost a sacred duty to supply you with a light; you may knock at any door, and the bows and compliments for the civilities rendered can be made the prelude to further acquaintance. The cigar levels for a time all distinctions. The noble could not refuse to take the cigar from his mouth to assist the unbelighted peasant, who would not scruple to demand this common act of courtesy. Time, indeed, would fail to tell of the wonders to be wrought by a simple roll of tobacco-leaf.

"Rarely have I met with a Spaniard who did not smoke, and never with one who used a pipe of any description. The desire of all classes, indeed, seems to be to smoke with as much delicacy as possible; few there are who do not cut up their cigars into *cigarillos*. The higher classes do not often smoke within doors, but the middle and lower smoke at every hour and in every place. In their hands before, after, and even during meals; at home, in business, on the Prado, in the public room or conveyance; and sometimes even in the theatre, is the cigar to be seen; nay, I remember in a public office at Seville, a smouldering rope's end tied to a column, that the clerks might have at hand wherewithal to light their cigars. A Spaniard and his cigar are inseparable."

Spanish hospitality and courteousness are proverbial. A stranger will seldom be invited to dinner, for the pleasures of the table are little understood or thought of by the people, temperance being a prominent trait of the national character. When the traveller is first introduced to a Spanish family, he is told by the master or mistress that the house and all it contains is at his disposal; and such showers of compliments are poured upon him, that a blunt John Bull, we presume, finds it scarcely possible to open his mouth in reply.

Another peculiarity in the hospitality of the people of Spain, and one which cannot always be agreeable, is, that on entering an ice-house or the like, with one of them, and, on asking for the bill of fare you will find that it has already been paid. Then to pass from civil and flattering attentions, to humour and gaiety of disposition, it is said that the Andalus resembles the Irishman, with this difference, that

instead of making bulls, like Paddy, his great delight is to fight and slay them. Again, as pride distinguishes the Englishman, and vanity the Frenchman, so does conceit the Spaniard of Andalusia. He has that "mixture of pride and vanity, which, unlike either of those qualities when pure, produces a neutral effect. Had he more of either, he might, like the Briton or Frenchman, arrive at distinction, but these qualities are so nearly balanced in his mental constitution, that, when the desire of fame prompts him to exertion, pride steps in, arrests his progress, and tells him to be satisfied with himself as he is : when regard for his own consequence is his incentive, it carries him forward but a few steps, for his vanity presently interferes, and so engages him in blazoning abroad the little he has done, as to make him forget he has yet more to do."

Such are some of the features which are said to characterize the province of Andalusia. But it is to be remembered that the natives of the several great territorial divisions of Spain exhibit in each different and distinct features.

Abiding still on the fair side, or where the less questionable traits distinguish the Spaniard, and Spanish society, let us follow the author on his leaving the country to Gibraltar, and mark the contrasts which he draws :—

"What more than all must strike the traveller who enters the Fortress from Spain, is the state of society on the Rock. On coming from a country where every one is disposed to be pleased and sociable with all around him—where distinctions in rank never interfere with the claims of courtesy—where the highest and lowest can meet without the risk of degrading the one or unduly exalting the other—where the poor are not constantly reminded of their inferiority by the rich, but where the 'Go with God, friend !' of the peasant is answered by the noble with a similar salutation,—the contrast in the state of society at Gibraltar is calculated to make the English traveller (if not deeply imbued with home prejudices) ashamed of, or disgusted with, his countrymen. Here is seen, under its most glaring aspect, that narrow pride, whether of rank or wealth, which is perhaps the worst feature in the English character, and certainly the most disgusting to foreigners. The officers of the garrison look upon the civilians, with a very few exceptions among the British, as immeasurably inferior to themselves ; they despise the natives of the Rock, many of whom are of great respectability and wealth, as mere 'scorpions ;' and regard foreigners as quite unworthy of their notice. This naturally begets in the civilians a hostile spirit, the long smouldering sparks of which, a short time before my arrival at Gibraltar, had burst into a flame on the citizens proposing to give a ball to the lady of the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford."

After these and a few other features of national character, and certain positive or negative virtues, as well as of favourable pictures of the present condition of the country, we must notice things of a

darker, forbidding, and ominous kind, which it requires very little prying into the volumes before us to discover.

Intemperance in the matters of the table, we have heard, is not a national vice ; but it is also stated that a number of assassinations are committed in Andalusia, when parties are under the influence of intoxicating liquors ; for then the slightest provocation may tempt any one of the irritable people of that province to draw his knife on the real or imaginary offender. Again, the women are described as loose and exceedingly given to unchaste habits ; what then must the men be ? Oriental idleness as well as ignorance are also charged against the frail sex. Bigotry and superstition characterize the peasantry ; scepticism and infidelity the citizens of large towns. Then, as to the condition of the State, the picture is extremely gloomy. There is no necessity for us to allude to the distracted posture of affairs, or the cruelties, the relentless practices, of the divided kingdom. But an account of one instance of the lamentable decay that seems to have set its seal upon every public department, will indicate more than any general sketch of evils and horrors. We follow the tourist to a Dock-yard :—

“ A short sail brought us to Caraca, the once famous navy-yard of Cadiz. Passing through a gateway surmounted by the royal arms, I entered an immense yard, covered with rusty anchors of every size. On one side stood a large shed, containing a few ships' boats, all in a state of decay. Further on, were some fine dry docks, built of stone, and in perfect order ; but instead of the first rates they were capable of receiving, they contained only the lower timbers of vessels rotting under water. Hard by, was a large building in which a number of *presidarios* (galley slaves), under the surveillance of a few soldiers, were engaged in pumping the water out of the docks. This, my conductor, informed me, was not because the dock was wanted for use, but merely to employ the men, most of whom looked ready for any mischief, if not kept from it by hard labour. There was a steam-engine in the building, for the purpose of emptying the docks, but like everything else around, it was out of order and not in use. Beyond these docks were immense reservoirs for seasoning ship timber, of which there was enough in the water to construct a fleet, and it appeared to have lain undisturbed for many years. The yard was bounded on the west by the long wall of the rope-house, now ruined and desolate. At the southern end of this, were other roofless buildings, whose bare, tottering walls afforded nestling places to numerous hawks, which darted screaming from their crannies at our approach ; while wild rabbits chased each other over the fallen rubbish below.”

The officer, who accompanied the author round the yard, said that the Spanish navy, at the time consisted of but two liners, both at Havannah, five frigates, four corvettes, a few brigs, steamers and gun-boats. How different was it some forty or fifty years ago ? But even then Spain was rapidly on the decline ; and yet she had

not at that period lost her vast colonies. How much farther she is to descend in the scale of nations, or what may be her condition half a century hence, it is impossible to perceive; but that she has not yet reached the lowest stage of degradation, and feebleness, or the utmost degree of civil distraction, may be confidently predicted. We are not aware that one hopeful symptom has recently discovered itself either in the government or among the people: and the natural and inevitable tendency of nations, as well as of individuals, is to advance or retrograde; there is no fixedness and stationary condition in human affairs. If there be not convalescence, the weight and the inveteracy of disease must make sure strides towards dissolution.

ART. XII.—*A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor.*
By CHARLES FELLOWS. London: Murray. 1839.

THE regions and countries comprised in the name Asia Minor, which at one period were the theatre of splendid actions and productions of art, the centre of unlimited commerce, the nursery of vast wealth, and the themes of immortal song, have long formed a spectacle of natural, mercantile, moral, and intellectual dissolution and darkness, that reads a solemn lesson to mankind. Why, immense tracts of these countries, it has for centuries been next to impossible for travellers to penetrate, so great has been the physical revolutions, and the desolation that have overtaken them; or imminently perilous on account of the barbarized tribes that occupy many of its passes and valleys. But owing to the very violent and almost complete state of these revolutions and this desolation, no regions offer so many interesting relics to the antiquary. It is with pleasure that we have it in our power to add, that the field in its breadth and length is now attracting an extraordinary degree of curiosity on the part of the learned and the searchers into antiquity; that the very volume before us, that its author's example and influence are in no inconsiderable degree, operating towards the maintenance and the increase of this curiosity, which, the more that it is indulged and acted upon, must tend to the correction, the enlargement, and illustration of ancient history, of classical learning, of architecture and sculpture, and of all that can indicate what were the origin, manners, and character of various celebrated nations.

Mr. Fellows's volume, while modestly put forward, and unpretending in the manner of its details, is, as far as he has gone, and according to his opportunities, one of the most sensible and satisfactory books of travels that has recently appeared. Nor was his route so limited as that of the majority of those who in these modern times have visited portions of Asia Minor for like purposes. In fact, he penetrated to some regions where new discoveries were to be made, and which he did not fail to realize. Portions of what is now

known by the name of Anatolia or Anadhouly, including Lydia, Mysia, Bithynia, Phrygia, Pisidia, Lycia, and Caria, thus became to him almost unbroken ground. Part of his own prefatory explanations will best outline the objects of his pursuits, and the nature of the interest which attaches to the country visited. He says,—

“As the most interesting period of the history of this country was the time of its occupation by the Greeks, so the remains of their cities form now the chief attraction to the traveller. These cities, some of them of very remote antiquity, all had their origin prior to the conquest of the country by the Romans, in the third century of the Christian era, after which time that people were nominally the possessors of the country, and the Roman taste was visibly encroaching on the Greek, in works of art. About the age of Constantine, the Christians began to produce a still greater change in the architecture of the many cities of which they had possession, including the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse, piling up buildings in a style very different from the pure Greek. Next came the Venetians, whose slight fortifications, built of the remains of ruined cities, are seen on every coast, and in every important mountain pass. The conquest by the present occupants, the Turks, succeeded in the fourteenth century. Their architectural works are few, and of a character so peculiar as to render them easily distinguishable from the earlier buildings by which they are surrounded.”

The inhabitants consist chiefly of Turks, our author believing that the descendants of the Greeks, the people who, by the colonies which they established on the coasts of Asia Minor, first raised it to historical importance, do not now form a tenth of the population. It is difficult, however, to trace the national peculiarities of the two races, the costume, and even the language of both being so mixed as to throw difficulties in the way of discovery and distinction.

Of the contrasted characters of the two races Mr. Fellows has not always entertained the same opinions. He tells us that at the time of his arrival among them, he was strongly biased in favour of the Greeks, and equally prejudiced against the Turks, but that a personal intimacy with the people, especially when in situations where they were remote from every restraint but those which religion imposed, wrought a decided change in his sentiments. He gives some striking illustrations of the primitive simplicity, honesty, and hospitality of the Turks. In Phrygia, for example, which Europeans have seldom thought it worth their while to traverse or resort to with a view to traffic, so as to initiate the inhabitants, he found these engaging features of manners and character to be remarkably displayed. In the course of an excursion from Cotyæium, he was obliged to stop to feed the horses at the little village of Arracoe. A traveller had just arrived; and as the village, consisting only of a few huts, is too small to have a governor, a house has been built for strangers, which is as good as any in the place,

although without windows. One end of it is appropriated for the accommodation of horses. The author proceeds to say that,—

“I was beginning to make my meal upon the food we had with us, when in came nine people, each bearing a dish. A large tray was raised on the rim of a corn-sieve placed on the ground, in the centre of which was put a tureen of soup, with pieces of bread around it. The stranger, my servant, and a person who seemed to be the head man of the village, sat round the tray, dipping their wooden spoons or fingers into each dish as it was placed in succession before them. Of the nine dishes I observed three were of soups. I asked why this was, and who was to pay for the repast; and was informed that it is the custom of the people, strictly enjoined by their religion, that, as soon as a stranger appears, each peasant should bring his dish; he himself remaining to partake of it, after the stranger has fed,—a sort of pic-nic, of which the stranger partakes without contributing. The hospitality extends to every thing he requires; his horse is fed, and wood is brought for his fire, each inhabitant feeling honoured by offering something. This custom accounts for the frequent recurrence of the same dish, as no one knows what his neighbour will contribute. Towards a Turkish guest this practice is perfectly disinterested, but from a European they may possibly have been led to expect some kind of return, although to offer payment would be an insult.”

It is obvious, however, that few strangers or travellers, Turkish or European, come in the way of such hospitality, otherwise it would soon be dried up.

Having seen that among the needful supplies afforded in the part of the country just now mentioned, fire has a place, we may notice in regard to the kind of light used in the same part, that it is obtained from a chip of the fir-tree. The people make a wound, while it is growing, which draws the sap to that part, and the tree is then cut for fire-wood, reserving this portion, filled with turpentine, for candles. A piece will burn with a large flame for half an hour. People may be met with in the open air at night carrying them for lantern lights. Other proofs of simplicity characterise the inhabitants of Phrygia. Mr. Fellows says,—

“My inquiries^s were for coins and relics, which were hunted for in every child's toy-place or old wall where they had been noticed. Each person produced his fancied treasure, which he had preserved because some Frank had before given money for such things. They know nothing of the value or uses of our purchases. I heard of a beautiful Greek statue being sold by them for five shillings, and two bronze vases for eight shillings; and yet they were boasting of the large sums such things produced. My servant bought thirty or forty Greek coins, some of them silver, at an average of three farthings each; and I obtained at an equally cheap rate the foot of a statue and some bronze handles.”

One trait more :—

“My servant found that his great coat had fallen from his horse; riding back for two miles, he saw a poor man bringing wood and charcoal from the hills upon asses. On asking him if he had seen the coat, he said that he had found it, and had taken it to a water-mill on the road-side, having shown it to all the persons he met, that they might assist in finding its owner; on offering him money, he refused it, saying with great simplicity, that the coat was not his, and that it was quite safe with the miller. My servant then rode to the house of the miller, who immediately gave it up, he also refusing to receive any reward, and saying, that he should have hung it up at the door, had he not been about to go down to the town (Adalia). The honesty, perhaps, may not be surprising, but the refusal of money is certainly a trait of character which has not been assigned to the Turks.”

Geographical and antiquarian purposes appear to have been more the objects of our author's journey than the study of the domestic manners and general character of the people he more or less came into contact with. As regards the latter of his principal pursuits, we shall quote a specimen of his observations and discoveries, setting ourselves down with him at the ruins of the ancient Lydian city, Xanthus, the remains of which appear to be all of the same date, and that a very early one. The walls of many of them are said to be Cyclopean, and the language of the innumerable and very perfect inscriptions is like the Phœnician or Etruscan :—

“The elegant designs evince the talent of the Greeks, and the highly poetical subjects of the bas-reliefs, the temples, friezes, and tombs, some of them blending in one figure the forms of many, probably to describe its attributes, are also of Greek character. The ruins are wholly of temples, tombs, triumphal arches, walls, and a theatre. The site is extremely romantic, upon beautiful hills; some crowned with rocks, others rising perpendicularly from the river, which is seen winding its way down from the woody uplands, while beyond, in the extreme distance, are the snowy mountains in which it rises. On the west the view is bounded by the picturesquely formed but bare range of Mount Cragus, and on the east by the mountain chain extending to Patara. A rich plain, with its meandering river, carries the eye to the horizon of the sea towards the south-west. The city has not the appearance of having been very large, but its remains shew that it was highly ornamented, particularly the tombs, two of which I have put in my sketch-book somewhat in detail, as well as some other sculptures. I did not find any well-formed Greek letters. In an inscription over a gateway, and on one or two architectural stones, the Greek alphabet was used, but not the pure letters. There is no trace of the Roman or the Christian age, and yet there are points, such as the costume in the bas-relief, the attitude and appearance of groups of figures, that reminded me of the times of the Crusades and of the Romans. I have attempted a sketch of the most beautiful of the tombs, and I add the description by pen to make my drawing more intelligible. It is a sarcophagus, entirely of white marble,

standing on the side of a hill rich with wild shrubs,—the distant mountains, of the silvery grey peculiar to marble rocks, forming the background. Being finely worked, the poliah has greatly assisted in its preservation from the effect of the atmosphere. The roof is somewhat grey, and the fractures of the lower parts are tinged with the shade of red which white marble assumes after long exposure to the weather, and in places with yellow blended with brown. On the top, or hog's-mane, is a hunting scene; some figures are running, others are on horseback galloping, with spears in their hands and mantles blown by the wind, chasing the stag and wild boar, which has turned to attack the pursuer; the whole of the figures, although in a small frieze, are well formed and finished. On each of the sloping sides of the roof are two stones projecting about a foot, as found on all these tombs, but which upon this are carved into lions' heads crouching on their paws; upon one side of the roof is a group in which a warrior, carrying a shield, is in the act of stepping into his chariot, which is of the early simple form, with wheels of four spokes only, and is driven by a man leaning forward, with his arms stretched out, holding the reins, and a whip or goad: four beautifully formed horses, prancing in various attitudes are drawing the car. The chariot and horses appear sculptured on the other side of the roof, differing only in the attitudes of the figures. In the upper panels at the ends, or gabels, are traces of small carved figures. On the side of the tomb shewn in the annexed sketch, under two lines of the peculiar characters of this town (perhaps Lycian), is a group of figures, which I will describe, beginning from the left-hand. A finely formed figure in a simple robe, his hands folded before him, and with a head of bushy hair, stands, as if in attendance behind the chair, or clawed seat, of the principal figure, who, clothed in rich folded drapery, with short hair, sits in the attitude of a judge, with one arm somewhat raised; before him stand four figures: the first is mutilated, but appears similar to the second, who has long bushy hair, confined round the head, and looking like a wig; his attitude is that of a counsellor pleading for the others; the loose robe falls gracefully from one shoulder, and is thrown over, so as almost to conceal one arm; two other figures, differing only in having the hair shorter and the arms hanging down, stand apparently waiting the decision of the judge, and complete the well-formed group. At the end, on a larger scale, are two figures of warriors, clothed only with girdles or armour round their loins, and petticoats reaching nearly down to their knees, resembling the figures of the ancient Britons. The background on the same stone contains a long, but, from mutilation, partially illegible inscription, which I did not attempt to copy. On the opposite end of the tomb are two other figures, of the same size; one, clothed in a loose robe, stands in a commanding attitude fronting the spectator, with an arm raised over the head of a naked figure also standing. Were this marble found elsewhere, the group might be taken to represent the baptism of our Saviour, but the character of the figures does not support this idea, although the attitudes would be precisely correct for the ceremony. On the other side, under a single line of inscription, is an animated battle-scene; men on horses are fighting with others on foot; all have helmets, and those on foot have shields; some fight naked, others with

a loose shirt, or blouse, descending below the thighs, and confined by a belt round the waist. The horse of the principal figure is ornamented with a plume, and the rider has a kind of armour to protect his legs. The groups upon the two sides are three feet six inches high, by nine feet in length. I have not described the architectural form, leaving that to be gathered from the sketch. The hog's-mané does not, at either end, extend to the full length of the roof; and at each extremity of it is a niche for attaching another stone. It is probable that there may have been at each end, when the tomb was perfect, some ornament, perhaps a helmet, or figure of an animal corresponding in character with the other subjects. It is not surprising that so beautiful a tomb should have been broken open in all parts; but as each chamber is now exposed, I trust that it may not receive further injury."

We presume that our author's drawings of these and other most interesting monuments and relics will soon become accessible to the public, either by means of engravings or by being placed in the British Museum.

We shall now glean a few passages from this valuable volume, which, without its artistic illustrations can be but very inadequately estimated, paying no regard to the order of the author's route, but merely selecting some descriptions of scenes, features, and incidents that may present variety of matter possessing attraction for the general reader.

Allusion has already been made to the revolutions and desolation that have befallen Asia Minor even in regard to its physical aspect. To persons in no ways acquainted with its natural phenomena, it will appear extraordinary that some of its once most fertile and populous plains, some of the sites of its grandest cities, have become deep and impassable marshes; still more, when they hear that its very rivers have completely changed their channels, and been the source of thick masses of ever increasing deposited substances. It may not be new to most of our readers that the plains of Troy, the arena of Homer's battles, present such a marsh as we have referred to, where, according to Mr. Fellows, the buffalo with all but its head immersed in the swamps, the heron feeding in the shallow streams, frogs, and other musical watery creatures, are now the characteristic inhabitants. But we think they will not have been prepared for the following account of transformation and obliteration. Mr. Fellows's explanation, however, makes the whole as intelligible as it is striking. Having descended into the valley of the Lycus, and crossed in a Diagonal line to the city of Hierapolis, which is six or seven miles from Laodiceia, he says,—

"My attention had been attracted at twenty miles' distance by the singular appearance of its hill, upon which there appeared to be perfectly white streams poured down its sides; and this peculiarity may have been the attraction which first led to the city being built there. The waters,

which rise in copious streams from several deep springs among the ruins, and are also to be found in small rivulets for twenty miles around, are tepid, and to appearance perfectly pure; indeed I never saw more transparent water, although I perceived, at a depth of perhaps twenty feet, a dark green hue visible between the surface and the white marble of the columns and Corinthian ornaments which lay at the bottom. Gas continually rises in bubbles, emitting the noxious smell of hydrogen. This pure and warm water is no sooner exposed to the air, than it rapidly deposits a pearly white substance upon the channel through which it flows, and on every blade of grass in its course; and thus, after filling its bed, it flows over, leaving a substance which I can only compare to the brain-coral, a kind of crust or feeble crystallization; again it is flooded by a fresh stream, and again is formed another perfectly white coat. The streams of water, thus leaving a deposit by which they are choked up, and over which they again flow, have raised the whole surface of the ground fifteen or twenty feet, forming masses of this shelly stone in ridges which impede the paths, as well as conceal and render it difficult to trace out the foundations of buildings. The deposit has the appearance of a salt, but it is tasteless, and to the touch is like the shell of the cuttle-fish. These streams have flowed on for ages, and the hills are coated over with their deposit of a filmy, semitransparent appearance, looking like half-melted snow suddenly frozen."

The ruins here are crowded and extensive, some of them being unaccountable from their immense proportions. They might, says Mr. Fellows, be in such a place taken for baths, but he inclines to think that they are the remains of palaces. "The theatre has been richly ornamented, and many of the cornices so much as to impair their simplicity and beauty; these, together with most of the groups of figures, bear the traces of an age more devoted to luxury than pure taste." Of the remains of another renowned city we read as follows,—

"Of the ancient city of Philadelphia but little remains; its walls are still standing, inclosing several hills, upon the sides of which stood the town, but they are fallen into ruins. They are built of unhewn stone, massed and cemented together with fragments of old buildings; some immense remains of buildings, huge square stone pillars, supporting brick arches, are also standing, and are called the ruins of the Christian church. All the remains which have been pointed out to me as ruins of Christian churches appear to have been vast temples, perhaps erected by imperial command, and dedicated to nominal Christianity, but shewing, in the niches and brackets for statues and architectural ornaments, traces of heathen superstition."

Two or three short extracts in the way of incident and modern circumstance are all that we can now find space for. First, of a fair at the town of Tralles,—

"The modern town, which is of considerable extent, has the appear-

ance of a village, from the number of trees growing among the houses. Bazaars form the streets, which, as usual, are completely shaded from the sun; but here trees supply the place of the mats which are used for the purpose in most towns. The market-day occurred while I was here. I have in England been at fairs and races, and have witnessed the commemoration days in Paris, and the masquerades and carnivals in Catania and Naples; but all fall short, in gay variety and general beauty of costume, of this Turkish market. The foliage of the plants and trees growing in the streets formed a pleasant relief to the dazzling whiteness of the vells, and the splendid colours of the embroidered trousers, of the multitudes of women attending the market; light blue worked with silver was very commonly seen in the dresses of the peasants, and every turban had its bunch of roses or other flowers. The noise of voices was louder than is usual in scenes of the kind; for the passing of camels and loaded asses through the crowd called forth continually the warning voice of the driver. The women had their children tied on their backs, and these, with the gay colour of their dresses and their heads ornamented with coins, contributed their part to the general picturesque effect."

Mr. Fellows, or some one accompanying him, killed, as he thought, a vulture at Laodiceia; but though shot the tenacious creature was not dead, nor after having been bagged, easily mastered. Its sufferings must have wrung its capturer's heart, when he discovered its love of life and incapacity of dying:—

"It was shot at about nine o'clock, and at the time was washing itself in a stream after its hearty meal upon the dead camel. It was wounded in the head and neck, and dropped immediately; but, upon taking it up, its talons closed on the hand of my servant, making him cry out with pain. He placed it on the ground, and I stood with my whole weight upon his back, pressing the breast-bone against the rock, when its eye gradually closed, its hold relaxed, and to all appearance life became extinct. It was then packed up in my leather hood, and strapped behind the saddle. The day was oppressively hot, for we trod upon our shadows as we rode across the plain. Until this evening (at eleven o'clock) the vulture remained tightly bound behind the saddle. My servant, on unpacking, threw the bundle containing it into the tent, while he prepared boiling water for cleaning and skinning it. Intending to examine this noble bird more carefully, I untied the package, and what was my surprise to see it raise its head and fix its keen eye upon me! I immediately placed my feet upon its back, holding by the top of the tent, and leaning all my weight upon it; but with a desperate struggle it spread out its wings, which reached across the tent, and by beating them attempted to throw me off. My shouts soon brought Demetrius, who at length killed it by blows upon the head with the butt end of his gun. My ignorance of the extreme tenacity of life of this bird must exculpate me from the charge of cruelty."

With a notice which is also within the range of natural history, we conclude. Mr. Fellows is on his road towards Smyrna:—

"Strings of camels are continually passing, each comprising about forty-five, and headed by a man upon an ass, who leads the first, the others being mostly connected by slight cords. It is a beautiful sight to see the perfect training and docility of these animals. The caravans, as the weather is becoming warmer, are beginning to travel by night, generally halting at about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string of them stopping on an open plain: a child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first; a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal. This grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket, to browse during the day; and this was done to each of the forty-five, which all unbidden had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal in the afternoon, at about three o'clock, every camel resumed its own place, and knelt between its bales, which were again attached, and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course. I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children; for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent in the midst of the sleeping children, while their long bodies remained outside."

ART. XIII.—*Account of the Temple Church, London. With Architectural Illustrations.* By R. W. BILLINGS. London: Boone. 1836.

WE have in this splendid volume a succinct history of the Temple Church, compiled from preceding writers, and a lengthened and minute series of engravings conveying a complete, connected, and professional idea of its architecture and peculiar artistic features. Upon neither of these subjects and portions of the work do we enter, although we believe that these "Architectural Illustrations" will supply a deficiency that has, until the publication of the work before us, been frequently felt and acknowledged. There is however prefixed to the historical "Account" an Essay written by Edward Clarkson, Esq., a gentleman of celebrity in all that regards Egyptian antiquities, that is not only learned but extremely interesting, as an attempt to explain and connect the *symbolic evidences* of the Temple Church with the most ancient and pervading forms and measurements of Freemasonry; and of which, although we make no pretensions to be competent critics, we proceed to offer an abstract.

Mr. Clarkson's inquiry tends mainly to this,—were the Knights Templars, whose principal establishment in this country was what is now called the Temple Church, the dangerous and idolatrous order that a writer of great reputation has recently represented

them to have been ? In the prosecution of his inquiry our author does not at all trouble himself with the history of the order, which would have been an unnecessary work ; but he directs himself partly to the illustration of the theory recently maintained by the celebrated Von Hammer, above alluded to, who argues that the Eastern order of the Assassins and that of the Knights Templars were in some respects connected, in others identical,—and partly to a new proposition, viz., that the architecture of the Temple Church in London, furnishes proofs of the doctrine,—carrying it out, however, to greater length, to more extended and varied spheres, and applying it with more minuteness than the German has done.

In his history of the “Old Man of the Mountain,” or of the Assassins, a work which we brought under the notice of our readers two or three years ago, Von Hammer found from facts and resemblances much of identification between the two orders named,—such evidences of mystery indeed as might be traced to the earliest times in the East,—those regarding the forms of initiation, the obligation to secrecy, the styles of dress, the arrangement of Masters and subordinate officers, and a variety of other ascertained points, being unquestionable. Our author examines the proofs of connexion and identification alluded to, fully agreeing in Von Hammer’s conclusion, which brings him to a point where he feels it proper to announce and describe what is his own position, viz., “that the Temple Church built and instituted by the Templars in London, was a copy (varied doubtless in many of its details) from the Temple of Jerusalem, of which the purpose of their institution as a military order gave them the possession and guardianship.” Mr. C. continues to assert, that “of that Temple at Jerusalem, the preceding Temple of Solomon supplied beyond any question the archetypal, if not the material model. Just so the Mosaic Ark in the wilderness furnished the ideal, and in a great measure the architectural, model of the Temple of Solomon. The close affinity between the masonic forms and ideal associations there adopted, and the masonic forms and ideal associations connected with the Pyramids, has been repeatedly urged, and, as we think, demonstrated.” The Great Pyramid, he says was the first great Lodge of ancient Egyptian freemasonry. “All the forms and measures adopted there, both externally and internally, were symbolical of certain dogmas, religious, social, scientific, or philosophical,—that is, Freemasonry. Freemasonry remains the same whether in a Pagan or a Christian garb ; whether at Eleusis, at Memphis, at Crotona, in the Caves of Zoroaster, or in the secret chambers and galleries of the Christian Temple at Jerusalem.” Again,—“There are five secret societies, at various times, remote or recent, in the history of the progress of society, the existence of which is established—all employing similar Masonic symbols and secrets, ac-

accompanied with certain numerical and geometrical signs:—first, the Pythagoreans of Crotona; second, the Gnostics; third, the Assassins; fourth the Templars; and fifth, the Secret Tribunal of Westphalia. Their existence is not a matter of theoretical surmise. but it is an established historical fact. We might have added to these, the Heterists and Carbonari; but their modern existence is not material to our inquiry.”

Our author will not have it that there was any other link between the doctrines of the above-named societies and the Jacobinical tenets and objects of the early French Revolution, which some have imagined might be traced, than what consisted of the methods which all secret associations must adopt for the sake of co-operation, and trustworthiness of the individual members to one another, and to the cause in which each is engaged.

We go on to quote some more passages at length, and to give an abstract of others. Speaking still of Freemasonry, its origin, its promulgations, and its corruptions, Mr. C. says,—

“Its doctrines, its rites, its institutions,—corrupted, varied, or improved in the various nations to which its missionaries conveyed them,—contained the traditions, the predictions, and the means of instruction of the first patriarchal church which united all the families and languages of mankind. The fragments of that compact religious frame-work, though broken up and rendered dissimilar by the various channels through which they passed in their transfer, exhibit every where the most startling and irresistible evidences of their original singleness, and of their family identity. The same masonic evidences of a single Patriarchal Church are to be found at the same time in different hemispheres, and at opposite sides of the globe. They are to be found equally at Stonehenge, and at the recently discovered Mexican city of Palenque.

“This being fairly inferred, we have a right to infer also that the new Temple established on the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, would exhibit the masonic forms and signs and symbols peculiar to religious masonry in all parts of the world, but especially peculiar to the Temple of Solomon, the site of which it occupied, and which it superseded or succeeded. That structure is destroyed, and with it those symbolic evidences of religious Freemasonry are obliterated; but fortunately we have under our own eye in London, a shoot from the parent stem, a daughter of the eastern mother, a transcript of the same architectural model, to be equally found in the Mosaic Ark and in the Temple of Solomon. Does any one doubt that every measure, form, and symbol in the Ark and in the ancient Temple conveyed, like the symbols of Freemasonry, moral, social, and religious meanings? No scholar and no architect will doubt it. Certainly no classical individual who is aware of the fact, that all the great Temples in Asia Minor and in Egypt, especially those to which theatres for dramatic shows of the mysteries were attached, were built or superintended by a recognised body of masons as well as freemasons, called the Dionysian brethren. If therefore every sign, symbol, or measurement in the ancient ark and temple, spoke a clear language to the

instructed adept or brother, though not to the uninitiated profane—it is obvious, provided our logic be correct, that we must seek in the architectural copy, i. e. the Temple Church in London, for symbols, signs, and measurements expressive of the doctrines, social, moral, or religious, of the Knights Templars, whose *masonic* lineage has been briefly, though we think undeniably, traced to its masonic origin, in the first Egyptian great lodge. *That* position we have now to investigate. *That* truth it is our firm conviction, by an appeal to tangible evidences, open to every one's eye, and palpable to every one's touch, we shall be able to manifest and prove."

We regret that Mr. Clarkson has not rendered more distinct and clear than he has done, for the sake of readers of his Essay who may be but very imperfectly acquainted with architectural antiquities and the symbolic meaning of masonic signs, those apparently incongruous passages in which he at one time speaks to this effect, that the Temple Church in London is the offspring of the Mosaic Ark in the wilderness, tracing it through Solomon's Temple, and at another, that the same Temple Church had its masonic origin in the first Egyptian great lodge. But if the reader will distinguish for himself between the doctrine of every measure, form, and symbol in the Ark and in the ancient Temple having had a strong signification, and the period in the progress of Egyptian art, science, and mystery, when the study of such symbols, measurements, and forms was reduced to order and to the erection of a system of Freemasonry, when the initiated had to be taught according to strict rules, and secrecy maintained by them at all hazards, then, perhaps the matter and point may be reconciled, and the author's meanings apprehended. A writer who is perfectly master of a puzzling subject, and who like the one whose Essay is before us, looks to brevity, condensation, and conciseness, does not always make allowance for less favoured and accomplished persons, when he takes it upon himself to teach and to enlighten. Sure we are that there is matter enough glanced at or authoritatively laid down here to admit of much more expansion and illustration than is afforded by the author, were his work addressed to the popular reader. However, as both the subject and the occasion bear principally a reference to the learned, the antiquary, and the architect, Mr. C. has probably adopted the wiser course.

The visible and tangible proofs, in regard to the Temple Church having masonic signs, symbols, and measurements traceable to the freemasonry of Egypt, a system which our author sometimes strikingly characterizes by the name of "glometrical philosophy and theology," occupy him through several paragraphs that are crammed with learning. We can only note a few ideas and statements.

The singularity mentioned as being particularly striking on entering the circular part of the Temple Church, is its harmonious significance of design. The columns, their number, their conformation,

their combination, certain remarkable coincidences with the Druidical ranges of pillars, certain mysterious subdivisions, and geometrical as well as numerical symbols are pointed out, their lineage being traced to the freemasonry of the Egyptian institutions, modified by the Platonists and Gnostics, whose doctrines came to be incorporated with Christianity. Having gone into details upon some of the proofs of the identification contended for, as obtained in the course of a brief analysis of the organization, exterior and interior of the order of the Templars, and the character of their symbols, Mr. Clarkson proceeds to remark that they had also a certain form of penal *disciplination*, as he calls it. And here again he makes the Temple Church the text and illustrator of his doctrine, drawing not only upon its existing features, and referring to certain documents for proof, but to the supposed remaining vestiges at the present day of accessory buildings for this purpose as well as for initiation. The conclusion of the whole is, that the Church in question was an idolatrous temple; or, at least, by his analysis, it is sought to be made plain, that the pure geometrical theology of the primitive church, Patriarchal and Christian, was corrupted by idolatrous associations with the Gnostic heresy. "The analysis lays open," says Mr. C., "link by link, the chain which unites Egyptian idolatry with Planotic idealism, and Gnostic heresy with Christian apostacy. It must be remembered, that one of the greatest men that ever trod the stage of the world, the Emperor Julian, believed in the Platonic intelligences, whose geometrical signs (according to Plato,) we have reproduced from the Temple Church, and traced them thither through their progress from their origin. Great as he was, he was the greatest of apostates from the Christian faith. We have brought together proofs which demonstrated that the Knights Templars were at least infected with similar dogmas, as testified by the masonic forms and symbols of the Temple, and tending to a similar apostacy."

Von Hammer's charge, to which we have before alluded, of the Eastern order of the Assassins being in some respects connected or identical with that of the Templars, leads him to found upon the evidences which he brings forward of this similarity and unity, the following allegations as given in Mr. Clarkson's summary; viz., "that the charges brought against the Knights Templars in France by Philip de Bel, on the strength of which their order was extinguished, were mainly true; that they taught secret doctrines subversive of the welfare of society; and, finally, that they adopted for the purpose of training their *adepti* a system of secret freemasonry, the initiations into which were partly borrowed from the ancient initiations of Egyptian freemasonry, blended and jumbled with new forms or doctrines, derived partly from the Magian superstition, and partly from the modern heresies which the Gnostics and Manichees derived from the two former."

In the main, Mr. C. agrees in all this, adducing other evidences than those with which the German author was acquainted, taking the Temple Church for his guide as well as subject of illustration.

Before closing the volume, we shall transcribe a striking paragraph on the subject of the charge of idolatrous practices preferred against the order under consideration:—

“We have,” says Mr. C., “in our possession gems, commonly called Basilidian, found in Templars’ houses. They carry with them the full evidence of the Gnostic or Egyptain heresy. A jumble of Egyptian and Magian idols appear upon them. The most common symbol is three legs or three arms, united triangularly in a centre. One of the idols has the head of a hawk, holding in one hand the scourge of Osiris, and with his limbs terminating in the folds of a serpent; the mystic letters A O (I breathe) in the oval, are its only inscription; but another Gnostic gem exhibits the very idol which they were accused by Philip de Bel and their French judges, of worshipping. It is that of the calf Bahumeth—a figure constructed out of the forms of a calf, a beetle, and a man,—holding between its human fore legs an open book, and having a female head crowned. It is in fact nothing but the Egyptian sphynx. They were accused of worshipping this idol, while they denied Christ and trampled on the cross. That the first crusaders were infected with a secret idolatry, is in fact clear, from a story which Gibbon laughs at while he relates. He laughs at it because it was unintelligible to him. We refer to the allegation that the first great army of crusaders were led by a goose and a goat. We have no doubt that they were Manichees or Gnostic standards. The goose in Egyptian symbols, as every Egyptian scholar knows, meant, ‘divine son,’ or son of God.’ The goat meant Typhon or the devil. Thus we have the Manichee opposing principles of good and evil as standards at the head of the ignorant mob of crusading invaders.”

There are other remarkable conclusions at which Mr. Clarkson arrives than we have noticed, or than can be gathered from our abstract. One of these is that all the forms which he describes are known hieroglyphical symbols, either consigned to the representation of the gods, or identified with religious rites and associations; nay, that they in fact constitute the primitive elements of the Phonetic language, to which Clemens of Alexandria referred, and which have hitherto puzzled the commentators.

From what appears in our pages, however, it must be manifest that upon an extremely obscure but interesting subject of antiquarian research, our author has lavished the fruits of a large stock of curious learning, and that whatever may be thought of some of his conclusions as regards soundness or fancifulness, he has fully succeeded in establishing for the Temple Church in London, an importance which few or none, of its visitors, or the modern worshippers in it, ever dreamt of.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Nan Darrell; or, the Gipsy Mother.* By the Author of
 “The Heiress, &c. &c. 3 Vols. London: Boone.

ONE of the best romances we have met with for a long time. The writing is good; a great variety of characters, which are distinctly and ably drawn, sustain the plot; while that plot is intricately, yet effectively, contrived, working up the feelings and anxieties of the reader to a degree of suspense that is extraordinary, before all its mysteries are satisfactorily explained and developed. We do not say that those who look for probability, and the usual occurrences of this matter-of-fact world, were we to give a rapid summary of the story, and had they nothing else to convince them, would agree with us in the decided opinion we have now expressed; but we are sure that were they once to sit down to a perusal of it in its uncurtailed form, they would very soon become so enchained and absorbed, that a cool and nice balancing of probabilities would be unthought of,—that such a process would be impossible. We shall not therefore even glance at the mysteries alluded to. In conclusion, however, we are bound to say, that the fair writer crowds her volumes with incidents, beautiful or affecting pictures of noble as well as amiable and natural feeling, and that there is also no lack of touching and impressive moral lessons; things which are of still higher moment than the contrivance of a deeply-interesting chain of *unimproved* events.

ART. XV.—*Desultory Thoughts and Reflections.* By the Countess
 of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume externally, and full of rich morsels, sweetly compressed, of thought and reflection. Lady Blessington is a woman of mind, and her observation has been close as well as extensive. In these aphoristic morsels, many of them real gems, she has presented, we may presume, the best of her gleanings; some of them being but repetitions, yet dressed out in new attire, others originals, both in substance and clothing.

ART. XVI.—*Roscoe's London and Birmingham Railway Guide.* London: Tilt. 1839.

THIS serviceable, amusing, and elegant work, which has for some time been appearing in Parts, is now complete. The descriptions of localities, the introduction of traditionary matters, and the seasoning which a number of striking anecdotes affords, are agreeably pressed upon the apprehension and imagination by means of a map judiciously coloured, and a variety of engravings superior to what generally illustrate Guide books. Mr. Roscoe's well known taste and lively fancy, are seen to much advantage in this publication.

ART. XVII—*Fra Cipolla, and other Poems.* By SIR JOHN HANMER, BART.
London: Moxon.

It is a long time since we met with a candidate for poetic honours so deserving of welcome as Sir John Hanmer. The present volume will secure for him an eminent position among living bards. He has brought real and sound culture to improve a genuine possession of the Muse's fire, and a keen perception of the beautiful characteristics of nature. We do not think—we have no right to expect it—that all the pieces display equal merit. The larger poems, indeed, which are comic in regard to subject and treatment, though clever, and the lines often remarkably felicitous, do not appear to us either so original or so well suited to the Authors' genius and ability, as those which are shorter, many of them in the sonnet form. It is an encouraging circumstance that the pieces which seem to have been the latest, as regards the periods of composition, are the best; or, at least, the grave and the serious are most to our minds. For example, in the "Strategy of Death," an allegory, we find the following bold and sonorous lines.

"Oft by the door where sleep had never been,
Danced a lone girl, and twirled her tambourine,
And shook pale roses from her scattered hair,
Like hopes forgot, and none replaced them there.
Oft stood the gipsy 'neath the morning star,
And looked like priestess of pale Lucifer:
But happier maidens with averted eye
Sped the rude haunt of losel lingerers by,
On where the dome its bird-loved steeple rears,
And cleaves the air as glory cleaves the years,
With hurrying steps they passed and joyed to gain
The open space that guards the holy fane,
And scent its lime trees in the wandering wind,
And leave the noisy narrow street behind."

The stanza to Melancholy exhibits a similar sketch of imagination and command of colouring:—

"There sat a Maiden 'neath a regal tower,
Girt with a forest of great oaks and pines:
It seemed a lodge of some high conqueror
In the old days, and round it creeping vines
Grew wildly, that no more men drank of now;
And in the topmost arch there was a bell
That with the wind did vibrate; vague and low
Sped o'er the hills its modulated swell.
Palely she sat, and at her side were things
Of strange device to measure earth and stars,
And a small quiet genius, with his wings
Unfolded, and his eyes still fixed on hers.
Men uttered not her Queenly name; but she
Had graved it in the dust,—'Melancolie.'"

A winter piece, and an Address to Spring, constitute a *pair*, which testify that the hold which Nature in her varied moods takes of the author is deep and self-bred :—

“ It is the winter : sharp and suddenly
His angel frost hath breathed upon the land.
Tartuffe now at the chancel-door doth stand,
Dispensing loaves from others’ charity ;
And round about him come a hungry band
With piteous voice and asking eyes ; but he,
A little backward sheltered from the wind,
A book turns over, for the Church must be
Maintained, and therein all who are behind
With Easter-dues are writ : ’tis poverty
Moves them, but duty stern his reverence ;
The loaves were given the Church, with pious mind :
And justly they by wanting, must be fined,
Although it grieves him, till they pay their pence.”

“ Young pine that, like a many-plumed Cacique,
Thy tufted head dost in the garden rear,
’Tis now the first rejoicing April week :
Now comes the true renewing of the year ;
For all before was winter, stern and drear,
Warming his hands, where Time (like Saturn old
Devouring his own race) some woodland peer
Heaped on the fire, to save him from the cold ;
And men beside of storm sad stories told,
The shipwrecks, and the sea-salt on the panes :
Now, all the Chesnuts their great buds unfold,
And that unloving season but remains
In sight, like some black hill we leave behind,
South steering with a fair and sunny wind.”

How long Sir John has been in the habit of building such lofty rhymes, it is not necessary to inquire. It will be more gratifying to find that he has not relinquished the delightful *trade*.

ART. XVIII.—*The French School. Part 1.* By M. LEPAGE, Professor of the French Language in London. Effingham Wilson. Fourth Edition.

A SELECTION of phrases and idiomatic forms of speech which one would hear daily if living in France, and therefore such, if studied by persons who have never been in that country, as are calculated to convey a correct knowledge of the genius of the language, and to enable foreigners to make a happy use of it, with very little other assistance than what any one may, in a course of self-teaching, obtain from a Grammar and Dictionary. *Fourth Edition* says much in behalf of the work.

Since writing the above notice, we have received other *Parts* of the Series, which follow out the plan described with manifest skill and success.

ART. XIX.—*Browne on Oxford Divinity.* Longman.

WITHOUT pronouncing any opinion about the merits of what some denominate a new school of Divinity, or pretending to be able to decide where erudite and venerable Doctors disagree, we must say that Mr. Browne does not appear to us equal to the contest upon which he has entered, either as regards learning, temper, or illustrative power.

ART. XX.—*Supplement to the History of British Fishes.* By W. YARRELL. F.L.S. Illustrated with Wood-cuts. In two parts. London: Von Voorst, 1839.

SUPPLEMENTS, one to each volume of a work that has not only added largely to a scientific as well as popular knowledge of a wide domain of Natural History, but that has awakened, we believe, no inconsiderable share of new interest upon this and kindred branches of modern study. These *two parts* are in all respects worthy of the work which they are intended to accompany. Without them the volumes will be imperfect.

ART. XXI.—*Answers to the Objections commonly brought against Vaccination.* By JOHN ROBERTSON. Manchester: Simms.

THIS is a very able, calm, and triumphant pamphlet on the subject mentioned in the title. The best of the old arguments, with several that are new, supported by facts and evidence, are here set in a remarkably clear and forcible light. The writing, as respects the mere matter of composition, is of a superior kind. Mr. Robertson is equal to a more doubtful and difficult subject.

ART. XXII.—*The Outlaw: a Drama in Five Acts.* By R. STORY. London: Simpkin.

ALTHOUGH owing to its great length, and the manner of its construction, this piece is not likely ever to find its way to the stage, much less to keep possession of it, there are in it many beauties, and what is still better, tokens that promise more than has here been effected. We think, however, that Mr. Story's genius is romantic rather than dramatic, and that with his enthusiasm, his knowledge and admiration of local scenery, character, and history, he might rank along with the "Basket-maker," were he to try his hand in the way of an historical novel. He is also expert as a ballad manufacturer. The Outlaw is an arresting story, though not a good dramatic piece.

ART. XXIII.—*Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe: the Secret History of the Revolution of July, 1830.* London: Saunders and Otley.

ACCORDING to the author of this *legitimate* Bourbon work, the King of the French has acted with consummate treachery towards the elder branch of the family. We are neither prepared to deny nor to defend the whole of the charges here advanced by a strong political partisan.

ART. XXIV.—*Dodd's Church History of England, from the commencement of the Sixteenth Century, to the Revolution in 1688, with Notes, Additions, and a Continuation.* By the Rev. M. A. TIERNEY, F.S.A. Vol. I. London: Dolman. 1889.

WE cannot give a better outline sketch of the contents of Dodd's History than by quoting in full the original title prefixed to the work. It is described by the author to be "The Church History of England, from the Year 1500 to 1688, chiefly with regard to Catholics: being a complete account of the divorce, supremacy, dissolution of monasteries, and first attempts for a reformation under King Henry VIII.; the unsettled state of the reformation under Edward VI.; the interruption it met with from Queen Mary; with the last hand put to it by Queen Elizabeth: together with the various fortunes of the Catholic cause during the reigns of King James I., King Charles I., King Charles II., and King James II.; particularly the lives of the most eminent Catholics, cardinals, bishops, inferior clergy, regulars, and laymen, who have distinguished themselves by their piety, learning, or military abilities: also a distinct and critical account of the works of the learned; the trials of those that suffered either on the score of religion, or for real or fictitious plots against the government; with the foundation of all the English colleges and monasteries abroad: the whole supported by original papers and letters, many whereof were never before made public. To which is prefixed a general history of ecclesiastical affairs under the British, Saxon, and Norman periods."

Dodd, who was born in 1672, is, we believe, the only Catholic writer who has published a history of his Church in England, going back to the earliest times of Christianity in this country, and coming down to the eighteenth century. On this account it deserves to be carefully studied by Protestants, for the sake of fairness, as well as by Catholics. Indeed, since the Catholic question imposed upon men the duty of investigating fully the history of the Church and the merits of the antagonist parties, the demand for this work has so much increased as now to render it next to impossible to obtain a copy of the first edition. In these circumstances Mr. Tierney, who is Chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, has given to the public this first volume of a new edition, with many enlargements, amendments, and illustrations. He has even re-modelled the arrangement of the original, which was awkward and perplexing. In the former edition, says Mr. T., "the history is divided into eight parts, corresponding with the eight reigns over which it extends. Of these parts, each is again divided into the three other parts of History, Biography, and Records; and these are still farther subdivided into an indefinite number of articles, according to the variety of the subjects to be treated, or the rank, the station, or the sex of the several persons whose lives are to be recorded." But according to the present arrangement there are only to be two grand divisions, first that of History, and secondly of Biography, the History occupying the earlier volumes. To each volume will be subjoined an Appendix, containing its records in due order. The portion before us comprises a rapid sketch of the Church down to the commencement of Henry the Eighth's time, and then proceeds to the close of his life, the reformation, its rise and progress forming of course the

great theme of the author's labours. The more interesting periods which succeeded Henry's time are yet to be traversed.

Dodd appears to have been no bigot ; he is, so far as we can judge from the volume before us, liberal beyond the spirit of the age in which he lived. His tone is fearless as well as independent. He thinks for himself ; while his industry has been great, his labour protracted. His style is also perspicuous and good. In looking out for a specimen, his sketch of the character of Henry VIII. struck us, part of which we extract. The historian has been speaking of the king's politic, capacity, and instances sundry illustrations. He says, as he proceeds,—

“ When the controversy about the divorce was set a-foot, though he could not obtain his ends in the manner he proposed, and according to the methods usually observed in such cases, which were determined by the see of Rome, yet he displayed his part so, in that affair, as to omit nothing, that either human art or industry was capable of effecting, in order to bring it to bear ; so that, excepting the strong fortress of divine law, his adversaries were beaten from all their posts, and seemingly, at least, came over to him, either by force or stratagem. But here it was, that his glorious character came first to be blasted ; for neither the motives of this attempt were so pure, nor the methods he made use of so fair, but that many began to harbour an evil opinion of his sincerity as well as of the justice of his cause. Afterwards, when he found it was necessary to break with the see of Rome, in order to obtain his desire as to the divorce, though he scandalized all Europe by the defection, yet he showed himself to be a perfect master of politic stratagems, by walking the Pope out of his supremacy, and drawing the whole nation imperceptibly after him. His proceedings, upon this occasion, both as to substance and manner, were irreconcilable to the character of a just and religious prince. But he suffered much more in his reputation, in the next step he took, which was the seizure of the monastic lands. For here vice laid aside a great part of her disguise, and plainly discovered her face upon many occasions. However, it cannot be denied, but that he showed the vastness of his capacity, and by artificially shuffling the cards, played a bad game with great success. For whatever arguments could be made use of, to seduce the ignorant, surprise the unwary, tempt the licentious, or compel the stubborn, were employed with so much craft and address, that one half of the monasteries fell unpitied, while the rest seemed not to be wrested out of the monk's hands, but voluntarily surrendered. All this while, men of thought and penetration saw plainly through this their disguise ; for, though a reformation of abuses was the pretence, avarice was the real inducement. It is true, a great many national advantages were mentioned, to make the design more acceptable to the common people ; and the king's late proceedings against the see of Rome might seem to require such an expedient ; but how necessary soever the seizure of abbey lands might be, to support the king in his supremacy, against any attempts at home from the religious orders, it is certain his majesty was as much out, in his politics, as he was destitute of religion, in proceeding to an universal dissolution, as it quickly appeared from the many national inconveniences which flowed from it.

“ We have heard what King Henry VIII. was, as to his politic and mar-

tial abilities ; the next consideration are his morals and religion. Historians commonly take a great deal of liberty in exposing the defects and faults of crowned heads, and treat them in such a manner, as if they had not as much right to their reputation, as the rest of mankind. I know King Henry is charged with a great many vices in private life, which is a point to be touched very tenderly ; for though his public irregularities give occasion to judge the worst of him, yet it is not the part of a Christian to improve suspicions into facts, nor is it always allowable to report real facts, to the prejudice of any man's character. Passing over in silence, therefore, the errors of King Henry's private life, I will only take notice of such passages as were notorious, and are recorded publicly by all historians. And, in the first place, it would be a difficult task to answer for his sincerity, or to give so much as a tolerable reason for his scrupulosity about his marriage, after near twenty years' cohabitation with his queen. The like may be said of his applying himself so earnestly, and so frequently, to the see of Rome for a divorce, as the proper court where that matter was to be decided, and yet, afterwards, making a public declaration, that he never thought himself obliged to submit to any decision, that came from that authority. How unjustly did he treat his faithful minister, Cardinal Wolsey !—first, indemnifying him, with his hand and seal, to exercise a legative power ; and, afterwards, suffering him to be impeached upon that account, and stripped of all his substance, and, at the same time, seizing, and keeping from him, the credentials, under the king's own hand and seal, whereby he might have defended himself. And was it not also a barbarous usage of all the clergy, to bring them in guilty of a premunire, for only incidentally concurring with the legative court, which he himself required of them ? Was it not proved, by punishing several of the misinformers, that he was determined, right or wrong, to get the lesser monasteries into his hands ? And were not the great monasteries afterwards made a prey by him, notwithstanding their religious and edifying behaviour, approved of in parliament, upon the nicest scrutiny of their morals ? Who can excuse him from a breach of his royal word, in the disposal he made of the lands and goods belonging to the Church ? Did he not assure his people, that they should not be secularized, but transferred to other pious uses ? that impropriations should be returned to the parochial clergy, the original proprietors ; schools increased, colleges improved by additional rents, and armies maintained without loans and subsidies ? Did ever any prince expose himself more to censure than King Henry VIII., in breaking through the ties of a matrimonial life, taking and parting with his wives without any regard to laws, either human or divine, and abandoning some of them to the fury of their enemies, till they lost their heads ?”

The tone of the above extract is surely far from being bitter or abusive, while the subject is one that might well have kindled the hottest indignation, the uttermost dislike, and the strongest denunciations of this historian. And yet his calmness, measured speech, and discriminating judgment fall with terrible weight upon Henry's memory and character.

We are glad to see that the editor has brought along with his learning and deep research into the stores of documents which have been in recent times discovered in the State Paper Office, and elsewhere, that throw so

much light upon Henry's history, a kindred dignity and fairness to what his author has maintained. Such moderation could not be dispense with at the present day. Still the example is on this occasion unusually conspicuous, and will, we hope, be properly appreciated.

ART. XXV.—*History of the Huguenots, from 1598 to 1838.* By W. S. BROWNING. London. Pickering. 1839.

IN his history of the Huguenots, during the Sixteenth century, Mr. Browning has already, by his ability, research, candour, and fidelity, distinguished himself. We do not say that we subscribe to all his opinions, or that we admit all his representations to be just: but on a subject where so much of political and religious difference of sentiment may exist, as on that which arose between the established Church and the Protestants of France, and out of which, from time to time, have arisen many affecting incidents as well as important national results, he has upon the whole displayed exemplary honesty. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the incidents and results to which we allude were sufficiently remarkable to call for a historical work in an English dress. But the difficulties, from want of complete and easily accessible materials out of which to construct a clear and connected narrative, have not been slight that have beset Mr. Browning; for French authors have maintained a general silence on the subject. The period which has elapsed during the last half-century appears to be more obscure, or at least to have required more diligent inquiry and cautious treatment than any which the volume embraces. But what is stranger still, the tolerance which the French Protestants so fondly anticipated would succeed the Revolution of the "three days" has not been realized. They expected that the laws or regulations which had been in force under Charles the Tenth, to counteract political combinations, and which were employed, upon this professed ground, against freedom of worship, would have been altered; but it would seem that their calculations were too sanguine. We shall not however speak upon this point, but present an extract which may be regarded as merely statistical; for it professes to contain as accurate an estimate, as can be arrived at, of the condition and numbers of the various Protestant denominations in France, at the latest period to which Mr. Browning's account comes down. He says that the numbers are increasing, and that the following are the classes of their organized ministry:—

"1. The *Lutheran* church, or Confession of Augsbourg, has 6 inspections, 37 consistories, and 260 pastors or ministers.

"2. The *Calvinist*, or Reformed church, has 89 consistories, and about 400 ministers.

"3. The *Société évangélique* employs three distinct classes of agents—viz.:—16 ministers; eleven itinerant preachers, not ordained; and nine colporteurs, or distributors of Bibles and religious books. The latter, by their conversations with the rural population, prepare the way for itinerant preachers: and their efforts have been sufficiently successful to give rise to some virulent attacks in the episcopal *mandements*. This society has also ten schools. The expenses are entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions; and it frequently occurs, that when a congregation becomes suffi-

ciently numerous, it is engrafted on the nearest consistory, and thenceforth receives a grant from the public treasury.

"The *Wesleyan Methodists* have, for some years, been labouring as valuable auxiliaries. That body made an attempt to establish public worship in 1791, when Dr. Coke and two other ministers visited Paris for that purpose; but the endeavour completely failed. M. Mahy, ordained by Dr. Coke, persevered for some time in the neighbourhood of Caen, where he had to contend with much jealous opposition from the Consistory: he withdrew to Guernsey, and afterwards to Manchester, where he died in 1812.

"Pierre du Pontavice, a noble of Brittany, after self banishment to escape the terrors of the revolution, returned to France in 1802, and entered upon the pastoral office. He translated many theological works into French; and was usefully engaged as a preacher, in various parts of Normandy, until his death in 1810.

"The successful results of preaching on board the prison ships in the Medway, encouraged the society to renew their efforts at the peace of 1814. Their congregations are now considerable; and the number of their French preachers is fourteen.

"5. The Church of England also contributes to the important work of extending the light of the reformation. The *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, has in Paris a foreign district committee, under the direction of Bishop Luscombe. None but members of the established church can take any part in the direction of its proceedings; the object of which is 'to collect and transmit information respecting the best means of promoting Christian knowledge in its district—to establish, enlarge, or superintend schools—to supply settlers and natives with the books circulated by the society—to promote translations, when necessary, into the language of the country—and, lastly, to make collections in aid of the society's funds.' In pursuance of these designs the Bishop has, for some time, been engaged in superintending a new translation of the Bible and Liturgy; in which he has had the assistance of several learned persons, whose knowledge of the ancient languages ensures a faithful version of the original idea, in the purest style of modern French. This important undertaking has, for some cause, been recently laid aside; yet a large portion being completed, the friends of revealed truth may still hope to see it resumed.

"6. The *Eglise Catholique Française* must be mentioned as a co-operating means for promoting the reformation. The Abbé Chatel founded this church in 1831; and although his tenets do not at all resemble Protestantism, they are calculated to induce investigation—a tendency necessarily obnoxious to a body, which denies the right of private judgment.

"With respect to collegiate education there is a faculty of Protestant theology at Montaubon; another at Strasbourg; and a college established in Paris, by the *Société évangélique*. Application has been made to the chambers, during the present session (1838), for a Protestant faculty in the capital: the result was not favourable; but its necessity is generally admitted, as well as that of a change in legislation for public worship, which is found to be as galling to the Catholics as to the Protestants."

ART. XXVI.—*Hannibal in Bithynia* : a Play. By H. GALLEY KNIGHT,
Esq. M. P. London : Murray.

SIMPLICITY and a studious avoidance of every sort of rant, sentimental, and verbal, melodramatic and passionate, distinguish this production. There is indeed a want of fire in its poetry, and even a frequent infusion of colloquial and familiar phrases that hide from the reader the classic purity of the diction and the real elevation of sentiment that pervades the more serious parts. Hannibal comes out with true dignity; his is the composure of a great mind when, deserted by Prusias, and on the eve of being betrayed to the Romans by that weak and suspicious monarch, he, after the fashion of ancient heroes, anticipates at Brusa the violence of his enemies. The following is a short specimen, where the Carthagenian and two real friends discourse of the wrongs heaped upon him by those whose kingdom he had saved shortly before :—

Perdiccas.

I cannot bear

Such outrage, and ingratitude, to thee.

Han. Thou'rt young, Perdiccas ! therefore art surpris'd ;
Art young, and therefore mov'd.—I only wonder
When men keep faith, and fortune lasts a day.

Hyp. Thou hast redeem'd the kingdom—risk'd thy life ;
Made victory the handmaid of Bithynia—
For this art thou disgrac'd !

Perd.

Oh, vile reward !

Astounding wrong that angers me to madness !
Canst thou be patient ?

Han.

I should think as soon

To lose my patience if the wind did change,
Or if the springs were dried by summer's heat,
Or winter brought us hazy weather. Prince !
I stood upon the pinnacle of fame ;
Rome trembled, and the world was in amaze—
Nations observ'd my steps with anxious eyes—
Armies, before me, melted like the snow—
Conquest obey'd my voice—think of all this !
Then think of Zama ! think of Carthage too !
My country, that I serv'd from my youth up,
That turn'd me out, like a vile criminal,
To beg and wander.—What can happen now
To change the steady motion of my pulse,
Or my cheek's colour ? What has chanc'd to-day
Is usual, and the customary course.

Baseness is human nature—and this world

A stage for knaves to act upon and prosper."

The Roman envoy who hoped to have conducted Hannibal alive and in triumph to Rome, thus questions and thus reasons with himself on first beholding the dead body of the hero :—

" And is this Hannibal ?

Our mighty enemy ? and now—what ? nothing !

The restless, strife-exciting Hannibal ?

So pale, so still, so motionless ! Oh, death !
 Thou read'st a lesson e'en to Roman pride,
 That, in an instant, bring'st to this, the frame,
 The potent mind, that could disturb a world.
 This was the Chief, so oft by glory crown'd,
 Who, for so long, resistless, kept his way,
 Holding, as two leash'd greyhounds, in his grasp
 Fortune and Vict'ry ; who, oppos'd in vain
 By nature's barriers, to our very doors
 Brought dire defeat and terror, vanquishing
 All our best captains, all but Scipio ;
 And, for a season, kept the world in doubt
 Who, for the future, was to be its master.
 Nor could reverse or danger, grief or age,
 The stirring spirit tame, that, to the last,
 Its purpose still pursued, and, at the last,
 Resolv'd on freedom—ages shall roll on
 And not produce a greater than lies here."

ART. XXVII.—*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Vol. IV.
 London: Moxon. 1839.

THIS edition, and decidedly the best that yet exists, of the works of a genius who will ever hold a place in the first rank of poets, is now complete. The notes and illustrations contributed by the widow of the most sensitive of all dreamers, the wildest and yet often the loftiest of all speculatists, assist very considerably to render the perusal of the collected poems a more touching and affecting affair, than it would be without such aids and intimations. Our chief regret or disappointment has been that the whole taken together are by far too scanty for a memoir. We even feel that towards the conclusion of his career the illustrative notices are fainter and more vague than in the earlier volumes,—the state of the editor's health in part depriving us of what might have been most gladly received, and probably most advantageously remembered. As it is, however, we are thankful for the contribution ; and perhaps the day may arrive when no delicacy or obstacle shall interpose, in this case where a man set a mark upon the literature of his country, to prevent an impartial and full disclosure of his entire history.

We learn from a note that Mrs. Shelley has not interfered to alter or expunge any part of the poems excepting of *Queen Mab*, of which proceeding we have, in a former notice, given our opinion. We extract one specimen and portion of her contributions to the present volume :—

"Shelley did not expect sympathy and approbation from the public ; but the want of it took away a portion of the ardour that ought to have sustained him while writing. He was thrown on his own resources, and on the inspiration of his own soul, and wrote because his mind overflowed, without the hope of being appreciated. I had not the most distant wish that he should truckle in opinion, or submit his lofty aspirations for the human race to the low ambition and pride of the many ; but I felt sure, that if his poems were

more addressed to the common feelings of men, his proper rank among the writers of the day would be acknowledged; and that popularity as a poet would enable his countrymen to do justice to his character and virtues; which, in those days, it was the mode to attack with the most flagitious calumnies and insulting abuse. That he felt these things deeply, cannot be doubted, though he armed himself with the consciousness of acting from a lofty and heroic sense of right. The truth burst from his heart sometimes in solitude, and he would write a few unfinished verses that showed that he felt the sting!

"I believed that all this morbid feeling would vanish, if the chord of sympathy between him and his countrymen were touched. But my persuasions were vain; the mind could not be bent from its natural inclination. Shelley shrunk instinctively from portraying human passion with its mixture of good and evil, of disappointment and disquiet. Such opened again the wounds of his own heart, and he loved to shelter himself rather in the airiest flights of fancy, forgetting love and hate, and regret and lost hope, in such imaginations as borrowed their hues from sunrise or sunset, from the yellow moonshine or pale twilight, from the aspect of the far ocean or the shadows of the woods; which celebrated the singing of the winds among the pines, the flow of a murmuring stream, and the thousand harmonious sounds that Nature creates in her solitudes."

ART. XXVIII.—*The Vegetable Cultivator*. By JOHN ROGERS. London. Longman.

THE title in full of this work sufficiently explains the nature of its contents: these consisting of "a plain and accurate description of all the different species and varieties of Culinary Vegetables; with the most approved method of cultivating them by natural and artificial means, and the best mode of cooking them; together with a description of the Physical Herbs in general use, &c. Also, some recollections of the life of Philip Miller, F. R. S., Gardener to the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries at Chelsea." Few men have been more serviceable in the walk which the aged and respected author of this complete and explicit manual has pursued. Of his various publications, his "*Fruit Cultivator*," &c., there is no one that will be more generally useful than, in all probability, this last. Every one who cultivates or possesses a patch of garden-ground should have it always at hand. The culture of vegetables or a knowledge of the numerous interesting processes essential to this branch of economy is inseparable from the culture of heart and mind, and the growth of virtuous habits.

ART. XXIX.—*Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience*. By E. C. A. Vol. III. London. Dolman. 1839.

THE two former volumes of this religious novel were intended to delineate the progress of an earnest and gifted mind in its search after the true faith, the inquirer at length landing in the bosom of the Catholic Church, anxieties no longer harassing her, and, perfect confidence being realized, that she has discovered the sure way to preserve her innocent and holy on earth, and

guide her to heaven. There was more displayed in the manner as well as purpose of the previous volumes than an attempt and desire to write a beautiful and powerful tale. There was an object much at heart of the accomplished and able writer. Nor will this for a moment be questioned, when we mention that E. C. A. (Miss Agnew) has lately become a hearty convert to the religion of that communion whose doctrines and mysteries she so warmly expounds and admires; eagerly desiring that others would accompany her while she endeavours to trace the convert's career.

In the present volume the tale conducts the reader to farther stages of the soul's approach to God while on earth than even a full acquiescence in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, a life consistent therewith, and an assurance of the perfect safety inseparable therefrom, supposes: for now we find the convert in Rome, and in Holy Week, when the awakening and mystic symbols and ceremonies of the Church begin to be appreciated by her. Marriage puts Geraldine in the way of still riper tuition, till at last her religious and holy feelings are so sublimated that nothing created can satisfy her soul; so that for anything we can discover in the sentiment or current and design of the tale, husband and wife, had not an opportune accident removed the former from this scene of probation, would and must have become strange to one another,—unthought and unremembered but as they should hope for ever to associate in the land of eternal bliss, love, and thanksgiving.

The death of Sir Eustace removes whatever obstacle earthly feelings would have interposed to the exercises of Geraldine's sanctified and devoted soul. Accordingly she becomes a nun, and after a due period of initiation founds a new convent.

In the course of the work the doctrines, creed, and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, to which Protestants principally object, are, without the least reserve, and with an undaunted earnestness, avowed and maintained; and while we abstain from offering any opinion on such serious and delicate matters, we freely accord to the authoress the praise which candour, Christian charity, pious sentiments, acute reasoning, and elegant writing must ever command. The work will no doubt have a wide circulation among the members of the communion which Miss Agnew so sincerely adheres to; but even to Protestants it will afford much and varied information; while as a novel it is excellent.

ART. XXX.—*Ianthe*. By NUGENT TAYLOR. Saunders and Otley.

THE poetry of this small production is of the Byron school; the story is one of love, disappointment, and despair. The sentiments are too morbid for our approval; the diction often, we suspect, a studied interference with the parts of speech, creating verbs out of substantives, for the sake of striking the ear with what the author considers the gems of poetic phraseology, and the fineries among words. We do not know how often, in the course of the twenty-three pages, the term *halcyon* occurs. Then we have *shrined by his hopes, gemmed, passion'd soul, truth'd by time*, and many similar liberties, which Mr. Galley Knight, at least, would be loath to take. We quote some specimens:—

Young ZENAH, he who once had clung
 In all the warmth of love and truth,
 To her whose dwelling fondness flung
 A halo o'er his happy youth,—
 Had lingered in IANTHE's arms—
 Had slept upon IANTHE's breast—
 Amid the warmth of beauty's charms,
 That balm'd him to hope's fearless rest—
 Dreaming, that earth and love were heaven."

* * * *

"What page shall bear her sorrow's thought?
 What pen shall trace her sorrow's mind?
 The pain of mental passion wrought
 A shroud eternity shall find
 E'er folded.—Ay, nor time, nor age,
 Through generations rolling o'er
 The tempest stream of human life—
 Nor prince—nor peasant—bard, nor sage,
 Shall limn the fadeless storm that sweeps
 In darkness on the human heart,—
 When rapture's blossoms bloom no more
 Amid the smiles which hopes impart,
 As passion o'er love's ruin weeps."

* * * *

"What sudden change appears to pass,
 Throughout that fair and festive throng;
 Warriors and maidens oft repass
 That brilliant scene. The bridal song
 Is hush'd, and silence, stern and deep,
 Like ruin's stillness, seems to sweep
 Above the young, who, coy the gay,
 Amid the warmth of joy's array.

A shriek of horror breaks at last,
 From many a wan and trembling child
 Of beauty as the brow o'er cast
 With terror, lowers cold and wild,
 Above the brightness care defiled.
 Whilst many a warrior stands aghast,
 As though some strange and distant tale,
 Scathing the soul with ruin's blast,
 Had o'er the shudd'ring spirit past,
 Searing the heart it could not quail:
 Some rush towards the chamber, where
 The bride retired at close of day,
 Fatigued with joy, and rapture's care;
 Whilst others, pale and sad, betray
 The fear their hopes cannot allay.

And ZENAH was the first who, led
 By the attendant bridesmaids, near'd
 The chamber, and approached the bed

Where LAIS slept: the moonlight shed
A pale and placid light around—
And not a sigh, and not a sound,
Broke on the calm affection fear'd.

She stirr'd not!—o'er her frame the flood
Of eve-light fell—a horror stole
O'er ZENAH—for he mark'd the blood
Full gushing from her heart;—the soul
Had fled its tomb of mortal clay—
And by her side IANTHE lay
Senseless—a dagger from her hand
Fallen;—she spoke not—sigh'd not,—they
Who saw her, deem'd that life had flown
In passive agony, away—
But *one* of that pale throng alone,
Felt her heart throb,—and felt the dew
Of the cold lips, o'erheated breath—
As sinking in the arms he threw
Around her,—without tear, or groan,
She slept the dreamless sleep of death."

ART. XXXI.—*Floreston, or the New Lord of the Manor.* Rickerby.
THIS is a tale which is intended to represent the "History of a Rural Revolution from Vice and Misery, to Virtue and Happiness;" which revolution is brought about by a new lord of the manor. Prior to this, the district united in its manners and government many evils, or at least features characteristic of English rural corners and parishes. It contained sporting sprigs of nobility and aristocratic *bloods*, with the hangers-on and poaching fraternity which such a school usually fosters. The clergyman was a magistrate; but above all, and what is the object of the Author's bitterest satire and denunciation, the new Poor Law Commissioners had taken the pauper population and indigent labourers of the place into their special keeping by means of a *Union*; the farmers with their high rents being, as well as their landlords, thus relieved of a nuisance, and a considerable portion of burden and annoyance. But the extravagance, wrongs, and vice inseparable from a state of things such as now alluded to, are not destined to be perpetual. A change comes over the scene. The lands of his "Lordship," as well as those of his principal local ally, are brought to the hammer, which a gentleman of great opulence, of still greater generosity, humanity, and virtue, purchases. Everything is done by him which schools, example, and patronage can accomplish to enlighten and ameliorate the community around him. Idle and sporting habits are checked; the wages of honest industry are raised to a pitch which we think it could not be within the power of the "New Lord" to establish by any *fiat* of his, nor otherwise than by an unbounded and increasing recourse to his own pocket; the rents are much reduced; and the poor are brought back from the work-house to be cared for and supported by this modern "Grandison." By these and many other benevolent and

wise measures, he in a few years works out the mighty revolution intimated by the title of the book.

The first observation to be made respecting such a work, and with such a design as the one before us, is, that it is from beginning to end a fiction,—the author's particular, and it may be peculiar opinions and feelings, fashioning facts exactly to suit his own purpose. In the second place, we assert that even in his own Floreston, much less in other localities and rural parishes, we cannot believe that the wondrous revolution described, could have been produced by the means, and within the space of time mentioned. It is, for instance, impossible that there can be, or ought to be many New Lords of Manors, like unto him here pictured. In fact the Author's portraits, sketches, and dialogues are so overstrained, as to take them beyond our power of imaginary realization. At the same time he proclaims with pith many wholesome truths. His reflections are frequently original, as well as happily introduced; while his satire is keen, and tells powerfully. Above all,—and this is an achievement sufficiently great and praiseworthy to establish the fame of the book,—he makes the reader to feel, as well as to understand, that the wrongs of the poor are numerous, oppressive, and misleading. Even *Charity* is for the most part insulting.

We have not space for any adequate specimen of the higher or more touching lessons, and must therefore be content to take a sample of the satire, which is the Author's forte. The passage contains an account of an accident which occurred to an "Honourable Member" at a "Division" of the "House."

"There's been two attacks," said Maxey, "and both on 'em's been rayther sudden, and pretty sewere too; 'speciously his Floreston attack, that's just forced him to unharness and go to bed."

"Do tell me what has happened, Maxey."

"Why, Sir," said Maxey, "in the first place, about three weeks ago, his honour's nose happened to get catched in a door of the *Hass o' Cummins*, as he calls it. But I can't think, for my part, what gentlemen can want to run their noses into such places for; nor did I ever expect that any good should come from so many on 'em all a trying to run through a narrow doorway together, from the first moment I seed 'em a trying it on, to the very night his honour got caught by the smeller. P'r'aps, Sir, you've never been a member of that Westminster stud, and don't understand the rigs they very oftens have to run?"

"No, Maxey; it is well known that I have given up my interest in the county entirely to his honour."

"But you *may* put up for the county, some day, on your own account; and I'll jist tell you beforehand what representing a county or a borough means,—for I must know, 'cause I goes in with his honour's great-coat and have seen 'em all at it. There you shall see a score on 'em'—ay, fourscore, and sometimes more, all in a room together; some a sleep, some at cards, some a larking, some a talking about—but you know, Sir, gentlemen will be gentlemen everywhere—some a eating and some a drinking. Well, Sir, jist in the midst of all this, a man as stands in a entry, and is wide awake to every move in the game as is going on in a bigger room jist by, among the

members as howl, and crow, and bray, and makes speeches, sings out *Division!* Whew; up our party jumps in the twinkling of a horse-block; and down go cigars, chairs, glasses, newspapers, cards, and knives and forks, canes, whips, spectacles, and snuff-boxes; doors slam and boots creak, and Old Nick take hindmost! You have seen tumblers run and leap through a hoop, I s'pose?"

"Many times, Maxey."

"Then it's jist so that I've seen forty counties and as many boroughs, as a body may say, run and leap one a'ter another through a doorway no wider nor a man's body, to give their wotes, when whistled for by their backers and leaders. They darts along a passage with their tails straight out, like the runners for the Darby. Master's foot, you see, Sir, happens to slip; his chair flies up behind him, and he was distanced: and so to make short of a horrible story, bang went the door, and *our* county, in a manner o' spakin', got catch'd by the nose; and there would have been an end to all our sneezing, though hurricanes of snuff might have come to brush off all the sweepstakes for years to come. But fort'nately Lord Splinn's coat-tails was rent off, and left sticking between the door and door-post: and so our nose was not quite scroug'd all to shivers."

ART. XXXII.—*The Nautical Steam Engine explained for the use of Officers of the Navy*: By COMMANDER R. S. ROBINSON, R. N. London. Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THE use and importance of steam-vessels, should this country ever again be engaged in war, are now foreseen by every nautical man who has turned his attention to the subject. Not only as acting in concert with Ships of war, but singly and independently their services will be most essential. Indeed Commander Robinson asserts, that "whatever of dash, whatever of enterprise, whatever of combined prudence and skill, is to be performed in a future war, will be performed through the agency of Steam. The high road," he continues, "to distinction and fame will be found on the Paddle box of a Steamer." It will no longer do for Sailors to deride these boats, or the skill necessary to the management of them as beneath the spirit and dignity of the naval profession. Lord John Hay has already illustrated on the coast of Spain how much may depend upon the speed, the certainty, and the assurance that are identified with the wonderful application of artificial power to navigation. The munitions of war and fresh troops, to any amount, may be transported from place to place, wherever the ocean in common rolls, with a celerity and a certitude, which we need not describe. There is great hope in this for England to cherish, should she ever be called on to maintain her supremacy upon the high seas, or her rank among nations, considering our present unrivalled improvements of nautical steamers. But the superiority of our steam vessels and our machinery will not avail unless a Commander when stationed upon the Paddle box, and throughout every branch of the manœuvring of the vessel, knows how to instruct and direct all that are under his charge; for then, it is quite obvious, that our "right arm," and our "strong staff," as Captain Robinson calls it, must go for next to nothing.

It is with the view of communicating to his fellow officers, in a small space, the knowledge and skill referred to, that he has composed and published this little work, which contains, first, such a description of the properties of Steam, and, secondly, of the nature and component parts of the Marine Steam engine, as shall enable any officer to understand, without much loss of time, the principles, names, and natures of the things he has to direct, and for himself carry further out, by reading more elaborate and scientific books, by inspection, and questionings, his studies and knowledge to a greater length. The author makes no pretension to originality, but only to a careful selection and compilation from what others have written before him, he having applied what he has collected to a practical description of the marine engine. The book is what it professes to be, and will be found a good manual and guide in a department which has not previously been treated in the same manner, but which has become so important to nautical men.

ART. XXXIII.—*Popular Treatise on the Kidney.* By GEORGE CORFE. London: Renshaw.

A VITAL organ of the human constitution is here treated of in a learned and ingenious manner. Mr. Corfe brings science and practical knowledge to bear forcibly upon the anatomy and physiology of the kidney, and furnishes an able summary of the most important treatises and views of which it has been the subject on the part of preceding writers and medical authorities; together with his own opinions and modes of treatment in the case of diseases of the organ. But there is one feature of the work which has particularly struck us on account of its novelty and fancifulness in a professedly medical publication,—viz. a theoretical effort to discover, trace, and explain certain functions, parts, relations, and combinations belonging to the kidney in a spiritual sense, and as if these were mystical types of religious doctrine,—that is, of the religious creed which the author has adopted. We think the attempt is in every way objectionable; and that even had it been more sedately managed than we find it to have been, recurrence to far plainer and fuller sources of spiritual instruction ought to be recommended greatly in preference.

ART. XXXIV.—*A Reply to the Rev. Sidney Smith's Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton, in a Letter to the Venerable Archdeacon Wetherell.* By the REV. A. SAYERS. London: Whittaker.

MR. SAYERS' wit is not so keen, his hand not so pliable, his taste not so fine as Sidney Smith's. Still he is a willing and not unskilled antagonist. He has also, we think, the best of the argument.

ART. XXXV.—*The Religion of Jesus Christ defended from the Assaults of Owenism.* By J. R. Reid; in nine Lectures. Simpkin.

A FAR less able defence than is here offered, would at any time be a sufficient answer to Owenism.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1839.

ART. I.—*The Modern Literature of France.* By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, Member of the French Statistical and Agricultural Societies, &c. &c. London: G. Henderson. 1839.

WE believe these are the first volumes which have gone forth to the English public on the interesting subject of the literature of our neighbours on the other side of the channel, as it has been modified and fashioned by the events of the last nine years. “Do they manage these things better in France?” has been the natural enquiry of many an English novel reader. “I will tell you how they do manage them,” says Mr. Reynolds, and he forthwith proceeds to lay before us rapid and clever sketches of all the illustrious writers of the day, illustrated with well-executed translations of specimens of their particular styles. A long residence in Paris—and extensive acquaintance with the gossip of the literary world, and with the manners and habits of the people whom it has been the object of that literature to portray, have given him peculiar qualifications for the task, and enabled him to acquit himself with very tolerable success. Besides these advantages, there is no want of industry and enthusiasm in the prosecution of his undertaking. He has imbued himself thoroughly with the spirit of the writers he admires, and we must bear testimony to his zeal whatever we may think of his discretion. His chivalrous offer to break a lance with the writer of a celebrated article in No. LVI. of the Quarterly Review, may be taken as an act of noble daring; but if it shall be accepted, we fear the result will prove most disastrous to the doughty champion of French morality. For our parts, while we have admired many of the works mentioned by Mr. Reynolds, our opinion as to their moral tendency was very similar to that of the critic of the review in question. We have considered them as works *sui generis*, the offspring of a period of doubt, trouble, and anxiety.

They are melancholy evidences of the fatuity of the human intellect, which is as liable to get drunk with mysticism or rebellion

as with brandy. To those who may feel an interest in contemplating the wild sports of the imagination while under the potent action of such influences and appliances—who may feel a pleasurable sensation, not entirely unallied with contempt, at witnessing the antic movements and grotesque postures of satyrs dancing, (satyrs less delicate than those of Poussin,) we would, by all means, recommend a perusal of the works which Mr. Reynolds eulogizes so highly, and to which the epithets “glorious, profound, pathetic, and powerful” are so unsparingly applied. But then they must never lose sight of the fact that these are madmen made mad by the political excitement of the times. Their phrenzy is the offspring of the hour—the intoxication of a moment of public excess—of a political earthquake which threatened to involve the political, the social, and moral systems then established in one common and indiscriminate ruin. In the first revolution, it has been said that France grew drunk with blood to vomit crime; this was the glorious commemoration brought about by the labours of the Encyclopædists. Clever men they undoubtedly were, able and ingenious writers, even far surpassing their successors of the late demonstration in knowledge, zeal, and ability. The highest praise which her admirers can award to Madame Dudevant is, that she has caught the style of Rousseau; and would any man of taste or judgment give one chapter of “Candide” for volumes of the melodramatic trash of Balzac, Janin, and his coadjutors? The subversion of the altar and the throne was the leading object of the writers of 1700. The subversion of the social system of the moral order of things has been the aim of those of 1830. The former made a revolution—the latter were made by it. The former raised the popular feeling; the latter watched it and wrote up to it. They noted its extravagances, and were determined to out-herod Herod. They found the public mind in a delirium, and they ministered to it accordingly. Their fictions were the *ægri somnia*, the venæ species produced by the mingling of the fumes of brandy, punch, and tobacco. Murders, incests, parricides, sacrilege, and blasphemy of every description, formed the strong spices of their literary ragouts. The death’s head and cross bones dance through every line. Their pages are smeared with blood, and the moral of their tales is invariably pointed with the single monosyllable “despair.” Of how many suicides they have been the cause, Mr. Reynolds has not condescended to inform us; but we have reason to know that a great many have been attributed to their pernicious influence. There are few of the fictions of the modern French novels which are not founded on social positions and incidents which have no parallel in England. Such combinations are utterly unknown to us, except occasionally through the medium of a police report, while the French writers profess to draw from life and accommodate their

inspiration and their morality to the scenes and principles with which they are conversant. They surrounded the altars of literature not as enthusiasts or sincere worshippers, but as false priests who sought to live by the things of the altar, so as to make their profession of faith a stepping-stone to notoriety and their own worldly advancement: not for them is the solitude of the student's cell, the labour by the flickering of the midnight lamp. Their ambition seems to have been to pen something clever over night, and to awake in the morning and "find themselves famous."

The absence of any exalted or wide-reaching views in literature is manifest not only in the slavish submission to the opinions and vices of the times, but in the minuter details of composition and the general canons of criticism and taste. Wherever literature follows instead of leading, imitates instead of creating, flatters instead of opposing or reproving,—wherever nature is treated like the magazine of a magic lantern, in which beings the most beautiful or grotesque, angels or demons, fairy forms or hideous contortions, are all equally admissible, provided they make the spectator stare, and awaken the curiosity of that grown child "the public," whenever this is the case, a coarse, sketchy, and affected vivacity, without true depth or feeling, a cynical hardihood, both in the materials of literature and their application, are generally the result. This is eminently observable in the writings of De Balzac, who is a star of the first magnitude in the opinion of Mr. Reynolds. The style of the "*Peau de Chagrin*" is not an even continuous movement, but a succession of skips, bounds, and jerks, more resembling the grotesque gambols of the clown in the pantomime, than the easy motions of the practised dancer; or, as Sir Robert Peel wittily remarked of the eloquence of Mr. Sheil, it is the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration. The straining after effect becomes absolutely painful; the determination to invest small things with importance, wearisome in the extreme.

We feel assured it is this writer, and the school of which he is the magnus Apollo, which has been thus pointedly described in a valuable little paper, published by Mr. Keratry, a French critic of a very high order of talent in the *Livre des Cent et Un*, and entitled "The Men of Letters of the present Day (1831-2)"

"How strange is the contradiction which exists in our manners? How just is the cause of apprehension which it affords. Cynicism has been banished from the domestic roof, from the most familiar intercourse, but only to take refuge in our writings, in our books and our journals, in our pleadings, in our theatres. It is expelled from private life, it reigns supreme in public. The men of letters have contributed to this irregularity, they have hastened it; they have with their own hands broke down the barriers, which the good sense of the public has erected against licence in every nation, which boasts a constituted society. They seem

to have received from the Genius of Evil the sad mission of granting a bill of indemnity to all that is perverse and ungovernable in our nature. One would almost be tempted to believe that after transporting them to the pinnacle of the temple, and after showing them all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glories of them, the spirit of evil had said to them 'all these will I give you if ye will fall down and worship me.'

"Our writers have in fact created a new morality adapted to the use of the present generation. It is they who, disenchanting the scene about us, will no longer permit our tears to flow for innocence in danger, or misfortune contending with an unmerited destiny; it is they who seek in public to associate us with emotions which we should be ashamed to confess in the bosom of our families, or to interest us in the triumph of what in a well-regulated community would justly come under the lash of the law. Let us confess the truth. Is it not the same principle in literature, which at this moment invests the doctrines of an anti-social sect, (the St. Simonians), with a majesty borrowed from the sacred writings, and after giving a religious varnish to irreligion, an appearance of morality to immorality the most profound, labours at last to give the charm of decent voluptuousness to promiscuous intercourse.

"A degeneracy of taste in literature has consequences more serious than are suspected. It will soon re-act with evil influence upon our domestic habits and civil relations. Thought cannot be sullied, nor the course of human sentiment perverted with impunity. Immoral writers like blind guides must lead society astray. Beware then legislators. All the world reads the morning papers, the romances of the day—all the world goes to the theatre, and the taint descending to the lower classes becomes incurable, when for the love of labour and the sentiments of religion, we have substituted the longing after happiness which it is not in their power to attain."

* * * * *

"The licence of the French stage has become its ruin; morality is as little respected as authority. One arrogates to himself the title of a man of letters, because, without regard to history, he has rendered into dialogue some historical fact where the characters are false, where government is systematically degraded, where an established religion is exposed to ridicule, where names dear to fame are dragged through the dirt, and in which with a scandalous cynicism, the veil which protects public life and the nuptial bed, sanctuaries formerly impenetrable to a licentious curiosity is drawn aside. Their pretended dramatic works have by their very facility fallen into the ranks of commonplace, and it is not at the theatre we should go to seek for the true men of letters. A mother can no longer carry her daughter there, at least we should not be the person to advise it. They would be far safer at the opera; the only one of our spectacles which has preserved some remains of decency."

What will Mr. Reynolds say to this sweeping denunciation? Is his Gallomania proof against such a pointed attack as this? While he vented his indignation against the partiality and prejudice of the remorseless critic of the "Quarterly Review," was he aware that an able and polished Frenchman had preceded that learned

functionary in the scalping line, and had delivered precisely the same sentiments, but with far greater point and effect; it is not to be supposed that Mr. Keratry was ignorant of his subject, or that he was actuated by any unfair bias in thus forcibly reprobating the spirit of the literature of his fellow Frenchmen. Here is no room for the jealousy of the superior excellence of a rival nation, such as Mr. Reynolds attributes to the English critics. He could have no motive for wishing to "depreciate the value of foreign systems and institutions in the minds of the English." He wrote for his countrymen, to warn and correct them. Nor are we disposed to agree with our author, when he asserts that "the leading journals and periodicals of the English press are leagued together against the French, with all the bitterness and hate which characterized the sentiments of the nation in those times when Napoleon, (we give Mr. Reynolds' eloquent words), "drove his war chariot from the gates of Madrid to the palace of the Kremlin;" nor can we participate in the "regret commingled with a sentiment of pity, or, indeed of contempt, for the narrowmindedness of our fellow countrymen." So far from this being the case, we venture to assert, even in the teeth of such authority, that ample justice has been done to the literary talents of our neighbours in almost all the leading journals and periodicals. We, ourselves, have perused in the "Times" newspaper able and by no means depreciating criticisms on the very works which Mr. Reynolds lauds so highly, a very short time after their publication. In the Foreign Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the British, and Foreign Reviews, we can point to masterly sketches of modern French literature; and if Mr. Reynolds will turn to the pages of the "Athenæum" and "Monthly Magazine" of 1834, he will find that his panygerics have been anticipated years since, and that ample praise has been awarded—far more we conscientiously believe than they deserved—to the merits of the works of which he gives us little more than the titles. In the last-named periodical in particular, we recollect reading a long analysis with copious extracts of the best works of Georges Sand, De Balzac, Sue and others; so that Mr. Reynolds is greatly mistaken, if he imagines that he is the first to give a correct view of those productions to the British public. But probably, the periodicals we have mentioned were too insignificant to attract the eye or fix the attention of our author, for he says further on, "We have carefully perused the various works lately written on this important subject, and we are sorry to have noticed that their principal contents have originated in the most deplorable ignorance, the worst feeling of spite and malignity, or an extraordinary facility of misapprehension and mistake." We suppose this compliment is intended for "the Paris and Parisians" of Mrs. Trollope, Lady Morgan, and Mr. Henry Bulwer, and we shall leave them to appre-

ciate it as they may think fit. We shall merely observe *en passant* on the singularity of the circumstance, that while Mr. Reynolds dashes full tilt against the critic of the Quarterly, he is forced to confess the extreme licentiousness of many of his favourite authors, and thereby to confirm the justice of the castigation which he condemns.

After stigmatizing the falsehood of the speculations of the Quarterly, that the Revolution of 1830 depended on the licentiousness of novels and romances, Mr. Reynolds proceeds in these terms :—
 “ We shall moreover show in the course of this work that the generality of French novels are anything but licentious and abandoned.”
 We hope Mr. Reynolds has a precise idea of what he means when he uses the words licentious and abandoned, for we confess, that when we find him assert that the infamous work of Louvet cannot be said to be more immoral than Smollett or Fielding, we had some misgivings on the point. However, let us see how he makes out his case against the Quarterly. He tells us, the literature of France since the Revolution differs entirely from that under the fallen dynasty. The reason he gives is—“ that the people raised from a state of slavery (they had almost as much liberty then as they have now) to a state of comparative freedom, felt their ideas expand, and they imparted to their writings that spirit which fired their souls. Their intelligence increased in magnitude, their understandings were enlarged, and they embodied in their fictions as well as in their histories the substance of the new ideas they had so unexpectedly and so abruptly acquired.” Now the *newest* ideas they appeared to us to have acquired were those of the St. Simonians, viz. a community of women and goods, or promiscuous intercourse and general spoliation, and the new ideas embodied in these fictions were borrowed from the Morgue, the condemned cell, the charnel house, and the dissecting room. “ *Les derniers jours d'un Condamné* ” took the lead, then came “ *L'Ane mort et la femme Guillotinée* ” by Janin, then “ *La Peau de Chagrin* ” by Balzac, not to mention the more intellectual and less anatomical productions of Georges Sand, alias Madame Dudevant. With the latter Mr. Reynolds commences his work. Of this gifted authoress he speaks in these terms,—

“ Formed and fashioned by the study of those great events which during three days of warfare operated so strangely upon the destinies of her native land, the mind of this astonishing writer suddenly resolved upon creating its own revolution, and introducing a number of important changes into the sphere of domestic society, as her fellow countrymen had done in that of politics. She felt herself seized with an ardour that thirsted not for the every day reputation acquired by successful writers, but for a fame the brightness of which should dazzle all who came within its scope. To please with her tales was the least of the many aims which she thought when she took up the pen of an author : her purpose was to

astonish and strike mankind at once with the boldness and novelty of her speculations and opinions. Fully understanding the extent of her own powers, and well able to appreciate her own abilities, she was an *hermaphrodite* of intelligence, combining in her soul the masculine ideas and spirit of the lords of the creation with the delicacy and softness of her own sex.

"The Revolution of July made the Baroness Dudevant a writer. A little more than eight years ago she began to contemplate that terrible ebullition of an outraged people's feelings; and in studying the spirit of the heroes of the barricades, she imperceptibly inhaled the generous fervour of enthusiasm herself. Her mind expanded as she contemplated the progressive march of liberty; and she determined that the course of intelligence should move at an equal pace and in a parallel line. Her ideas were thus formed by a great political event which could not fail to render the writings of its disciple striking and peculiar. Had she been a man in sex, as well as in the name she assumed, she would have most probably taken a loftier flight than Lamennais or Carrel themselves. As it is, she is a political writer of no mean ability; and her arguments, in that sphere, are as terse and as formidable as her ethics are adventurous and bold."

The parallel line in which she was determined to urge intelligence, was one that was to lead to the abolition of that extremely antiquated institution called marriage. The progressive march of liberty which she contemplated was the emancipation of her sex from their degrading subjection to their husbands. The generous fervour of enthusiasm which she inhaled, broke forth in a gallant effort to revolutionize the social position of her sex. Her transcendent genius scorned the vulgar trammels of matrimony,—she shook them off at one bound and shone forth the indignant vindicator of the wrongs of enslaved and persecuted woman. This episode in her history is thus glanced at by our author:—

"This woman of a million passions, when she first entered upon the marriage state with the nobleman whose name she bears, found that the endearments of her domestic circle were few; and hers was a disposition, which, feeling a perpetual want of something to love and cherish with a pure and unvarying affection, was easily led astray so soon as those ties of attachment were, as it is reported—but how truly, we know not—wantonly broken by him who ought to have been proud of the woman whose incipient genius he could not but have perceived. Hence—in an age and a city of pleasure and temptation—exposed to all those dangers which are ever to be encountered by beauty and talent—and gifted with a soul as full of poesy and love as her imagination was of richness and originality, did the baroness yield to the exigencies of her nature and of her position, and seek that consolation with another which she could not find in him who was her legal protector. She became an authoress in due time; and aware that prejudice might attach unpopularity to her writings, if issued under the auspices of her real name, she adopted that

of Georges Sand, and, as we before stated, experienced the most complete success ever attained by any female in modern times."

We freely admit, that the genius and masculine power of this singularly gifted writer are not too highly extolled by Mr. Reynolds. For purity of style, vigour of thought, and range of imagination, she is without a rival. Her anatomy of the female heart is exquisite in the extreme. With a facility truly wonderful, she can pass from the delineation of the boldest outline,—the sternest traits of the male, to the softest tints and most delicate lineaments of the female character. She combines in her own person two distinct natures. She is an hermaphrodite in literature. Read this passage and nothing would convince you that it was not written by a man; read this other and the woman stands at once confessed. Her wit is pointed, her irony caustic, and her raillery graceful and piquant. It is not only in her writings that she appears in a duplicate character, but in society, as M. Janin assures us, she is at one moment a sprightly youth of eighteen, smoking a cigar and handling a cane with matchless grace, and at another, a fine lady receiving the homage of her admirers with inimitable ease and gracefulness. She is repulsed from the ranks of the women for being a man, and from the pursuits of the men for being a woman. She commenced by a fierce and well-directed attack upon the men, and then, by way of reparation, she reinstated them at the expense of the fair sex.

In *Indiana*, *Valentine* and *Lelia*, her heroines in spite of extravagances of every kind are invested with a most brilliant light, while the heroes are moral monsters. *Indiana*, the delicate and graceful daughter of a gentleman of the isle of Bourbon, is linked to a man of coarse manners and vulgar mind. She loathes and trembles at his presence. Possessed of a heart capable of the most devoted attachment, eagerly longing after a reciprocity of the deep and tender feelings she treasured in her bosom, her existence is a protracted torture, she is a prey to a never-ending restlessness and anxiety. At length she falls in love with a young man of fashion, whom she accidentally meets while he is pursuing an intrigue with her own maid, a Bourbonite almost as beautiful as herself. The first sight of *Indiana* is enough for him, and he immediately transfers his affections or rather his admiration to her. The maid drowns herself in a paroxysm of jealousy and despair, and her mistress, after feeling in her turn the coldness and neglect of the man she doated on, returns with her husband to the isle of Bourbon. Her lover falls sick—fancies he is in love, repents of his conduct, and writes to her to leave her husband and fly to his embraces. *Indiana* yields to the entreaty—she secretly withdraws from her husband's house—embarks on board a vessel bound for France, boldly confronts all the dangers of a long sea voyage, alone and unprotected—reaches the chateau of her lover—and is ushered into the presence of his

wife. He had recovered from his illness, and, forgetting all about the letter, had married a young heiress of noble birth. Indiana is repulsed with reproaches from his door. She is found in a dying state by a Sir Ralph Brown, who has long loved her sincerely and devotedly, without discovering his passion and without the hope of a return. To him she reveals her intention of committing suicide; he does not oppose the plan directly, but suggests, that if she will return to the island of Bourbon he will share her fate, and that they may both end their miseries by a plunge into a lovely waterfall, which had been their favourite retreat in childhood. The suggestion is adopted. A sea voyage and soothing attentions go far to tranquillize the mind of Indiana, and when the lovers arrive in their gayest costume on the brink of the waterfall they precipitate themselves, not into the leaping flood, but into each other's arms. Indiana feels the force of a passion strong as death, and gives her hand to Sir Ralph Brown. We had omitted to state, that the chagrin caused by her flight added to pecuniary embarrassments, had preyed upon the spirits of her husband and brought him to the grave; so that there was no obstacle to a new connexion in that quarter. This is a faint outline of one of Madame Dudevant's most powerful works. It is finely written, but in our idea not the sort of book we would recommend to the perusal of English women. Indeed, we do not know of any of her works except, perhaps, "Simon" which does not abound in passages much too strong to prove wholesome food for delicate stomachs. Her "André" would have been a splendid exception, had she not allowed her heroine, a lovely and innocent flower-girl, to yield to the solicitations of her lover before the solemnization of the marriage ceremony. She is the very type of innocence—pure and fresh as the flowers she blends—but she falls. Of "Lelia," another of this lady's productions, we shall say nothing. M. Janin calls it "execrable," and we shall merely add that it is an abomination.

Having exalted the women in two or three romances, she wrote "Jacques" to do justice to the men. But it was evidently an effort that caused her pain. Jacques is a tender and devoted husband, gentle, good-natured, and quiet. Strongly attached to his pipe and meditation. His charming young wife is gay and airy; of course she grows weary of the monotony of matrimonial felicity, and her husband has the complaisance to provide her with a lover. He stands as sentinel at her interviews with him, and fights three or four captains of dragoons, who amused themselves with a hearty laugh at his expense. Such is Madame Dudevant's idea of a good sort of husband. In "Leone Leoni," another cleverly written performance, she describes the devoted attachment of a woman to a swindler, who is steeped in villany of every description, and who

drags his innocent and confiding victim through the mire of every imaginable moral degradation.

We do not think that Mr. Reynolds has been fortunate in the selection of his specimen of her style. It is taken from one of her minor tales, and is by no means carefully translated. Take for instance, this passage:—

“Après avoir tué quelques innocens gibiers, il rentra plus fort, trouva les deux femmes plus calmes et la soirée s'écoula assez doucement. Quand on a l'habitude de vivre ensemble, quand on s'est compris si bien que durant longtemps toutes les idées, toutes les intérêts de la vie privée ont été en commun, il est presque impossible que le charme des relations se rompe tout a coup sur une première atteinte.”

“When he had killed a few innocent birds, by way of distracting his own troubled mind from the sorrows on which he dared not ponder, he returned to the house, and found the two ladies more calm and tranquil. The evening passed quietly away; for, when two or three people have been in the habit of dwelling together so long that they reciprocally comprehend each other's ideas and sentiments, the charms of such joyous relation are not to be broken by a first assault.”

Now to render *il se trouva plus fort* “*by way of distracting his own mind from the sorrows on which he dared not ponder,*” is un peu trop fort, and is not translating but interpolating, a liberty we must stigmatize severely. The stiffness of the second English sentence totally destroys the gracefulness of the original. There is no *two or three* persons, there is no epithet corresponding with *joyous*, nor is *assault* the proper translation of *atteinte*.

Again,—

“Les jours suivans virent donc se prolonger cette intimité dont aucun des trois n'avait altéré le douceur par sa faute. Néanmoins la plaie alloit s'élargissant dans le cœur de ces trois personnes.”

“The following days consequently glided away in that intimacy and social familiarity, which none of the three had ever intentionally interrupted. The wound, nevertheless, enlarged in the breasts of all three.”

We would just notice that *altéré le douceur* is not well rendered by *interrupted*, or *par sa faute* by *intentionally*. Neither is *wound* the proper version of *plaie*, in a subsequent specimen we were a little surprised to meet with the expression “*abrogating thirst,*” and a few other gallicisms which have no meaning in English. We mention this, that Mr. Reynolds may be more careful and pay more attention to the delicacies of expression, without which, the peculiar excellence of an author remains unperceived and his personal identity is almost extinguished.

Next to Madame Dudevant, in the order of excellence, comes De

Balzac. Long before 1830, he published several works under the nom de guerre of Horace St. Aubyn, but those productions fell still-born from the press. The "events of the three days gave a new impulse to his mind, and launched him at once upon the sea of fame and fortune." His romance of "*La Peau de Chagrin*" written, as he says, to exhibit the "charlatanism of the epoch and the last convulsions of an expiring society," made his fortune and fame. It is clever and spirited, but melodramatic, turgid and thickly sown with descriptions of the most profligate excesses. It was admirably suited to the day, and was greeted with applause. It was followed by numerous other productions conceived and executed in the same spirit; but let us hear Mr. Reynolds:—

"De Balzac is a most voluminous writer; and, like all composers of many books, has produced much that is good and much that is but indifferent. In the latter class must of course be ranked a few of the works which have appeared since his success, as well as some that were published while he yet languished in obscurity. He is, as we before observed, gifted with a wonderful degree of perception; and this, aided by a most powerful memory, enables him to sustain his elevated rank in the literary world with undiminished splendour. He is elaborate in his descriptions; but then those descriptions are so entertaining that the reader does not wish to skip a single page, nor omit the perusal of a solitary sentence. The fatiguing delineations of scenery and costume, which are read in the romances of Ann Radcliffe, weary the mind, cloy the appetite, and encourage the approach of slumber; but, though De Balzac frequently descends to the most minute details, he is never tedious nor tiresome. He will introduce his readers into a particular room, in a particular house, and in a particular street; and having placed the street in its most true colours before their eyes, he will make them thoroughly acquainted with the structure and arrangements of the house, and then describe every nook and every corner of the room. The colour of the curtains—the pictures against the wall—the patterns of the china, are all fully detailed. Thus, when he ushers the reader into the small chamber inhabited by the widow and her daughter, in his exquisite tale entitled *La Bourse*, the introduction does not only extend to those ladies, but also to the meagre furniture which half fills their apartment, the old shawl which the mother throws around her shoulders, the manner in which the young and graceful girl fetches a few sticks from a cupboard to make a blaze in the cheerless grate, and a thousand minutiae which would escape the notice of a casual observer, but which constitute the principal interest in the tales of M. de Balzac. The abode of the *Vieille Fille*, in the story bearing that title, is equally graphic in description; indeed, there is scarcely one of this gentleman's novels in which the same love of detail and the same acuteness of perception may not be traced. In the princely hotel, as well as in the humble shed, is he equally at home: in the former he examines the golden cornices of the spacious halls—the texture of the tapestry—the arrangement of the tables; and in the latter, he peers into the nook where the scanty loaf is kept—he sees where lies the deficiency of the

necessaries of life—and he calculates how many mouthful the piece of meat which is cooking at the fire will make for the inmates of the hovel.”

This is perfectly true, De Balzac is painfully minute, and we might add, that the incidents of his novels are frequently revolting in the extreme. We hope he does not find them in Paris.

“ It would seem as if M. de Balzac roved often through the streets of Paris, in the day time, to catch the characters of men, whom he meets upon the Boulevards, from the expression of their countenances; and by night, to discover the haunts of poverty and crime, or to watch the crowds that enter or issue from the rich man’s lordly mansion. He appears to be ever on the alert to collect fresh materials for a new novel; and he spares neither time nor trouble in the search of a new feature of interest. The whining beggar or the haughty paladin passes him by; and from each he borrows a moral or a character. He enters the lowest hovel or he roves through the brilliant saloons of the fashionable and proud; and he returns home with an addition to the memorandum-book of his most retentive memory. He studies much; for his writings bear evidence of profound reading on the part of their author. To him the most trivial occurrence is fraught with interest; for who but he could on such slight materials as those which originated *La Bourse*, have composed so sweetly pathetic, so interesting, and so perfect a tale? His description of the chevalier in *La Vieille Fille* must have caused many an aristocrat of the Faubourg Saint Germain to start, when he first perused it, with the conviction that he was reading a minute delineation of himself. It is thus that this mighty magician can cast his spells around us, and weave so complicated a web of interest to retain us in its toils, that we become the willing slaves of his wand before we are even well acquainted with the witchery of the language; and then, the more he speaks, the more eagerly do we listen! His imagination is not always so fertile in incident during the progressive development of a tale, as that of many of his contemporaries; but his plots are invariably well designed, well kept up, and as admirably carried on to their *dénouement*. To the casual reader, and to the one who merely occupies himself with a work for the sake of the amusement it may afford, De Balzac will often appear prolix and tedious; but to the individual who reads for instruction, who reads to ascertain the workings of the human mind in all its phases, and who reads to receive an impression somewhat more lasting than that which the mere reminiscence of a tale is capable of affording—to such an one are the writings of De Balzac invaluable and peerless treasures. De Balzac is deeply read in the history of the world; he has profoundly studied that volume which many regard but superficially; the minutest fibres that concrete in the human heart have vibrated to his magic touch. Not a smile—not a sigh—not a look—not a tear—are unnoticed by him; and in each he sees something more real, more important, and more true, than ever meets the glance of a cursory observer. Hence has he transferred to his writings that vast knowledge which his mind had long treasured up; hence is the page of his book an

echo to the tablet of his memory; and hence does he occasionally detail minutely those feelings and passions which the generality of authors usually express in one word."

The specimen which is given, is taken as we are assured "from one of the most beautiful tales ever imagined," viz., "*Annette et le Criminel*." We have never met with the tale in question, but we do think that *El Verdugo*, or many other tales we could mention, might have supplied a better illustration. We feel little suspense with regard to the issue of a trial, where there are such damning facts against the prisoner, while his defence rests entirely on the assertions of his advocate. The applause of a jury and of an audience, elicited by the speech of an advocate, who declares himself a *relative* of the man he defends, is abhorrent to our English prejudices.

From Balzac our author passes on to Eugene Sue. He is a maritime novelist, and has been styled the Cooper of France. The comparison reminds us of the lines of Horace:—

"Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
Explicet et molles imitabitur ære capillos
Infelix operis summo, quia ponere totum
Nescit."

He resembles Cooper as the village sign-painter resembles Holbein or Vandyck. Both artists use a brush, colours, and canvass, but the result of their combinations is a little different. Indeed Mr. Reynolds is forced to admit as much while sketching the characteristics of Sue, as follows:—

"It must, however, be observed of M. Sue, that his imagination is only rich in inventing and stringing together a host of improbabilities, occasionally bordering upon monstrosity. To say that the incidents of his tales are *just possible*, is to concede a great deal to this author; but then the very improbabilities, which spring exotic from his own strange fancy, are so full of deep and absorbing interest, that the reader forgets whether they be natural or revolting to the most credulous mind, in the amusement which he derives from the contemplation of them. Hence it is well known that the poverty of an author's imagination may be readily supplied by artificial means; and, as the genius of a great writer vested even the existence of the giant in *Frankenstein* with an air of truth and interest which imposed upon the reader, so does the talent of M. Eugene Sue conceal the deformities of those singular beings which his own imagination has conceived and endowed with life."

This may be the case to some extent, but we have perused some sea tales of this author where the ships were miniature pandemoniums, the crew demons, supping full of horrors, while the scuppers were literally running with blood.

In one of them, "*Plik et Plok*," if we remember rightly, a pirate, whose deeds and name were known and dreaded on every shore,

actually keeps a noble horse on board which he rides from his ship to the shore, and from the shore to the ship with the most heroic self-possession and skill. He rides about the deck, and gives his orders on horseback with the ease of an aide-de-camp in Hyde Park.

We might instance several other incongruities of as decided a cast, but *ex uno disce omnes*.

"The novels of Eugene Sue are like melo-dramas in five acts, throughout which the unities are totally lost sight of. His scenery shifts and varies as often as that of the theatre; and each chapter is a new act, commencing with new characters, whose range of action is transferred to a new sphere. From the deck of the gallant vessel, magician-like—or rather dramatist-like, he will transport the reader to the regal halls of a monarch's abode; from the raft, floating at the mercy of the wild waves and winds, does he carry his audience to the burning regions of Africa; and thence, again, to the gloomy walls of a noisome prison. His imagination travels faster than those splendid vessels which he describes so well; but the reader is never wearied by keeping pace with him."

We are glad to be assured of the latter fact, although it does not tally with our own experience on the subject. The "*Vigie de Koat Væn*," E. Sue's best production, commences with a most revolting description of the dishonour and betrayal of a young duchess, by a Count de Vaudrey, who is hired for the purpose by a number of disappointed suitors for her hand. He wins her affections, and accomplishes her ruin amid the guffaws of the ruffian crew, who are waiting in their concealment for the hour of triumph. But this is as nothing compared to the other extravagances of the story; to use the expression of our author, "it is a work, whose terrible lessons make the hair stand on end, chill the blood in the reader's veins, harrow up his soul, and for hours—perhaps for years after perusal, disgust him with this world (*i. e.* the world of E. Sue,) and its denizens." It must be noted that these expressions are used by implication, and not immediately to the work we are noticing, but they are equally applicable to its effects. We may be prejudiced, but we would not give one page of the *Younger Son of Trelawny*, for all E. Sue ever wrote or ever will write hereafter.

The specimen of his style, which is taken from the *Salamandre*, is no doubt a fine piece of writing, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to transfer it to our pages.

Frederic Soulié, the author of "*Les deux Cadavres*," "*Unété à Meudon*," "*Le Vicomte de Beziers*," and the "*Compte de Thoulouse*," ranks next to Eugene Sue. He is thus introduced to our notice by Mr. Reynolds:—

"Turn we now to that young and successful writer, who descends into

the vault of the dead, and snatches the cold corse from the tomb, to introduce it into his tale; who calls in the assistance of plague and fire to add fresh horrors to his romance; and who delights more in the violated sanctuary of Death than in the splendour and gaiety of the drawing-room. Turn we to him who has revived the midnight terrors, the phantoms, the robbers, the murderers, the executioners, and the violaters of virgin innocence, that were wont to dwell in the legends of the olden time, or in the folios of a German library; whose patrons were Maturin, Lewis, and Ratcliffe; and whose readers were timid school-girls and affrighted nursery-maids. Turn we to him who has regenerated that school of horror which had nearly exploded within the last dozen years;—yes, let us turn to him whose favourite subjects are those which we have dreaded to think of at night in the days of our childhood.

“Such is the system of M. Frederic Soulié, exemplified in his *Deux Cadavres*. This awe-inspiring romance, which seems as if it had been written in a charnel-house, by the light of those flickering candles that in Catholic countries surround the corse, and by an iron pen dipped in human gore, is the most extraordinary creation of the brain that was ever yet, in the guise of a historical tale, presented to the world. Let the superstitious and the timid beware of it: they would not forget its terrible incidents for many a long night, after they had once perused it. It is a romance which haunts its reader as a man is haunted by the phantom of the victim whom he has slain: it is a book so full of horrors—and all those horrors so natural and so probable—not once exaggerated by the assistance of powers summoned from beyond the tomb—that he, who reads it, lays it aside with the impression that such things might have been, and interrogates himself whether he be just awakened from a night-mare dream, or whether he have witnessed a series of terrible realities.

“The scene is laid in England; and the epoch of the tale is the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. The work commences with the execution of Charles the First, which is described with painful accuracy. This is the first horror. Then come the desecration of a grave in Westminster Abby—the parade of a corpse through the streets of London—the hideous ceremony of presenting a jug of beer to the motionless lips of the dead thing, as the procession moves up the Poultry—the visit of two adventurous men to the chapel in Windsor Castle at midnight—the exhuming of a coffin—the circumstance of one of those men putting his hand to the dead body which that coffin contained, and finding by the dissevered head that it was the corse of the late King—the journey through dark and dismal roads with that coffin upon a sledge drawn by dogs—the rape of a beautiful girl by her lover in an hour of madness—the progress of the plague—murders, duels, riots, and deaths—and then the horrid agonies endured by that young girl, who lingered through all the stages of starvation, tied to a tree, till she wasted away, expired, and was found a fleshless skeleton some time afterwards! This is the brief analysis of *Les Deux Cadavres*: this is the frame-work of the book upon which was built the reputation of M. Frederic Soulié.”

Such are the fictions of Soulié, and anything more monstrous and absurd we cannot well imagine. His style however is good, and his command of language very great.

We fear our space will not permit us to notice categorically the remainder of the series of writers, whose merits are dwelt upon at length by our author. We have Merimée, Ricard, Paul de Kock and Jules Janin, all clever writers of novels of well established reputation, Dumas a most successful dramatist, Lamartine and Berenger, poets, and Victor Hugo, novelist, dramatist, and poet. Great justice is done to the two greatest names in French literature, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and copious and well executed translations of their poems are given. Of Chateaubriand and Madame Guy, both celebrated and elegant writers, he makes no mention. Haply he reserves them with Alphonse Royer, the Marquis de Custines, and others, for a third volume.

Of Prosper Merimée it will be sufficient to say, he is the author of the "Theatre of Clara Gazul, or reminiscences of a Spanish Actress," "La Guzla," "La Jacquerie," "La Chronique du Regne de Charles IX," and the "Mosaïque," a collection of tales. All these works met with considerable success, and placed Merimée amongst the most distinguished writers of his day.

Paul de Kock enjoys a greater share of popularity than any living French writer. His works are found in the boudoir of the lady, and in the attic of the grisette, on the dressing table of the Marquis, and in the pocket of the portier, at his gate in short they are thumbed and read by every one from the highest to the lowest. A new novel by Paul de Kock creates a more lively sensation than a King's speech. The prices of the funds, the measures of the minister of war, are secondary topics to a fresh appearance of Paul de Kock. He is universal, his name is in everybody's mouth, his books are in everybody's hands. The secret of this wide spread popularity may be represented by one little word—gaiety. His books are teeming with mirth, frequently verging into ludicrousness and caricature. He and his imitator Ricard, are peculiarly the novelists of the people. The Parisians of every grade, of every calling, view themselves faithfully reflected in their books, as in a mirror. The fertility of Paul de Kock is surprising, but the manners he describes are generally of the loosest kind, many of his novels are in fact mere chronicles of intrigue, and there are few of them fit for the perusal of persons pretending to even the appearances of modesty; and when Mr. Reynolds assures us that he has seen a boarding-school Miss reading one of these books in *church* instead of her prayer book, we are inclined to draw a very unfavourable augury for the purity of French morals from the circumstance. Indeed we have not been able to discover throughout these two volumes, an iota of proof, in support of the position with which our author started, "that he would show that the generality of French novels were not licentious." In almost every one of them, the heroines are frail, and the heroes ruffians or moral monsters of some peculiar caste.

Here is an analysis of one of Paul de Kock's productions. :—

“ The writings of Paul de Kock are numerous. Amongst his best are *Le Barber de Paris*, *Sœur Anne*, *Jean*, *L'Amant—le Mari—et la Femme*, *M. Dupont* and *Le Cocu*. The first of these here enumerated is a romance somewhat in the Radcliffe style; treating of the adoption, by a barber, of a girl whose father is unknown, a secret source of wealth which the barber possesses, then a marquis, to whose vicious pleasures the barber is a pander. That marquis falls in love with Blanche, the adopted girl; an *enlèvement* necessarily succeeds, and the *dénoûement* of the tale elucidates the mysteries in the regular German fashion. Touquet, the barber, has murdered the supposed father of Blanche; and Blanche is the marquis's daughter. The last chapter is peculiarly interesting. Blanche is immured in a chamber in the marquis's country-house—the window of that chamber looks upon a lake; she is resolved how to act, should the nobleman dare attempt to force the door of her apartment, and she expects the succour of her lover Urban, who is actually in the vicinity of the chateau. Presently the marquis approaches the door of her room; but it is to embrace her whom he has only a few moments ago discovered to be his child. Blanche trembles, but she has decided in her own mind what step to take. She fancies the intended ravisher of innocence is near, and she leaps from the window; the lake receives her beneath. Her lover, who is in the park, sees her fall and throws himself into the water. He succeeds in dragging her to the land; and at that moment the marquis, who had followed his daughter, swam also on shore. They endeavoured to recover her; the one implored her to open her eyes in the name of a parent, the other in that of a lover. But Blanche answered not—the vital spark had fled, and she remained a corpse between the two individuals who deplored her.”

Paul de Kock's characters are not dashed off boldly and at once, like those of his contemporaries, but are finished off by a multitude of light and almost imperceptible strokes, successively and skilfully applied.

When a character is sketched at once, the reader is in no doubt about the course of action it will take, but in this latter case we are made acquainted with the character by its action, and the slightest incidents give us new insight into its peculiar construction. De Kock's wit is often pointed, his humour fresh and buoyant, but often farcical and far-fetched. Besides, he is a master of the pathetic, and can draw tears as well as excite to laughter. We have heard some Frenchmen call him a vulgar fellow, only fit for the company of grisettes and other equivocal personages, and assert that his books were never read by people in good society. But Mr. Reynolds assures us of the reverse, and of course he has our credence. Of Jules Janin we shall merely observe, that he is the *redacteur* of the “*Journal des Debats*,” the great high-priest of criticism. His dictum is the judgment of France—his smile

of approbation bids an author "be risk and prosper—his frown annihilates him at once." He has written several romances, some good, some indifferent, all vigorously and elegantly penned. One of them, "*Le Chemin de Traverse*," is pronounced to be one of the finest works in the French language. It is, says our author, a great moral lecture, constructed on a slender ground work of fiction. It teaches the necessity of pursuing a direct path in our journey through life, and paints the evils that await a deviation into by-paths.

Janin's style is quaint and original. He delights in depicting the morbid anatomy of society, and in dwelling on the dark side of humanity. In "*The Dead Ass, and guillotined Woman*" he paints the career of a young peasant girl through every graduation of crime until she arrives at the scaffold. In "*La Piedestal*," the son of a peasant raises himself to dignity and affluence by the prostitution of a pretty Italian woman, whom he passes off as his wife. In "*La Confession*," a man strangles his young and beautiful wife on his wedding night, for no earthly reason but because he fancied by her manner she did not love him, and that married life, without love, would be tiresome in the extreme. There is no "coroner's inquest," no inquiry, and he is left without other molestation than remorse. To cure this he has recourse to many expedients. That which proves successful, is a full confession to a priest of powerful intellect and dignified manners, who awes him into repentance, and makes him a good man, and a—priest. In both these works there are many passages of great power and beauty. There is a fascinating novelty about the style which strikes and meets the attention of the reader, and makes amends for the poverty of incident and the peculiarity of subject for which his tales are remarkable.

With Janin we must conclude this article, which has already grown to an unusual length. In a succeeding number we propose to ourselves the pleasing task of noticing Mr. Reynolds' translation from Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Berenger; any one of which illustrious names would by itself furnish materials for a separate article. For the present we dismiss these volumes with our good wishes for their success. They show marks of very considerable ability and of an extensive acquaintance with the literature they are meant to popularize in this country.

ART. II.—*Travels in South-Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China; with Notices of numerous Missionary Stations, and a full Account of the Burman Empire.* By the Rev. HOWARD MALCOM, of Boston, U. S. 2 Vols. London: Tilt. 1839.

THE Americans (the designation is sufficiently definite, so as at once to be precisely understood by every reader) are a long-sighted and a far-reaching people. They may be described as composing a grasping, as well as an acute nation. We do not use any of these terms in a bad sense at present; although were we obliged to defend the words, if taken as meaning what was questionable in commercial and political transactions, we feel we should find little difficulty in supporting the charge by a variety of illustrations. We might even succeed in discovering symptoms of religious and various professedly philanthropic or enlightened enterprises having been made, by associations established in the country of which we speak, and in some notable instances, the pretext, when mercantile profit, or political advancement were the main objects held in contemplation by the projectors, and not kept out of view by the nation at large, which might be boasting all the while of such championship in behalf of millions of the human race. Still, worldly gain may be realized justifiably, and national influence promoted and increased without a betrayal of the interests of civilization and true religion; only let not one end be principally contemplated, while another is professed. We admit also that the religious community of a nation may righteously proclaim the renown and honour due to it, on account of great, especially of unexampled exertions put forth in behalf of the dark places of the earth. The Americans have much to console themselves with on this ground. Very many thousands of that people have been and are now employing their best energies in philanthropic speculations and experiments. Their own immense territories have not formed a limit to their designs and their doings; for their purposes *grasp* the whole habitable globe, and every variety of good. The volumes before us furnish a striking proof of this far-stretching and energetic benevolence. We see nothing in the purposes and efforts of its author, or of those whose kindred views he strove to advance and satisfy, but noble and disinterested motives: we see nothing in the result of his labours, but grounds of hope, gratitude, and well-earned temporal renown.

Mr. Malcom was sent to the East as the deputy and representative of one of the great American Missionary Societies, in the year 1835, to examine into, and with the missionaries of that society adjust, many points not easily settled by correspondence; to compare the various modes of operation in different missions, and to gather all such details as he could reach, which seemed to bear any relation to

the present condition and future prospects of the Board whose immediate servant he was. The Deputy being a good specimen of his countrymen as regards curiosity, perseverance, acuteness, and enlightened parts, not only presents a great deal of most valuable information and many suggestions upon the main object of his undertaking, but the bearings which the political and economical relations of the countries which he visited maintain upon the great cause, obtained his particular scrutiny and consideration.

To his countrymen generally, many of Mr. Malcom's statements and descriptions will present more novelty than to us or the British public, who have naturally taken a deep interest in all that regards our Eastern empire. But even in England, a reprint of his Travels will be cordially received and eagerly perused; not only because the range of those travels, as mentioned in the title-page, was unusually wide and diversified, but because we have the opinions of a most intelligent, and manifestly an honest foreign writer speaking upon a variety of points that concern the honour and the prosperity of the British people.

The business upon which our author was sent out, and the eminence of the mission, could not fail to secure for him much consideration from the Europeans with whom he had intercourse, and the civilized in the parts he visited: and he acknowledges that he everywhere met with marked courtesy and kindness from civilians and military gentlemen, as well as missionaries, wherever he found them. There is a passage, however, in his preface, which the reader will do well to bear in mind, not only when perusing these volumes, but any other work by foreigners in the East, which we shall quote, and which we like the writer the better for having volunteered. He says, "Honest intentions, diligent inquiries and fortunate opportunities, will not secure a traveller from errors, even in Europe or America, where in every place we meet with persons of veracity, and free to impart information. In the East the case is much worse. The foreigner, dreaded for his power, and abhorred for his religion, excites both civil and religious jealousy. His manners often displease, by the omission of forms of which he may be ignorant, or to which he cannot succumb. He is met with taciturnity, or wilful misrepresentation; and if he escape those, he will generally encounter ignorance. If he be so happy as to find both intelligence and communicativeness, the want of books, maps, charts, and statistics, renders the information of natives merely local, and often conflicting. Added to all, his interpreter may be unskilful, if he depends upon resident foreigners, their arrival may have been recent, or their opportunities small, or their inquiries negligent, or the statements of one may be flatly contradicted by those of another." Now, a traveller who perceives so clearly and explains so distinctly embarrassments which, he says, he has met by turns, so-as fre-

quently to have been obliged to lay aside the whole mass of his notes on important questions, in the utter inability to decide whom to believe, will naturally be expected to have been a searching, sifting, vigilant, and eager inquirer, as well as a cautious and honest chronicler. At the same time it will occur to our readers, that his short stay in the East, and his hurried visit to each of the numerous stations he mentions, must render his work rather the repository of the testimony of the most competent witnesses he encountered and questioned, than of his own ripened observation. Having said this much in general terms of these Travels, it is proper that we dip into some of the chapters, for the sake of obtaining novel or corroborative information on points calculated to engage the attention of all.

Of course Mr. Malcom's great theme is that of the missionary cause. This, however, has so lately engaged us, that it will for the present form the least prominent place in our paper; while, for the sake of something like completeness and continuity, we shall confine most of our abstract, to certain descriptive and statistic notes on the Burman Empire, which are full of interest.

It is unnecessary to occupy any portion of our space with the history of this part of "Farther India." The late Burman war with the British must have frequently brought its political position, its magnitude, and the outline of its ascertained annals before the majority of our readers. Upon this branch of the subject, we shall only mention that Mr. Malcom gives it as the result of his investigations, that the kingdom has rather been advancing than otherwise, in civilization, intelligence, and prosperity, since the British taught the people some wholesome lessons, and lopped it of some of its fair proportions. He says, they are no longer at liberty to make war upon their neighbours, while its frontier is quiet and secure for the first time. They are now better acquainted also with foreigners, and their ridiculous pride is abated, while beneficial innovations are less resisted: commerce is increased, and the government, though unaltered in its model, is in some respects better administered. English influence, it is declared, is, in a variety of ways, improving the condition of the people, especially in the provinces over which its protection extends,—justice, for example, being better administered than ever before, life secure, property sacred, and taxes, though heavy, equitably imposed. All this is gratifying to humanity, and flattering to the British. We proceed to quote some of the descriptive and statistical notices to which reference has already been made.

The prevailing external features of Burmah have been characterized by a former writer as being those of fertility, beauty, and grandeur of scenery; and in the variety, value, and elegance of its productions, such as are equalled by few countries. Mr. Malcom

describes the mountainous and hilly parts as bearing extensive forests, comprising a great variety of excellent timber, while the valleys are jungle, cultivated in many places, and abounding in fruit trees. The coasts and water-courses are eminently fertile, and contain the chief part of the population; but by far the largest portion of the country is uninhabited. For the sake of readers of oriental travels, our author explains the precise difference between a forest and a jungle. The former is, as in America, land covered with large trees, growing thickly together, and almost uninhabited; while the latter is what is called in Scripture a wilderness; that is, a region of many trees, but scattered, with much undergrowth, and often thickly inhabited, though generally somewhat sparsely, there being open spaces, near to which villages are planted, for the sake of the pasture to be had. We pass over a variety of particulars belonging to the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms, that we may find room for one or two notices regarding some of the Burman animals:—

“ The breed of horses is small, but excellent, resembling in many points the Canadian pony. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and never need shoeing, but are not used for draught. For this latter purpose the buffalo is principally employed.

“ Dogs, breeding unrestrained, are so numerous in the villages as to be a sad nuisance, to foreigners at least. Receiving very little attention, they are compelled by hunger to eat every species of offal, and in this respect are of some service in a country where scavengers are unknown.

“ The elephant must of course be named among domestic animals, as well as wild. All, wild and tame, are owned by the king; but great men keep more or less, as they are permitted or required. There are said to be two thousand of them in the empire, properly trained. Next to the white elephant, those are most prized that have most flesh-colour about their ears, head, and trunk. This always appeared to me a blemish, and has a diseased, spotted appearance. The other points of beauty are to have the fore legs bow out much in front, and the crupper to droop very low.

“ Burmans rarely use them for any other purpose than riding or war. Instead of preferring females, as do the more effeminate Hindus, because more docile, Burmans will scarcely use them. They are kept for breeding, and for decoys in capturing the wild animal. It has been often denied that the elephant will breed in a domestic state; but it is most certainly the fact in this country, and to a considerable extent. I have often seen them in the pastures with their young. The process of catching and taming elephants is too similar to that practised elsewhere in the East to need description here.

“ The ornithology of Burmah has never yet been given, but is probably similar to that of Hindustan, on which splendid and extensive works are before the public.

The same thing may be said of Burman insects, no doubt, and *à fortiori*.

• There has existed a diversity of estimates of the amount of the population of Burmah. Our author puts down the number of those to whom the Burman tongue is vernacular, at 3,000,000; and by taking in the subsidiary tribes, he brings up the total population of the kingdom to the estimate of Cox; who reduced what the old geographies stated to be 30,000,000, to 8,000,000. Concerning the physical characteristics of the Burmans, we read,—

• “The people, though not so tall as Hindus, are more athletic. The average height of men is about five feet two inches, and of women four feet ten inches; that is to say, about four or five inches shorter than the average height of Europeans. Women have more slender limbs than men, but are universally square-shouldered. Corpulence is not more frequent than in this country. In features they are totally dissimilar to the Hindus, and rather resemble the Malays, especially in the prominence of cheek-bones, and squareness of the jaw. The nose is never prominent, but often flat, and the lips generally thick. The complexion of young children, and those who have not been exposed to the sun, is that of our brightest mulattoes. Few, except among the higher classes, retain this degree of fairness, but none ever become, by many shades, so black as Hindus. I saw few whose complexions were clear enough to discover a blush. The standard of beauty seems to be delicate yellow; and in full dress, a cosmetic is used by ladies and children which imparts this tint. It is remarkable that this hue should be admired not only here, but amongst the almost black natives of Hindustan, and the many-coloured inhabitants of the islands of the Indian Ocean.

• “The hair of the head is very abundant, always black, rather coarse, and rendered glossy by frequent anointings. On the limbs and breasts there is none: strongly contrasting in this respect with Hindus, whose bodies are almost covered with hair. Their beard is abundant on the upper lip, but never extends over the cheeks, and is but scanty on the chin.

“Puberty does not occur much earlier than with us; women bear children to nearly as late a period. The average length of life seems not perceptibly different from that of Europe.”

Their dwellings are far more tidy and comfortable than those of the people of Bengal, though by no means coming up to our notions of comfort and ingenuity, or showing that the builders' and inhabitants have a knowledge, or, at least, an inclination to take advantage of the capabilities and opportunities before and around them. Still, it is said, that their pagodas and temples exhibit noble specimens of architectural skill,—the turning of an arch, a piece of art which some have declared exceeds their ingenuity, being a feat that our author says has been frequently exemplified, even to the construction of fine curvatures of large span, evidently erected lately, and wholly by Burman masons.

The favourite food in Burmah, as throughout other regions of

the East, is rice. Still the people of whom we are learning some things, appear to be wholesale and most accommodating eaters. It is said,—

“ In the upper districts, where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plantain-trees. I have seen several foreigners, who had adopted it as one of their delicacies.

“ Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead ; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years, for taking so many lives ; but would generally add, ‘ What can we do ? our wives and children must eat.’

“ In eating, Burmans use their fingers only ; always washing their hands before and after, and generally their mouths also. A large salver contains the plain boiled rice, and another the little dishes of various curries and sauces. One of these salvers, or lackered trays, is here delineated.

“ They take huge mouthfuls, and chew the rice a good deal. Sometimes a handful is pressed in the palm, till it resembles an egg, and is in that form thrust into the mouth. The quantity taken at a meal is large, but scarcely half of that devoured by a Bengalee. Only the right hand is used in eating, the left being consigned to the more uncleanly acts. They eat but twice a day, once about eight or nine o'clock, and again toward sunset. They avoid drinking before, or during eating, on the plea that they then could not eat so much : after eating, they take free draughts of pure water, and lie down to take a short nap.”

Our author's general estimate of the character of the Burmans makes them to differ in many points from that of the Hindus and other East Indians. We quote, or glance at some of the features on each side of the picture :—

“ They are more lively, active, and industrious, and, though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducement offers, they exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless, by the want of a higher grade of civilization. The poorest classes, furnished

by a happy climate with all necessaries, at the price of only occasional labour, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use, of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbours, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure. Sloth, then, must be the repose of the poor, and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields. Were there but a disposition to improve the mind, and distribute benefits, what majesty of piety might we not hope to see in a country so favoured with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living! Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavours to equal or surpass his neighbour in dress, food, furniture, or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.

“When strangers come to their houses, they are hospitable and courteous; and a man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money; feeding and lodging as well as the people. But otherwise they have little idea of aiding their neighbour. If a boat, or a waggon, &c., get into difficulty, no one stirs to assist, unless requested. The accommodation of strangers and travellers is particularly provided for by *zayats* or caravansaries, built in every village, and often found insulated on the highway. These serve at once for taverns, town-houses, and churches. Here travellers take up their abode even for weeks, if they choose; here public business is transacted, and here, if a pagoda be near, worship is performed. They are always as well built as the best houses, and often are among the most splendid structures in the kingdom. Though they furnish, however, no accommodations but a shelter, the traveller procures at the bazaar all he finds necessary, or receives, with the utmost promptitude, a full supply from the families around. A missionary may travel from one end of the country to the other, and receive, wherever he stops, all that the family can offer.”

Temperance is universal; though the example of foreigners is not wanting to tempt to its breach. Gravity and reserve are habitual in all classes; caused probably by the despotic character of the government and the insecurity of every enjoyment. There is a remarkable reciprocity of affection between parents and children of both sexes; and women have their place assigned them, probably,

as correctly as in any other nation. Their intercourse is open and unrestricted, not only with their countrymen, but with foreigners. Mr. M. never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman, while he was in Burmah. But not so circumspect in speech is the softer sex when irritated ; for though they do not strike when venting their spleen, they utter frantically such obscene expressions as can scarcely be conceived. Such weapons of abuse come often in the stead of profane oaths, of which, it is said, their language is destitute.

Among the dark points, the want of gratitude is charged against the Burmans, Boodhism tending to suppress the feeling by keeping up the belief that any such act is done in order to obtain merit ; so that something like an obligation is conferred by affording an opportunity to another to advance his interests. Theft is not so common as might be expected, considering the frail nature of their houses, and the inadequacy of the government to protect the people ; but lying prevails among all classes, no one placing confidence in the word of another. Chicanery and intrigue are specified vices, nearly allied to falsehood ; and divorces are shockingly common ; another practice ranging in the same or a kindred category. On this last point we read,—

“ If both parties agree on the measure, they have only to go before a magistrate, and declare their desire, when he grants the separation without any further ceremony than requiring them to eat pickled tea before him, as was done at their marriage. If one party seek to put away the other, more trouble and expense is requisite. A process of law must be commenced, and a regular trial had. It is therefore seldom attempted. Women may put away their husbands in the same manner and with the same facilities as husbands put away wives. Each party, in all divorces, is at liberty to marry again. According to the written law, when a man and wife separate by mutual consent, the household goods are equally divided, the father taking the sons, and the mother the daughters.

“ Instead of the expensive mode of putting away a husband or wife which common law furnishes, a much easier is often resorted to with complete success. The party aggrieved merely turns priest, or nun, and the matrimonial bond is at once dissolved. They may return to secular life at any time, and marry another ; but for appearances' sake, this is generally deferred some months.

“ In the British provinces considerable effort has been made to check the frequency of divorces, but without much success.”

Although lying, deceit, and intrigue be declared to be prevalent Burman vices, our author seems to intimate that regard is paid to the obligation imposed by an oath ; and hence it may be that a Burman greatly dreads such a sanction, from the terror of its imprecations. We quote the form of a judicial appeal of the kind.

"It is as follows :—' I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, viz., passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea-monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Athurakai.

"If I speak truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body; and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of waters, and all sea-animals, love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds, may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realise merit, reward, and annihilation."

• But nothing is more characteristic of the nation than an offensive pride.' We extract on this point some observations :—

"From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in everything. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have them glided, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

"The very language in which common actions are mentioned is made

to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of everything, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more.

"This haughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as suppliants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been contrived to have them presented on the great 'beg-pardon day,' which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed an audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents.

"Both their religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven."

Mr. Malcom's observations on the language, education, literature, and civilization of the people of Burmah, are highly interesting. We quote at considerable length upon these subjects:—

"The language is remarkably dissimilar to the other languages of the East. The character is beautifully simple, and is written with facility. The style of forming letters, whether in printing or writing, is precisely the same. There are eleven vowels and thirty-three consonants. About a thousand characters must be used in printing, in consequence of the numerous combinations.

"The structure of the language is natural, but very unlike the English. The pronunciation is difficult, owing partly to the gutturals, and partly to the extreme nicety of the difference in sound between words which mean very different things, and are often spelled precisely alike; and, on the whole, it is a difficult language to acquire. All pure Burman words are monosyllables; but there are numerous polysyllables, derived chiefly from the Pali. There being no inflections to any part of speech, greatly simplifies the grammar. Number, person, mood, and tense, are formed by suffixes. Negatives and adjectives are formed by prefixes to verbs. The fastidiousness respecting rank, introduces a perplexing variety of phrases to mean the same action in different persons, to which allusion has already been made. Even in regard to common actions, the verbs used are widely different; *e. g.* for our term to *wash*, are many words; one is used for washing the face, another for washing the hands, another for washing linen in mere water, another for washing it with soap, another for washing dishes, &c.

"Instead of a perplexing variety of spelling-books, they have a *Them-bong-gyee*, or spelling and reading book, of about forty pages octavo, of great antiquity, and so perfect, as that no other has ever been deemed necessary by the missionaries. It is drawn up philosophically, and when learnt, the student is in possession of every possible sound in the language, except a few from some Pali words which have crept into common use.

"Books, as is generally known, are written usually on palmleaf, with an iron pen or style. The leaf is prepared with care, and of good books the edges are gilded. Some have the margins illuminated, and gilded with considerable elegance. The book is defended by thin slabs of wood, more or less ornamented. Sometimes thin leaves of ivory are used, and occasionally gilded sheet-iron. For common books, a thick black paper is used, which is written upon with a pencil of steatite. The writing may be removed with the hand, as from a slate; and such books, called *Tha-bike*, last a long time. They are in one piece, of several yards long, and folded like a fan. They can, of course, be used on both sides; and every portion may be sealed up by itself, thus furnishing a good idea of the book mentioned Rev. v. 1, which was 'written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals.'

"The number of books is, of course, not large in a country where printing is unknown. All principal citizens, however, possess a few; and the royal library at Ava contains some thousand volumes, kept in large and elegant chests, assorted under different heads, such as law, history, medicine, poetry, painting, and music. The greater part of the literature is metrical, and consists of ballads, legends of Gaudama, histories of the kings, astronomy, and geography.

"The rudiments of education are widely diffused, and most men, even common labourers, learn to read and write a little. But few go beyond these attainments. Women of respectability generally can read, but comparatively few of those in humble life. There is no objection manifested to their learning; but as almost the only schools are the Kyoungs, where girls are not admitted, they are necessarily left untaught, except where the parents can afford to pay a schoolmaster. Boys begin to attend the Kyoung at eight or ten years, but do not assume the yellow cloth for several years after. They learn slowly, and, at the expiration of four or five years, have attained little more than, in a very bungling way, to read and write, and to add, subtract and divide. Those who take the yellow cloth, and live in the Kyoung, become able to understand a few books, and learn their system of the universe. If they continue priests, and aspire after literature, they go on to get a smattering of Pali and astrology, and if they mean to reach the summit of Parnassus, study the *Then-gyo*, or book of metaphysics!

"It has been often said that the Burmans are 'a reading people.' They might more properly be called 'a people that can read.' The written and colloquial styles are so different, that few understand readily the sentiments of a book. The mass of the people being wholly without books or periodicals, their reading is confined to the short written instruments employed in the transaction of business. It is truly remarkable that so many children are taught to read, when it is foreseen so little use can ever be made of the acquisition. It certainly is a providential preparation for the diffusion of the word of truth, and ought to encourage the friends of missions in their design of distributing the Scriptures and scriptural tracts."

Properly speaking, there are no literary institutions in the country; and comparatively few are addicted to reading. The only

branch cultivated with avidity is alchemy. But as to the elixir of immortality, which another class of dreamers at one time sought after in other lands, a Burman never cares a straw. His ideas about a future state forbid. But before inserting our author's summary remarks upon the religion of Boodhism, let us have his sketch and calculations regarding the civilization to which the Burmans have reached, or may soon attain :—

“ On the whole, the Burmans are fully entitled to be called a civilised people. A regular government, a written language, an established literature, a settled abode, foreign commerce, respectable architecture, good roads and bridges, competent manufactures, adequate dress, gradations of rank, and the condition of women, conspire to establish their claim to be so considered. Their exact *place* in the scale of civilisation is not so easily settled. In intellect, morals, manners, and several of the points just named, they are not surpassed by any nation of the East, and are certainly superior to any natives of this peninsula. Prior to the recent entrance of Europeans, the degree of civilisation, whatever it was, seemed to be fixed and complete. No change in laws, habits, manufactures, food, dwellings, poetry, painting, or indeed anything else, had been made for centuries ; or if made, yet so slowly as to impart no excitement to the public mind. Now, the case is decidedly different. They not only have contact with many Europeans, but confess inferiority ; and in some things are adopting our modes and manufacture. In the Tenasserim provinces, this is especially the case ; and should England resign those possessions, the effects of her dominion on the population will remain and extend. If the present king should retain the views of state policy which he expressed to me while a subject, and which he is the fittest man in the kingdom to execute, Burmah must rapidly rise in political importance.

“ The introduction of the art of printing would, probably, do more for this people than any other in India. Active, intelligent, and persevering, the whole community would feel the impulse of diffused knowledge. All would read, all would be quickened, all would contribute to the general improvement. It would bring with it that stupendous influence, which is the wonder of these latter days—the power of voluntary association. Men and women would form small communities for the accomplishment each of some favourite aim. Every improvement could be made general. Every useful project would find friends, and succeeding generations enjoy accumulating light.

“ But in allowing myself these anticipations, I take for granted that missionary efforts will be hugely increased, and their effects fall upon the whole community. True religion can alone enable the press to produce its fullest blessings.”

• Boodhism; or the belief in *Boodh*, which is merely a general term for divinity, and not the name of any one particular and immortal god, (for there have been many Boodhs, who, as we understand the doctrines of the system, are now annihilated,) is the sub-

ject of some concluding remarks already alluded to, and which are as follows :—

“No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other; but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the Bedagat which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannising priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect, it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.”

“At the same time, we must regard Boodhism with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a Heavenly Father, forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

“The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil, the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible; and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration, and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness; for everything is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage.

“Sympathy, tenderness, and all benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the Boodhist assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and, if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head!

“The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit; and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and, when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude. In fact,

as has been already stated, there is no phrase in his language that corresponds with our 'I thank you.'

"The doctrine of fate is maintained with the obstinacy and devotedness of a Turk. While it accounts to them for every event, it creates doggedness under misfortune, and makes forethought useless.

"Buddhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyoung, or pagoda, will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors; for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues. Instances are not rare of robbery, and even murder, being committed, to obtain the means of buying merit. All the terrors, therefore, with which hell is represented, do but serve to excite to the observance of frivolous rites. The making of an idol, an offering, or some such act, is substituted for repentance and reparation, for all inward excellence, and every outward charity.

"It ministers also to the most extravagant pride. The Buddhist presumes that incalculable merit, in previous incarnations, has been gained, to give him the honour of now wearing human nature. He considers his condition far superior to that of the inhabitants of the other islands in this system, and his chance of exaltation to be of the most animating character. Conceit, therefore, betrays itself in all his ways. The lowest man in society carries himself like the "twice-born" brahmin of Hindustan."

We fully agree with Mr. M. that there is in this system enough to move the sympathy of the Christian world. True, there may be no infants destroyed in the course of its rites, no widows immolated, and none of those monstrous and revolting spectacles that generally mark the inventions of men and nations when they strive to propitiate their gods. But certain it is that such a system of atheism, fatalism, and cherished obduracy of feeling and principle, must be as irreconcilable to all the great views, purposes, and hopes identified with Christian faith and practice, as was the adoration of Moloch, with its bloody and unnatural sacrifices. It is indeed to be feared that anything like a lodgement of truth among the votaries of Buddhism, with its philosophic, cold, and intangible dogmas, will be a more difficult and tardy achievement than where the superstitions and practices of Pagans are more palpably gross and disastrous even in this life. Still, it appears to us, that there is wisdom in our author's suggestion, when he intimates that he would prefer engrafting science and religion on the condition of man in Burmah, to having them accompanied by our forms of society and social constitution. Indeed, it would be to act with Quixotic folly and to encounter unnecessary opposition and difficulties were the Missionaries of Christianity to seek to disturb political arrangements and national customs not essentially immoral in themselves,

many of which may have their foundation in the physical constitution of the people, or the external influences to which they are subject. The religion of the New Testament seeks to do no such thing; it proceeds upon far more accommodating and reasonable principles; its doctrines, evidences, and modes of operation are of another character,—a character, which we think Mr. M. has overlooked, or rather strangely misrepresented, when giving his reason for recommending the social condition of the Burmans to be preserved intact, in any endeavours exerted for their conversion to the true faith. That reason is this, that in Burmah, “human wants have a definite limit, (*at present*, we remark) easily reached, leaving ample leisure to almost every member of society for the pursuits of religion and science. With us,” he continues, “it is scarcely possible for the great majority to fulfil the precepts of religion, or to cultivate by science their immortal powers.” And the labouring man’s case, in America or in England, is instanced first, as one in which the demands upon his time and exertions, for the support of himself and his family, preclude him from the pursuits of religion and science.

Now, it is more than questionable whether the culture of science be necessary to every man; sure we are that hitherto, in the progress of civilization, it has become impossible that all can devote their days and the midnight oil to the study of abstruse branches of knowledge. The division of labour forbids the uniformity. But the main question is this, does religion consist in the undisturbed contemplations only of an anchorite,—in ceaseless acts of devotion, prayer, and thanksgiving? Why, we had thought that a man is never more in the way of his duty to God, than when doing his part towards the welfare of society and of himself—as well as that, while his hands were toiling his soul might be soaring. Indeed, we may safely predict that should science with its best lights ever visit Burmah, and religion with its benevolent precepts, there will be far less idleness, indolence, and callousness than at present is complained of by Mr. Malcom; or, that if the plentifulness that nature has strewn around the Burmans should prolong their ease and a prevailing leisure, such advantages enjoyed on the part of the multitude, and not merely confined to the few, joined to a vast accumulation of knowledge and mental excitements, will issue in a far more deplorable state of error of practice and doctrine than can at present be complained of. The culture of science must ever create labour for the hands as well as occupations for the mind. Indeed were it to have no other use than to stimulate speculation that was to end only in airy theories, and had its cultivators no nobler purpose in their contemplations than the exercise of the subtleties of intellect and the sportings of imagination, it would be the vainest of philosophies, the most senseless of pastimes. Religion equally repudiates

a stagnation of the activities of our powers ; teaching and exemplifying that the highest temporal good and prosperity go hand in hand with the surest preparation for eternal felicity. It is not leisure from worldly business that is required for religion, but assiduity and honesty ; which when most strictly and profitably observed to the furtherance of present good, leave and offer the finest and best occasions for spiritual advancement.

In the second volume Mr. Malcom continues the journalizings of his travels in Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China, directed to the main object kept in view in the first, and conducted in a similar manner ; while to this part are appended certain Dissertations arising out of the facts and descriptions previously presented, containing his digested opinions upon a variety of matters relating closely to the prosperity and the enlargement of Missionary enterprise. He has been at much pains to arrive at a correct and full knowledge of every Christian effort that is making in behalf of the heathen throughout the regions he visited. In no other single publication, are we aware, that nearly so much information of the kind can be found.

In regard to the important questions, what good has been done already in Hindustan by Protestant Missionaries, and what prospects offer themselves, Mr. Malcom's accounts and opinions fully bear out what we so lately quoted from Dr. Bryce's book on the same subject. Our author while intimating that much less has been accomplished than was expected, frequently speaks of the positive advance made in the work of Christianising considerable numbers, and of the satisfactory conversion of small numbers here and there. But his most pleasing testimony, we think, is when he repeats that Hinduism, in some of its strongest holds, has been severely "shaken ;" while the encouragements to greatly increased Missionary efforts are declared to be cheering and most exciting. We shall not now do more than insert a few isolated passages that have a close reference to the Great Cause. The first belongs to the time our Author spent in Calcutta.

"One of my first visits was to the school of the Scottish General Assembly, founded by the Rev. Mr. Duff, and now under the care of the Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Ewart. It occupies a large brick building, inclosing a quadrangular court, formerly the residence of a wealthy Baboo, and standing in the midst of the native town. It has existed about six years, and now numbers about six hundred and thirty-four pupils ; boys, mostly under fourteen years. They are all Bengalees and Hindus, generally of the higher castes, and many of them Brahmins. Many have been in the school from the commencement. They purchase their own school-books, and receive no support from the school ; but the tuition is gratis. There are five ushers, besides twelve or fifteen of the more advanced scholars, who act as assistant teachers. The instruction is wholly in the

English language. I examined several classes in ancient and modern history, mathematics, astronomy, and Christianity; and have never met classes showing a more thorough knowledge of the books they had studied. Nearly all of the two upper classes are convinced of the truth of the gospel, and went over the leading evidences in a manner that, I am sure, few professors of religion in our country can do. Some six or seven pupils have given evidence of a work of grace in their heart; a few of which have made a profession of religion.

A few weeks after, I had the pleasure of attending the public annual examination of this school, held in the town hall, a truly noble building. I never witnessed a better examination. The pupils were often led away from the direct subject, by gentlemen present, and in every case showed a good insight into the subject they had studied. Several excellent essays were read in English, wholly composed by the scholars, two of which were of special cleverness; one in favour of caste, the other against it. The former received some tokens of applause from the Europeans, for the talent it displayed; but not a native clapped. On the conclusion of that against caste, the whole mass of pupils burst out into thundering applause! This incident is worthy of note, as showing the waning influence of Brahma."

Our next extract conveys to us a clearer idea of the opinions and reformation of R. M. Roy, than we have anywhere else met with:—

"The conspicuousness of the late Ram Mohun Roy, and the éclat given for a time to the reformation which he was supposed to be effecting, called me to his meeting with feelings of no ordinary interest. The Rev. Mr. Lacroix, to whom the language is perfectly familiar, kindly took me to the *Brohma Sobha*, as the congregation is called, and interpreted for me the substance of the various exercises. We found the place to be a commodious hall, in a respectable Hindu dwelling-house. There was no idol, or idolatrous representation of any kind. On a small stage, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, handsomely carpeted, sat cross-legged two respectable-looking pundits. One side of the room was spread with clean cloths for the native attendants, who sat after the manner of the country; and on the other were chairs for the accommodation of strangers. In the centre, and opposite to the rostrum, lay some native musical instruments, and a violin. The room was well lighted, and the punkas of course waved overhead.

"One of the pundits opened the services by reading Sanscrit from a loose palm-leaf held in his hand, stopping at every two or three words to expound and enforce. The subject was *knowledge*—what it was, and what it was not, &c. Abstract ethical questions were discussed, not unlike the fashion of the old scholastics; but no moral deductions were made, nor anything said to improve the hearers. The whole discourse must have been unintelligible to most of them.

"The other then read a discourse in Bengalee, consisting chiefly of explanations of their religious system, and encomiums on it. He particularly dwelt on its liberality; boasting that they quarrelled with no name

or persuasion, and assuring us, that it was of no consequence whether we worshipped idols, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary; that it was not possible to come to any certain knowledge respecting religious things; and that if any man believed his way to be right, that way was right for him. These discourses extended to about an hour; and the rest of the time, about another hour, was occupied with music. At the close of the preaching, professed musicians advanced to the instruments, and, seating themselves on the mats, put them in tune, with the usual amount of discord. Two of them then sang several hymns, with instruments accompanying it. The themes were, the unity of the Divine Essence, and the various attributes of majesty and power. No one joined the strain, nor were there any books to enable them to do so. Nothing could be less reverent or devotional than the manner of the musicians. They looked about them with all possible self complacency, making unmeaning gestures, bowing and blinking to each other, and vociferating with such a nasal twang, that it was a relief when they had finished. I thought it was literally such music as the poet speaks of—intended ‘to soothe savage breasts;’ for certainly no other could well endure it.

“On their retiring, a very different singer took the place, and proceeded for half an hour, with great power of execution, and not a little taste. His voice was uncommonly fine. He accompanied himself skilfully on the native guitar. The violin had been well played from the beginning, and the music was now truly excellent, furnishing, I was informed, a fair specimen of the best Bengal art. The singer, as well as the violinist, is distinguished at the nautch entertainments of the city. The subject was still the attributes of God. The Bengalee language has, for this purpose, a noble advantage over ours, in numerous expressions derived from the Sanscrit, which utter in a *single word* what may be called the negative attributes, and which we cannot express with brevity; such as ‘He that needs no refuge;’ ‘He that is never perplexed.’ ‘He that can never grow weary;’ &c. The singer used these epithets with great majesty; using animated gestures, and with a countenance finely varying with the theme. At the close of this exercise the assembly broke up.

“No female was present, nor do any ever attend. Most of the congregation came in only in time to hear the music, and stood near the staircase, not without disorder. The number of the regular attendants was not over twenty. I am informed thirty is the largest number ever present. The spectators were somewhat more numerous.

“Few of the professed adherents are so confident of their rectitude, as to detach themselves wholly from the common religious customs, though more negligent in these matters than their neighbours. The very pundits officiate, not because converts to these opinions (for such they do not profess to be), but because regularly *paid* for their services. One of them, in his discourse this evening, expressly told us that there was no impropriety in worshipping idols—a doctrine which R. Roy would not admit. The musicians also are paid, and perform here for the same reasons that they do at a nautch, so that the whole concern is sustained by the money of a few friends, and descendants of R. Roy.

“Such is the boasted reformation of Ram Mohun Roy! Not another congregation of his followers is found in all India! Of his labours as a

reformer this is the sum :—Fifty or a hundred persons rendered negligent of the national religion, or gathered here because they were so before, without being a whit the better in their private life or public influence; in some cases, adding the sins of Europeans to those of their countrymen; without being disentangled from the horrid system of the Shasters; without being ready, or without the moral courage, to restore to their own wives and daughters the rights of human nature. With all the superiority to prejudice and custom, boasted by Ram Mohun Roy, he did nothing for the elevation of the sex.

“ R. Roy was not a Unitarian Christian, but a Unitarian Hindu. He believed that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and that he was the best moral teacher the world ever saw; but regarded his death as having no efficacy of atonement. His capacious mind, and extensive knowledge of the Shasters, impelled him to abhor the abominations of the Veda, and the monstrosities of its thirty-three millions of gods. But he found in the Vedanta Sar (an exposition of the four Vedas) a sort of Unitarianism, which he endeavoured on all occasions to disseminate. The doctrine might as well be called pantheism; for it maintains the old Pythagorean doctrine, that God is the soul of the world, and that every animal, plant, or stone, is therefore part of Deity. It makes perfect religion to consist in knowledge alone, or the realising in everything the Supreme Being; and excludes ceremonies of all kinds.”

While in Macao, and concerning another man often heard of in the religious world :—

“ Mr. Gutzlaff welcomed me with all possible cordiality; and our previous correspondence paved the way for business, without circumlocution or formality. He is a Prussian, about thirty-four years of age, small, dark hair and eyes, in fine health, of great activity, and sprightly in all his motions. His office of interpreter to the superintendent of trade seldom makes demands on his time, while its ample salary furnishes him the means of much good. No man is more devoted to the cause of Christ, and few so laborious, as his *ten* voyages along the coast since his arrival in 1831 amply testify. His chief employment, at present, is the preparation of tracts, and of a new version of the Scriptures, with the help of Marshman's and Morrison's versions.

“ I of course spent many hours with him, listening, note-book in hand, to his opinions, observations, difficulties, desires, and purposes; and his comments on mine. Without the least apparent reserve, and with exceeding earnestness and animation, he passed on from subject to subject, at the table, in the garden, and by the way-side. All was of C an inquiry had he to make of where I had been, or what was doing elsewhere. Not a moment did commonplace matters come up. His mind, full of one grand theme, seemed to spill over spontaneously every moment. Though unable to adopt his judgment on many points, I could but admire his zeal, piety, diligence, and hope.

“ His darling plan is the multiplication of voyages along the coast, for the distribution of tracts. He thinks he has in this way, himself, had access to thirty millions of people; and cherishes the most animated ex-

pectations from a large employment of this method. But after listening with deep attention to all his remarks on this important theme, I could not adopt his conclusions. The distribution of tracts can only be of use on a large scale, in preparing the way for living teachers. This has been done sufficiently, so far as regards the coast; and we must continue to do *occasionally* till teachers be admitted to residence. But to make it an end, instead of a means; to pour annually millions of tracts along the same line of coast; to go in face of prohibitory edicts; and only as protected by cannon; and to be at the expense of both tracts and voyage, while so many of the books are yet scarcely intelligible, is at best but a very imperfect mode of conducting a mission.

"Mrs. G. is an English lady, without children of her own, and has taken twenty little pagan girls into her house, where they receive every advantage, in school and out. They are allowed to come into the parlour, and are in all respects put upon the footing of pupils in our best boarding-schools. Among them are two little blind girls, of good parts. As I caressed the poor little orphans, heard their hymns and portions of Scripture, saw them read from the New England raised-letter books, and marked the deep and tender interest of Mrs. G. on their behalf, my heart rejoiced in God. O how blessed and bright would this dark world become, if only the spirit of our glorious Redeemer were diffused abroad! What sweet intercourse of sympathy, generosity, love, and gratitude, would gladden life's roughest passages!"

We return to Hindustan, and part with the author in that prodigious empire:—

"The number of slaves in the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar, is said to be greater than in the most other parts of India; and embraces nearly the whole of the Punchum Bundam caste. The whole number in British India has never been ascertained, but is supposed, by the best informed persons I was able to consult, to be, on an average, *at least* one in eight, that is about *ten millions*. Many consider them twice as numerous. The number is kept up not only by propagation, but the sale of children by their parents. Manumissions, however, are frequent among the opulent in the northern provinces. Forbes says, 'I believe most of the tribes of Pooleahs and Pariars in Malabar, are considered as slaves. The number of poor people who come down to Anjengo, and the other seaports, from the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves, or dispose of their children as slaves, is astonishing. During the rainy season, even when there is no uncommon scarcity, many are weekly brought down from the mountains, to be sold on the coasts. They do not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine.'

"It is strange that the British public should be so slow to open their eyes to this great subject. For twenty years, appeals and pamphlets have frequently appeared. In 1828, a volume of 1000 pages of parliamentary documents, on East India slavery, was printed; and within four or five years, some strenuous efforts have been made to call attention to this enormity; but as yet, nothing has been done to purpose. Surely the zeal which has achieved the freedom of a few hundred thousand slaves in the

West Indies, will now be exerted in behalf of *twenty-five times the number* in the East.

“ The countenance and support given by government to the prevailing forms of religion, is a weighty subject, and calls for the solemn consideration of British Christians. I cannot but sympathise deeply with the missionaries, in the trials and obstructions they meet on this account. They have little doubt but that the pernicious influence of the Brahmins would wither, and their system lose its power, if government did not render its aid, both by open countenance and direct taxation.

“ An extreme fear of creating political disturbances, if efforts were made to convert the natives to Christianity, seems to have possessed the Company's government from the beginning. Hence the refusal, at first, to allow missionary effort. Hence Chamberlain, though in the service of her royal highness, the Begaum, was deemed pestilent for preaching at a fair, and her majesty was reluctantly obliged to send him down to Calcutta. Happily, the little band that found a refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, lived to prove, practically, that such fears are groundless.

“ But, though the government now permits and protects missionary effort, it has not wholly lost its early fears; and these, together with a desire to be strictly neutral, lead to measures directly favourable to idolatry. It levies and collects the revenues for supporting Brahmins and temples, as the former rules did; thus virtually making idolatry and Mahometism the established religion of the country! The annual allowance from the public treasury, for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, is 56,000 rupees, and many other temples have allowances equally liberal. C. Buller, in his letter to the Court of Directors, on this subject, says, ‘ Large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the religious institutions both of Hindus and Mahometans.’ Lord William Bentinck, governor-general of India, under date of August, 1835, speaking of the tax laid on pilgrims, which yields the Company a handsome revenue, says, ‘ As long as we maintain, most properly, in my opinion, the different establishments belonging to the Mahometan and Hindu religions, we need not much scruple about the tax in question.’

“ In the district of Tinnevelly, an examination on this subject was made by Mr. T., who found 2783 temples, and 9799 petty kovils, of male and female deities, and some inferior religious stations; making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these on the government amounts to 30,000 pounds sterling, per annum!

“ Beside this regular support, there are numerous other modes, in which the national systems are countenanced. Mr. Rhenius has stated, that, in 1831, government contributed forty thousand rupees toward the performance of a certain ceremony in the temple at Tinnevelly, and to repair the idol's car! At the principal festivals, guns are fired by national ships, and by the Company's troops, and the military bands of music are loaned to grace the occasions. Thus *Christian* soldiers are compelled to do honour to the false prophet and to dumb idols! A letter of the Rev. William Fyvie, dated Surat, September, 1, 1836, published in an English periodical, mentions one of these cases, which are constantly occurring in every part of India. It was the annual

cocoa-nut day—a festival in which cocoa-nuts are thrown into the river as offerings. 'This Hindu festival was ushered in by a salute of guns from the Honourable Company's ship, lying in the river opposite to Surat. The castle guns fired a salute at the same time. About four P.M., after the brahmin had consecrated the cocoa-nut with prayers, the European magistrate presented the offering to the river, amidst the poojas (worship) of the brahmins and other Hindus present. While this vain and idle ceremony was going forward, the ship, before alluded to, first moved down and then up the river, displaying her colours, and firing salutes. The British flag was waving on Surat Castle all the day, in honour of the festival. In this way our rulers and their agents directly and publicly countenance idolatry and superstition in this place. The new moon, excepting twice in the year, when the Mussulmans are mourning, is regularly saluted by five guns, to please the Mahometans. Two thousand rupees are annually given to the same people by government, to assist them in the celebration of their Eeds (festivals.) When shall these practices be brought to a perpetual end ?'

"Various idolatrous temples and gateways have been built or repaired by government. Vast sums have been spent on colleges and schools, for the inculcation of heathen and Mahometan doctrines and customs. By these same laws and customs, British judges and magistrates regulate their decisions, instead of the pure and equitable laws of their own land, and of the Christian Scriptures! When the cars of certain gods are to be drawn in public procession, there has been, for some years back, in various places, a deficiency of people. In such cases, the officers of government send out magistrates, and constables, or peons, who, with whips and ratans, beat the wretched people, and force them to quit their work and drag at the ropes! Mr. Pegg, formerly a Baptist missionary at Cuttack, has fully shown, in a pamphlet, published in England in 1835, the pilgrim tax system, that the temple of Juggernaut, of which we hear so much, is wholly supported by the British government; and that a large premium is paid by government to 'pilgrim hunters,' who pass throughout the land, enticing persons to make a pilgrimage to the idol, and receive twenty per cent. of the tax laid upon them! In regard to these agents, 'The Friend of India' very forcibly observes, 'We have a body of *idol missionaries*, far exceeding in number all the Christian missionaries, perhaps, in the world, going forth from year to year, to propagate delusion, and proclaim (what, perhaps, not one of them believes) the transcendant efficacy of beholding a log of wood; and all this through a perversion of British humanity, and good faith, paid from year to year, by the officers of a Christian and a British government.'

"Until lately, the appointment of native Christians to any office, however low, was wholly prohibited. That prohibition is now removed; but, as the local officers are not bound to employ them, and the general feeling is against it, they are still excluded. How impressively does this say to the natives, that their rulers do not want them to become Christians! I have heard several officers declare, that a man who would change his religion, is not worthy of confidence! After many inquiries, I could never find any one who knew of a Christian sepoy being ever raised above the ranks.

There are delicate points connected with the alleged support of idolatry above dwelt upon, which we think Mr. M. has not fully perceived ; nor do we believe that he has had the facts he advances fairly, or at least fully, set before him. As to several of the evils, wrongs and grievances noticed in the extract, our readers, before this paper meets their eyes, will have gathered from the newspapers, that most promising and gratifying measures are in contemplation. We refer to what transpired at a great meeting held in London, nearly at the same time that Mr. Malcom's book was placed before us, when a noble and learned Lord presided, whose name is identified with the cause of the slaves torn from Africa, and with that of the oppressed throughout the world. We trust that the union of benevolence, intelligence and wealth, which is about to be established in Great Britain for the amelioration of the condition, and the enlightenment of a hundred million subjects, will speedily accomplish for them what our Government in India has never done, and is not likely of itself to be capable of ever performing. The volumes before us present encouragement as well as a stimulus to the proposed association to which we refer ; and we are sure their author will ever be heartily recognized as a promoter and pillar of the grand scheme in the course of organization, were nothing more to be done by him than appears in them.

ART. III.—*A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C. B. 3 Vols. London : Longman. 1839.

CONSIDERABLE speculation had been excited by the announcement of this work. Some expected that it would turn out to be one of the most sagacious and amusing of which the United States of America have been the subject ; others, to which number we ourselves belonged, predicted that the hackneyed novelist, and one who has been so long accustomed to draw upon a most fertile imagination and humorous fancy was not likely to bring fulness and painstaking in the way of observation, much less earnest deliberation to such a diversified field of study, and the many grave questions which it suggests. But we are happy to say that the Captain has furnished far more of solid information, and regulated his conclusions by a much larger amount of philosophy than we expected. To be sure, a great portion of the volumes consist of lightsome description, and entertaining anecdotes, which are as attractive as the best parts of his fictions,—the writing being throughout, we think, more pointed and carefully executed. But then these parts consist of the most characteristic sketches, and are also the proper evidences upon which his remarks are made, and from which his deductions follow in the disquisitional parts of the work ; the whole exhibiting proofs of impartiality as well as of an abundance of practical and theoretical

knowledge which sailors and romancers do not generally possess. The Captain's impartiality is of a manly and satisfactory kind, being that of one that is measured both as respects his praise and blame, and having the welfare of America apparently as much at heart, as the detail of lessons for the Old World ; while the circumstance of composing a popular and catching book seems not so much in view as the conveyance of truths and principles that will stand the test of inquiry and future illustration.

The object of the author, as he announces it himself, was to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic government and climate upon a people, which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English. He begins with giving an outline view of the general opinions which his tour and inquiries enabled him to form, reserving for another volume a more extended and minute dissertation on the character of the society and government of the United States. We have next the usual sort of descriptions, notices, anecdotes, and off-hand opinions arising from particulars, extracted from, we have no doubt, a voluminous diary. And lastly comes a series of essays, each on some individual topic of current and essential concernment, and upon which the Americans as well as travellers and politicians are much at variance—such as Education, Religion, Slavery, Lynch law, the Marine, the Army, Language, Climate, &c.,—much ability distinguishing these papers, force of truth, and aptness of illustration crowding them, which the unpretending title of the work, had it been by any other author of approved talent on Institutional points, would not even have led us to expect.

. It was in 1837, and while the late commercial panic and crisis in America might be said to be at its height, or rising rapidly to it, that the Captain landed at New York. We need not indicate with anything like precision, the course of his after movements. Indeed he does not himself take pains to yield his readers perfect light as to his route. It may be sufficient to state, however, that many of the principal towns, provinces, and lakes of the States were visited by him. He also passed into the Canadas, accompanying the army commanded by Sir John Colborne in its march against the insurgents at St. Eustache. This passage in his travels, and the sentiments which he had publicly expressed concerning it, were made the ground of some cross-questioning, when he returned to New York. In fact he appears to have been not over-courteously treated by the Yankees on many occasions. For we read, speaking of the habit which the Americans follow of conglomerating those travellers whom they expect to write about them, as follows,—“ If I admit,” he says “ that, after the usage they had received, the Americans are justified in not again tendering their hospitality to the English, I cannot, at the same time,

but express my opinion as to their conduct toward me personally. They had no right to insult and annoy me in the manner they did, from nearly one end of the Union to the other, either because my predecessors had expressed an unfavourable opinion of them before my arrival, or because they expected that I would do the same upon my return to my own country. I remark upon this conduct, not from any ill-will or desire of retaliation, but to compel the Americans to admit that I am under no obligations to them; that I received from them much more insult and outrage than of kindness; and consequently, that the charge of ingratitude cannot be laid to my door, however offensive to them some of the remarks in this work may happen to be." And yet, we stick to our preliminary assertion, the Captain is an impartial reporter: he does not evince the least spark of retaliation, or of morbid soreness. But it is time that we should glean from his pages some proofs of the character we have given him, and some of the richer morsels that enliven the work. Having alluded to the crisis, we may as well present a first blush-view of it, on his arrival in New York. •He says.—•

• "Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear, and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me. Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, care-worn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there solitary with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads, and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle."

The Captain's notices of this eventful period afford several salient points from which to view it, as well as the *telling* illustrations that are advanced and applied. For example, having asserted that the Americans delight in hyperbole, and that they hardly have a metaphor without it, he goes on to instance as follows:—

• "During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another, whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused

the choler of both—'What do mean, sir?' cried one; 'I've a great mind to knock you into *the middle of next week*.'—This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstance. 'Will you! then pray do; it's just the thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday, and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell.' "

•The Captain declares that nobody refused to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually had stopped payment; that in fact they never refuse anything in New York; but that nobody would give specie in change, which of course produced great distress for want of a healthy state of the circulating medium. This distress seems to have been the suggester of a curious remedy; for, as we again read,—

"Every man is now his own banker. •Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I.O.U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. •Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each 'good for one glass of brandy and water.' At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere.—The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. •Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, *shin plasters*, which are good for one, dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments. Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall Street. 'Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch to-day?'—'Yes!'—'Then here's a ticket, and give me two *shaves* in return.' "

And yet, the adage will hold true, 'that it is an ill wind—and so forth. Take as illustrative of the aphorism, the case of a young American, who confessed to the Captain that the "times were excellent:" and for this reason, a twenty dollar note used to last him but a week, but now it was as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty." "I eat," said he, "my dinner at the hotels and show them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy everything that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again in New York, it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs."

Connected with the Captain's steaming it up the Hudson, we quote an anecdote.

"I had a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said—'Why I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been, that she has milked nothing but ice-creams ever since.'"

•Having got to Boston, we are told that it is essentially English in its character; in the feelings, and manners of the inhabitants, as indeed is the case throughout Massachusetts.

•The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are; that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance: but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

"Perhaps of all the Americans the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves, and pride themselves, as being peculiarly English; while, on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English. There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city."

One observation not unconnected with the last quoted statement is happily made by our author, when he says, that there is great error in representing the Americans of the United States as a nation; for that they are as yet, and must be for a length of time, a mass of many people cemented together, to a certain degree, no doubt, by a general form of government, but that no amalgamation has to this hour taken place, between, for example, the puritans of the east, the Dutch descent of the middle States, and the cavaliers of the South. The Captain asserts that even under the influence of a democratical form of government, there is more of difference, taking Boston and the people of the west of the Mississippi, than between those of London and Connaught. The United

States must therefore be well worth the study of the philosopher and politician, on account of the variety of aspects of which they present, but also on account of the still changeful features and character of their several constitutions. Society is for ever changing in that country; all are in motion, and many are *flitting*. "Every year," says our author, "multitudes swarm off from the east like bees: not the young only, but the old, quitting the close built cities, society, and refinement, to settle down in some lone spot in the vast prairies, where the rich soil offers to them the certain prospect of their families and children being one day possessed of competency and wealth." The observation, therefore, is sensibly made, that to write upon America as a nation is absurd, for that properly speaking it is in a chaotic condition, exhibiting, however, a somewhat new picture of the human mind, as well as a curious page in the philosophy of history, that ought to be serviceable to the Americans themselves at a future day. The author therefore avoids as much as possible the individualizing plans of the majority of travellers that have preceded him, addressing himself to the sort of examination already mentioned in regard to democracy among a people who are, in the majority of cases, still to be considered English. One of his general conclusions we shall here insert, and then return to the Diary.

"Upon one point I have made up my mind, which is that, with all its imperfections, democracy is the form of government best suited to the present condition of America, in so far as it is the one under which the country has made, and will continue to make, the most rapid advances. That it must eventually be changed is true, but the time of its change must be determined by so many events, hidden in futurity, which may accelerate or retard the convulsion, that it would be presumptuous for any one to attempt to name a period when the present form of government shall be broken up, and the multitude shall separate and re-embody themselves under new institutions."

Many of our readers must be aware, at the same time that they peruse the above passage, that the gallant author is no democrat in political principle, much less a radical; for there are radicals, it appears, in a democracy, there being—

"In the lowest depth, a lower deep"—

as quoted by him. But now for some of the characteristic anecdotes, sketches, and salient points.

Speaking of rivalries between different states and towns, we are told that such a thing exists in the case of Albany and Troy, each of them glorying in possessing the largest seminary for the education of young ladies, who are sent from every State of the Union to be finished off at one or other of them. Then comes the detail of several particulars, in the author's peculiar vein:—

"Here, and indeed in many other establishments, the young ladie-

upon quitting it have diplomas given to them, if they pass their examinations satisfactorily. They are educated upon a system which would satisfy even Miss Martineau, and prepared to exercise the rights of which she complains that women have been so unjustly deprived. Conceive three hundred modern Portias, who regularly take their degrees, and emerge from the portico of the seminary full of algebra, equality, and the theory of the constitution ! The quantity and variety crammed into them is beyond all calculation. The examination takes place yearly, to prove to the parents that the preceptors have done their duty, and is in itself very innocent, as it only causes the young ladies to blush a little.

“ This afternoon they were examined in algebra, and their performance was very creditable. Under a certain age girls are certainly much quicker than boys, and I presume would retain what they learnt if it were not for their subsequent duties in making puddings and nursing babies. Yet these are affairs which must be performed by one sex or the other, and of what use can algebra and other abstruse matters be to woman in her present state of domestic thralldom.

“ The theory of the American constitution was the next subject on which they were examined ; by their replies, this appeared to be to them more abstruse than algebra ; but the fact is, women are born Tories, and admit no other than petticoat government as legitimate.

“ The next day we again repaired to the hall, and French was the language in which they were to be examined ; and the examination afforded us much amusement.

“ The young ladies sat down in rows on one side of the room. In the centre, towards the end, was an easel, on which was placed a large black board on which they worked with chalk the questions in algebra, &c.—a towel hanging to it, that they might wipe out and correct. The French preceptor, an old Emigré Count, sat down with the examiners before the board, the visitors (chiefly composed of anxious papas and mammas) being seated on benches behind them. As it happened, I had taken my seat close to the examining board, and at some little distance from the other persons who were deputed or invited to attend. I don't know how I came there. I believe I had come in too late ; but there I was, within three feet of every young lady who came up to the board.

“ Now, messieurs, have the kindness to ask any question you please, said the old Count. Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to step forward. A question was proposed in English, which the young lady had to write in French. The very first went wrong : I perceived it, and without looking at her, pronounced the right word, so that she could hear it. She caught it, rubbed out the wrong word with the towel, and rectified it. This was carried on through the whole sentence, and then she retreated from the board, that her work might be examined. Very well, very well, indeed, Miss ; *c'est parfaitement bien* ; and the young lady sat down blushing. Thus were they all called up, and one after another prompted by me ; and the old Count was delighted at the success of his pupils.

“ Now, what amused me in this was the little bit of human nature ; the *tact* displayed by the sex, which appears to be innate, and which never deserts them. Had I prompted a boy, he would most likely have

turned his head round towards me, and thus have revealed what I was about; but not one of the whole class was guilty of such indiscretion. They heard me, rubbed out, corrected, waited for the word when they did not know it, but never by any look or sign made it appear that there was any understanding between us. Their eyes were constantly fixed on the board, and they appeared not to know that I was in the room. It was really beautiful. When the examination was over, I received a look from them all, half comic, half serious, which amply repaid me for my assistance."

• The rapid growth of American towns and cities, in regions which but a few years back were literally wildernesses, has often been the subject of description and wonder; and our author adds to these striking testimonies. An anecdote, which occupies only a very few lines indicates a great deal. Says the Captain—

• "I was told a singular fact, which will prove how rapidly the value of land rises in this country as it becomes peopled. Fifty-six years ago, the major part of the land upon which the city of Cincinnati stands, and which is now worth many millions of dollars, was *swapped* away by the owner of it for a pony! The man who made this unfortunate bargain is now alive, and living in or near Cincinnati."

The supplies in the new towns of the Union, and their general condition as compared with the old towns of England, are thus tested :—

• "In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for anything good; in the larger towns such as Norwich, &c., you may procure most things; but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. • But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, everything is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. • Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England. This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depôt in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked, what becomes of all these goods? It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that the surrounding country is populous and wealthy. In the farm houses—mean-looking and often built of logs—is to be found not only comfort, but very often luxury."

• The Americans are excessively pedantic, exclusive, and finical in their way. We give one of the Captain's illustrations, which however, we dare to say, is indebted to a good dressing up :—

• “ When at Niagara Falls, I was escorting a young lady with whom I was on friendly terms. She had been standing on a piece of rock, the better to view the scene, when she slipped down, and was evidently hurt by the fall ; she had in fact grazed her shin. As she limped a little in walking home, I said, ‘ Did you hurt your leg much.’ She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended ; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know what was the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word *leg* was never mentioned before ladies. I apologized for my want of refinement, which was attributable to my having been accustomed only to *English* society, and added, that such articles must occasionally be referred to, even in the most polite circles of America, perhaps she would inform me by whom name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word *limb* was used ; ‘ nay,’ continued she, ‘ I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a piano-forte.’ There the conversation dropped ; but a few months afterwards I was obliged to acknowledge that the young lady was correct when she asserted that some people were more particular than even she was. I was requested by a lady to escort her to a seminary for young ladies, and on being ushered into the reception-room, conceive my astonishment at beholding a square piano-forte with four *limbs*. However, that the ladies who visited their daughters, might feel in its full force the extreme delicacy of the mistress of the establishment, and her care to preserve in their utmost purity the ideas of the young ladies under her charge, she had dressed all these four limbs in modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them !”

• Not less descriptive and characteristic is the following :—

“ Progressing in the stage, I had a very amusing specimen of the ruling passion of the country—the spirit of barter, which is communicated to the females as well as to the boys. I will stop for a moment, however, to say, that I heard of an American who had two sons, and he declared that they were so clever at barter, that he locked them both up together in a room, without a cent in their pockets, and that before they had *swopped* for an hour, they had each gained two dollars a-piece. But now for my fellow-passengers—both young, both good-looking, and both ladies, and both evidently were strangers to each other. • One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling ; the other, an indifferent plush one. The young lady in the plush eyed the pink bonnet for some time : at last Plush observed in a drawling, half indifferent way ; ‘ That’s rather a pretty bonnet of yours, miss.’ ‘ Why yes, I calculate it’s rather smart,’ replied Pink. After a pause, and a closer survey—‘ You wouldn’t have any objection to part with it, miss ?’ ‘ Well now, I don’t know but I might ; I have worn it but three

days, I reckon.' 'Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days.' 'I've a notion it didn't rain not one.—It's not the only bonnet I have, miss.' 'Well now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the balance.' 'That's an awful thing that you have on, miss.' 'I rather think not, but that's as may be.—Come, miss, what will you take?' 'Why I don't know,—what will you give?' 'I reckon you'll know best when you answer my question.' 'Well, then, I shouldn't like less than five dollars.' 'Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it's of no consequence.' 'None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet.—We'll say no more about it.' 'Just so, miss.' A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, 'I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more.' She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said,—'I shouldn't refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered,' and then she fell back to her former position. 'Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?' 'Well!' I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home. 'Well,' replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money. 'What bank is this, miss?' 'Oh, all's right there; Safety Fund, I calculate.' The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance."

In the course of the incidents and adventures in which the Captain figured, it was to be expected that some belonging to his craft-ship as an author would occur. He was a *lion* in America. We must set it down to his celebrity in this way that he was visited at Toronto by a brother *litterateur*; a bard, who had not commenced the work of building rhymes until he was past forty-five, and who was charged by his countrymen and countrywomen with having plagiarised Byron. That he was innocent of this sin, the fact of his declaring never to have read the works of the noble poet ought to establish. But there is still a better proof of his being uninspired by the genius of the author of *Don Juan*. We quote a specimen of his verses, to which we have particularly alluded in our last observation; and for which we are indebted to the Captain for having selected.

"From the Regard the Author has for the LADIES OF TORONTO, he presents them with the following.

ODE.

To the Ladies of the City of Toronto.

How famed is our city
For the beauty and talents
Of our ladies that's pretty
And *chaste* in their *sentiments*.
The ladies of Toronto
Are fine, noble, and charming,
And are a great memento
To all, most fascinating.

Our ladies are the best kind,
Of all others the most fine ;
In their manners and their minds
Most refined and *genuine*.
We are proud of our ladies,
For they are superior
To all other beauties,
And others are inferior.
How favoured is our land
To be honoured with the fair,
That is so majestic grand !
And to please them is our care.
Who would not chose them before
All others that's to be found,
And think of others no more ?
Their like is not in the world round.

“ TORONTO, 21st Jan. 1837.

T. S.”

• From the chapters in which the Captain gives us dissertations and commentaries upon particular and distinct heads, the digested matter of his multifarious observations, we must afford two samples. The first regards the Army, and especially the military punishments of America. Our readers are aware that this is not a favourite service in that country. That it is not and cannot be regarded in a charming light might be readily apprehended from the fact that its strength in point of numbers amounts only to 7,834 men, in which the medical and general staff is included,—the majority being foreigners or American scamps. But as to the punishments :—

• “ Corporal punishment has been abandoned in the American army, except for desertion ; and if ever there was a proof of the necessity of punishment to enforce discipline, it is the many substitutes in lieu of it to which the officers are compelled to resort : all of them more severe than flogging. The most common is that of loading a man with thirty-six pounds of shot in his knapsack, and making him walk three hours out of four day and night without intermission, with this weight on his shoulders, for six days and six nights ; that is, he is compelled to walk three hours with the weight, and then is suffered to sit down *one*. Towards the close this punishment becomes very severe ; the feet of the men are so sore and swelled that they cannot move for some days afterwards. I inquired what would be the consequence if a man were to throw down his knapsack and refuse to walk. The commanding officer of one of the forts replied, that he would be hung up by his thumbs till he fainted—a variety of piquetting. Surely these punishments savour quite as much of severity, and are quite as degrading as flogging.”.

We shall have another opportunity this month of referring to the Marine of America, and shall then make some allusion to the Cap-

tain's account. In the meanwhile, and to conclude, let us have a few of his statements in reference to Slavery, as it exists in the land of boasted freedom and equality. Our author is not such a fierce denouncer of the enormous evil as we think he ought to have been; neither do we entertain the same hopes that he does regarding the voluntary suppression and abolition of the outrage, on the part of the slave-owners in some of the States, were they left to themselves and not irritated by the Abolitionists. Still his feeling, arguments, and facts are firm, consistent, and by no means weak against the system. Our concluding extract will bear us out.

"But doing justice, as I always will, to those who have been unjustly calumniated, at the same time, I must admit that there is a point connected with slavery in America which renders it more odious than in other countries; I refer to the system of amalgamation which has, from promiscuous intercourse, been carried on to such an extent, that you very often meet with slaves whose skins are whiter than their master's."

"At Louisville, Kentucky, I saw a girl, about twelve years old, carrying a child; and, aware that in a slave state the circumstance of White people hiring themselves out to service is almost unknown, I inquired of her if she were a slave. To my astonishment, she replied in the affirmative. She was as fair as snow, and it was impossible to detect any admixture of blood from her appearance, which was that of a pretty English cottager's child."

"I afterwards spoke to the master, who stated when he had purchased her, and the sum which he had paid."

"I took down the following advertisement for a runaway slave, which was posted up in every tavern I stopped at in Virginia on my way to the Springs." The expression of, '*in a manner white*,' would imply that there was some shame felt in holding a White man in bondage—

'31st July 1838.

• Fifty Dollars Reward.

Ran away from the subscriber, on Saturday, the 21st instant,, a slave named GEORGE;

between twenty and twenty-four years of age; five feet five or six inches high, slender made, stoops when standing, a little bow-legged; generally wears right and left boots and shoes; had on him when he left a fur cap, a checked stock and linen round about, had with him other clothing, a jean coat with black horn buttons, a pair of jean pantaloons, both coat and pantaloons of handsome grey mixed; no doubt other clothing not recollected. He had with him a common silver watch; he wears his pantaloons generally very tight in the legs. *Said boy is in a manner white*, would be passed by *and taken for a White man*. His hair is long and straight, like that of a white person; looks very steady when spoken to, speaks slowly, and would not be likely to look a person full in the face when speaking to him. It is believed he is making his way to Canada by way of Ohio. I will give twenty dollars for the apprehension of said slave if taken in the country, or fifty dollars if taken out of the country, and secured so that I recover him again.

'Union Monroe City, Virginia.

ANDREW BEIRNE, junior.'

"The above is a curious document, independently of its proving the manner in which man preys upon his fellow man in this land of liberty and equality. It is a well-known fact, that a considerable portion of Mr. Jefferson's slaves were his own children. If any of them absconded, he would smile, thereby implying that he should not be very particular in looking after them; and yet this man—this great and good man, as Miss Martineau calls him—this man who penned the paragraph I have quoted, as having been erased from the Declaration of Independence—who asserted that the slavery of the Negro was a violation of the most sacred rights of life and liberty—permitted these his slaves and his children, the issue of his own loins, to be sold at auction after his demise, not even emancipating them, as he might have done, before his death. And, but lately, a Member of Congress for Georgia, whose name I shall not mention, brought up a fine family of children, his own issue by a female slave; for many years acknowledged them as his own children; permitted them to call him by the endearing title of papa, and eventually the whole of them were sold by public auction, and that, too, during his own lifetime.

"But there is, I am sorry to say, a more horrible instance on record, and one well authenticated. A planter of good family (I shall not mention his name or the State in which it occurred, as he was not so much to blame as were the laws,) connected himself with one of his own female slaves, who was nearly white; the fruits of this connexion were two daughters, very beautiful girls, who were sent to England to be educated. They were both grown up when their father died. At his death his affairs were found in a state of great disorder; in fact there was not sufficient left to pay his creditors. Having brought up and educated these two girls, and introduced them as his daughters, it quite slipped his memory that, having been born of a slave and not manumitted, they were in reality slaves themselves. This fact was established after his decease: they were torn away from the affluence and refinement to which they had been accustomed, sold and purchased as slaves, and with the avowed intention of the purchaser to reap his profits from their prostitution!"

ART. IV.

1st.—*The Manor of Glenmore; or the Irish Peasant.* By a Member of the Irish Bar. London: 3 vols. Bull.

2nd.—*Henry Acton, or the Gold Smugglers; and other Tales.* By the HON. LOUISA SAYERS. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

3rd.—*The Forester: a Tale of 1688.* By MARY L. BOYLE. 3 vols. London: Longman.

4th.—*Solomon Seesaw.* By J. P. ROBERTSON, with Illustrations by PHIZ. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

So long as novels hold such a numerical preeminence in the *republic* as they continue to do, we must often devote a few pages to them, were it only to let our readers see in what condition the literature of the day stands, and even although we had no design to afford an

amusing variety of subject and matter. When presenting this sort of light food, it is our study to select such works as appear superior in themselves, or if not excellent, at least such as seem to have any pretensions to the character of novelty; for we feel that there is generally such a uniformity in modern productions of the kind, that were we to notice every one of them, it would be as unprofitable to those who look for anything that is substantial or new, as the labour of going through so many triple volumed publications as we are called upon to do, is sickening to ourselves.

In accordance with our plan and practice, we have chosen the list at the head of this paper. We might indeed have added to the "*Quadruple Alliance*," one or two other recent efforts, the offspring of the imagination, where either the subject or the attempt of the author has been noticeable. There is, for example, "*The Lion; a Tale of the Coteries*," which not only displays a clever writer, who can seize upon the most striking points of character, and the manners of particular classes of mankind,—one who can, with apparent facility, dash them off, leaving a speaking picture, but who has had the boldness to aim at a good, if not an entirely new subject, susceptible as it manifestly is of a fine and instructive handling. *The Lion* is a *born genius*, as the vulgar phrase goes, who is induced to leave the provincial part to which by birth he belonged, and to escape from the meanness of his native condition, directing his steps to London, where his talents are admired, and where he is taken into such favouritism by literary pretenders, and downright *blues*, as to turn his head,—egregious vanity and folly, spoiling his healthiness of feeling as completely, as do the artificialities and luxuries of London life make inroads upon his physical constitution. At last, however, he breaks down in every respect. Fashion chooses some other *Lion*, and the *Coteries* are no longer open to him. He is now shorn and destitute; shorn of the hollow friendship of the *rous*, the *patrons* and *patronesses* of genius, and bereaved of the affections of those who had once really loved him, but whom his inordinate ambition, vanity and neglect, had thrown off. Many characters and situations, of course, present themselves naturally in the development of the story; and frequently the author does all that the reader has anticipated or can wish in his treatment of them. But these are but the exceptions; for there prevails such a want of truth upon the whole, and such an extravagance of incident and colouring, that one rises from the perusal of the book greatly dissatisfied, and inclined to regret that a writer should have had the capacity to select a subject of such capabilities, and here and there have appeared able to sustain its weight triumphantly to the fulfilment of his purpose, who after all spoils it by over-straining, and the most palpable inequalities. The work is a failure.

“The Wizard of Windshaw ; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century,” is another of those fictions that presents promising and fresh symptoms of style if not of imagination. It is a story laid in North Devon, where traditions, old-fashioned ways and things, and remarkable picturesque beauty of scenery, may well inspire an author ; and provided the present adventurer had known how to entwine all such materials, with a due knowledge of life and individual character, each accessible element reciprocally and harmoniously serving to prop, illustrate, and expand the others, to the enlargement and fulfilment of an enchaining story, awakening and impressive by turns, we should have been most glad to have given some of its most stirring and delightful scenes. As it is, however, “The Wizard of Windshaw,” will disappoint the reader nearly as much as “The Lion of the Coteries,” though not on account exactly of the same faults and blemishes ; for while its descriptions of scenery and the representations of life, as witnessed in the locality already mentioned, are natural, bold, and sometimes masterly, especially in the earlier portions of the work, no sooner does the author begin to throw himself fully into the action of the piece, and to draw around him his *dramatis personæ*, than all congruity, probability, and unity of purpose seem to be lost sight of, not even the several actors preserving their individuality and identity, but being arbitrarily moved with an unmeaning and an unengaging perplexity.

To come to our four-fold list, as more particularly named at the beginning of this article, “The Manor of Glenmore” first invites us. But here we must also be brief in our notice. First of all, because it is one of those novels which are meant to illustrate political doctrines, and the many aggravated evils in the social state occasioned by tyranny of various sorts : fiction in such a case being, in our opinion, misapplied. Secondly, it is of Ireland, its oppressed, degraded and distracted peasantry, that the Barrister writes, of White-boyism and the like,—there being a strong infusion of red-hot party feeling evinced by him throughout. The work therefore cannot be gone into by us. We can only say, speaking of it merely as a fiction, that there is power in the conception of the characters, dramatic force in the manner of their development, and a great deal of vivid description in its details. The language and style, however, are often noisy and extravagant. The eloquence of the author is very Irish. Upon the whole, the tale is not only readable but arresting, could one divest himself of the knowledge that it deals with realities that are disagreeable in themselves, and that those realities are described by a strong partizan.

“Henry Acton,” we think, is a tame title for a tale. The name wants, at least, the euphony which we delight to catch in the sounds as we read the announcement on the frontispiece of a fanciful picture of human life, especially if by a female hand. Never.

theless it is a striking and truthful story, as indeed are all the others which the fair writer has thrown into these volumes. The novelty and excellence of them consist in the power, the poetic sweetness, and the accuracy of the delineations. The artist produces, along with strict fidelity, that which is uncommonly fascinating. It appears as if, in each story, she had facts and real personages in her eye; and yet in the imaginary scenes into which she throws them, or in which she makes them act, they do not, as in "The Wizard of Windshaw," lose themselves, or become contradictions: and this is no ordinary achievement. Depend upon it, there is not a more common error on the part of the mass of novelists, than to suppose that because they have facts in their minds, personal reminiscences, and treasured observations, that therefore they can safely allow or prompt imagination to disport around them, and make them the puppets of a tale. The *fillings up*, in such a case, are not an everyday, or an everybody's work. Louisa Sayers, however, is an exception to the generality; and altogether her fictions are the productions of exquisite taste, appropriate language and close observation being her handmaidens.

"The Forester" is an historical novel, taking the latter and last days of the royal House of Stuart for its subject; and Miss Boyle is but a young writer. Yet youth has masterfully grappled with the difficult subject, and brought out her historical actors with remarkable truth and touching sympathy. James, his Queen—she of Modena, Marlborough and others, move full of vitality before us; the picture of the times, their bustle and catastrophes being happily given. Indeed, we like the real better than the imaginary characters; and this implies an uncommon achievement. One thing especially militates against these *imaginaries*,—they are very ordinary among the list of novelists, lady-novelists' creations particularly; whereas the other and real characters, while either originals in themselves, or each remarkable enough to stand at the head of a class, come out as *whole lengths*, strongly engaging us. Our only extract shall be a passage in which an authentic document is inserted, and which Miss Boyle has turned to excellent account. Before quoting it, we have also to express our pleasure in again meeting with a work from the same able hand, and to lend our encouragement for her to proceed in the walk of literature to which she has betaken herself in the present novel; for she will, if she makes a proper use of her powers and capacities, do better still. The passage alluded to requires no introduction from us:—

"When the news of the king's detention at Feversham reached the capital, but before they could discuss the subject fully, a young countryman made his way, in spite of all opposition, to the very door of the apartment where the assembly was held. He announced himself as the messenger of the king of England, but there were many present who no

longer acknowledged James by that title. The perfidious and time-serving Halifax, dreading the effect that any appeal from their unfortunate sovereign might produce on the minds of his coadjutors, proposed, without ceremony, to break up the council. But Lord Mulgrave strenuously opposed this proceeding, and by bold and manly exhortation, persuaded his companions to remain, while the lowly ambassador of James the Second was introduced. The man looked around with surprise and awe upon a scene so novel, and then, encouraged by the cheering condescension of Lord Mulgrave, he presented the letter, which bore no address. 'His majesty,' he said, while tears flowed down the rough cheeks of the young peasant, 'had intrusted him with that paper, desiring it might be delivered to a friend.' Alas! there were but few present who were anxious even to lay claim to that title. The president, with some marks of emotion, beckoned the man towards him, and in as steady a voice as he could command, read to the following effect:—

“ ‘Feverham, December 12, 1688.

“ ‘I had the misfortune to be stopt at Schellness, and brought in here, by a rabble of seamen, fishermen, and others, who still detain me here tho’ they know me. Lord Winchilsea came to me here, but too late. But if those who detain me would let me go to Canterbury, I would not have cared: I must see if that I could not persuade them to permit it to-morrow; however, speak to some of my servants to come to me, and bring with them some linnen and cloaths; and if Frazer be in the way let him be one: direct them to come by Sittingburne, and go by this place on to Canterbury, if I be not here. I know not if this letter will get to you safe, and so say no more. Let James Graham know I shall want some money; if he could come and bring some himself, or send some, it would be but necessary, those who seased me having taken all the little I had about me, when they layed hands upon me. ‘J. R.

‘ December 13th.

“ ‘This letter should have gone last night, but the person who was to carry it was frightened, so that he dared not shew out of this inn, being stopt and frightened. I hope he that carryes it now will get through to you, tho’ all the whole country are up, and have plundered most of the Catholics’ houses.’ *

“ When Lord Mulgrave concluded this affecting appeal, he looked around in silence, believing that few of his associates could remain insensible to the distress and humiliation of a man whom they had once hailed as their king. But he was mistaken; for the space of several minutes the silence was unbroken, until Lord Halifax, in his office of speaker, murmured something about the regret that must ever be excited even by the misfortunes of those who suffered for their own errors; and then further remarking that the interference of the assembly in this business would be both ill-advised and ill-timed, he again proposed that the council should adjourn.”

* “ This interesting document is in the possession of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, by whose kind permission it is inserted here.”

"Solomon Seesaw" puts our pen to inconvenience: we cannot by a few words criticize it, which it is our purpose only to bestow. We pronounce it to be a very indifferent sort of novel,—an uninteresting one, as a continuous story; and yet it is manifestly the work of no common writer, as indeed Mr. Robertson's share in the "Letters on Paraguay" must have prepared our readers to look for. But we like him much better as a Journalist than as a tale-maker and teller, although there are many passages in these volumes which excel any to be found in the "Letters," in the matters of originality, vigour, and truth.

"Solomon Seesaw," as the reader will readily and immediately opine, is a hero who is subject to many vicissitudes of fortune, the result, in a great measure, of his own unstable or erratic character. We have him from his cradle to his marriage-day,—a Scotch provincialist, a Glasgow merchant, and a speculator in London,—the panic of 1825 having him, in the course of his fortunes, in its clutches. But there is a variety of episodes and autobiographies, which are stuck into the story, with much of the same sort of propriety that an inveterate talker would dove-tail his odds and ends into any discourse, whether sentimental, droll, or descriptive. To our mind the Scotch scenes and sketches are by far the best parts of the work, although we feel that Mr. Robertson overlays his canvass, and runs not unfrequently into caricature. His knowledge also of mercantile life is manifestly particular; his feelings relative to that department are keen and discerning. But he is terribly out of keeping when he would picture the sentimentalism of love, and some other tender moods of commonplace minds.

Among the Glasgow aristocrats he is quite at home, as his account of the Merchants' Dinner of that city will demonstrate, which we quote, and with which we close our notices of some of the Novels of the Season:—

"Scarcely had they knocked at the door, when it was opened by a footman, while a genteel-looking butler, in black, and two more of the party-coloured tribe, essayed to take their hats. The old gentleman's was delivered up, as a matter of course, to the servant; but when he came to Solomon,—'Thank you,' said he, 'I'll just put it down here myself.' A second servant asked their names. They were given; and the third one, already halfway up stairs, called down to them, 'This way, gentlemen, if you please.' Upon this, Solomon said to the old gentleman, in a whisper, as they followed to the drawing-room, 'This way, sir, and 'If you please,'—They are not so impudent as they look.' As the names of the two strangers were announced, they were startled by the dazzling display offered to their view. The first thing that arrested them, especially the old gentleman, was the great blaze of light in the apartments. The next thing that riveted their attention was the finery, the prodigious finery, of the ladies. The old gentleman thought that a

whole warehouse must have been emptied to furnish it; and Solomon was sure it would have stocked every haberdasher's shop in the town of Dullborough, or Llangollen, for a month. The ladies all sat silent,—which upset the theories of the old gentleman on female loquacity; and they appeared stiff, which he accounted for, on the score of a prudential fear that too much motion might crumple their gauze dresses, or bring down a knot of ribbon from its conspicuous position on a full mooned muslin tiara. Their gowns were so decorously long, that he could only observe one or two rather large feet, and not very slender ankles, as supporters of the female form. The gentlemen were grouped in the middle of the room, all scrupulously dressed in shoes and silk stockings. They had inexpressibles tied at the knees, exhibiting brawny calves; and their cravats made a considerable display of white muslin, tied in not a very precise fashion under their chins. But guess, if you can, the astonishment of both guests (for there was a great sympathy between the old gentleman and young Solomon), when setting themselves to listen to the whispering hum of the conversation, they found that, with the simple substitution of Scotch accent for English dialect, they might as well have been in the midst of their 'travelling' companions at the George.—'Rums is up,—Muscovados is down. Yarns is a shade higher, and calicos a bawbee lower; ginghams is rather lookin' better, an' jacconots is a little fawn—our frien' the Baillie's bandanas is a perfect drug.' These, and such remarks as these, in succession, too quick to be copied, even by a writer of short hand, made up the conversation of the Glasgow gentlemen. 'Have you heard,' said the Lord Provost, 'o' the arrival o' the Demerara frae Demerara wi' a cargo o' sugars? 'Od, they say they're the bonniest sugars that's been in the market this mony a-day. I've gotten some real fine limes by her; and by our friend Douglas's first ship frae Jamaica, I'm promised some nice auld rum. By the way, Neebor Norace, our joint speck in pullicats has turned out but a puir concern. They'll no pay cost and charges.' Here his lordship's discourse was interrupted by the announcement that dinner was ready; and after much rustling of silks, and ceremonious advances of successive gentlemen to offer their arms to the ladies, the whole party moved in couplets out of the room, leaving Solomon and another youth to bring up the rear."

The "Illustrations" by Phiz would not discredit *the Cruikshank*.

ART. V.—*Buenos Ayres, and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata.*

By SIR WOODBINE PARISH, K. C. H. London: Murray. 1839.

SIR WOODBINE was for many years his Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres, and availed himself of his opportunities to collect an account from original documents of the progress of Geographical discovery in the parts of South America, mentioned in the title of his work, during the last sixty years; their present state, trade, and debt being also described by him. Accordingly we have placed before us a great deal more than the results of the

author's personal observations, the book, in fact, traversing a large space of time, and embracing a great variety of topics and facts. His own experience, however, affords much that is interesting; while his review of the various expeditions undertaken by the Spanish colonial authorities, and, since the declared independence of the provinces in question, and the discoveries made, with their accompanying incidents, add considerably to accessible geographical knowledge, as well as to the records of stirring adventure. There is besides much statistical information in these pages, as well as a mass of geological facts and speculations, together with other contributions to natural history.

The author's diplomatic station, his opportunities, and universally acknowledged eminence in various walks of science and literature, naturally prepare the reader for a work of more than ordinary value on the several subjects which we have stated that it treats of. Some extracts taken from the parts in which these different subjects are introduced, or a rapid notice of some of the conclusions at which he arrives, will sufficiently exhibit to our readers the character of the book, or point to where the best accounts are to be found on the topics handled. We begin with some of the results of Sir Woodbine's immediate observation, or the scenes, facts, and events of which he was a direct witness. The arrival in the La Plata, which at its embouchure extends to one hundred and seventy miles in width, maintaining with its fresh waters a contest for about two hundred miles with the ocean, or at least making itself to that length be felt in the bosom of the mighty deep, must always afford themes for striking descriptions. But we will not halt till we find the author in the close vicinity of Buenos Ayres, where the shallows for several miles are so prevalent as to prevent ships of considerable burden from traversing. Boats are therefore called into action, before passengers or goods can reach the shore; but even after the aid of these small-craft auxiliaries has been obtained, other assistants are required before gaining the land. We are told that—

“ A ship's boat has seldom water enough to run fairly on shore, and, on arriving within forty or fifty yards of it, is beset by carts, always on the watch for passengers, the whole turn-out of which I defy any other people in the world to produce anything at all approaching. On the broad flat axle of a gigantic pair of wheels, seven or eight feet high, a sort of platform is fixed of half a dozen boards, two or three inches apart, letting in the wet at every splash of the water beneath; the ends are open—a rude hurdle forms the side, and a short strong pole from the axle completes the vehicle: to this unwieldy machine the horse is simply attached by a ring at the end of the pole, fastened to the girth or surcingle, round which his rider has the power of turning him as on a pivot, and of either drawing or pushing the machine along like a wheelbarrow, as may be momentarily most convenient:—in this manner, for the first time in my life,

I saw the cart fairly before the horse :—in Europe we laugh at the idea ; in South America nothing is more common than the reality. The wild and savage appearance of the tawny drivers of these carts, half naked, shouting and screaming and jostling one another, and flogging their miserable jaded beasts through the water, as if to show the little value attached to the brute creation in these countries, is enough to startle a stranger on his first arrival, and induce him for a moment to doubt whether he be really landing in a Christian country. It is a new and a strange specimen of human kind, little calculated to create a favourable first impression.”

The capital itself of the now nominally united provinces which form the subject of Sir Woodbine's work, was, twenty years ago, an anomaly among towns and cities inhabited by Christians, if we except those founded, dwelt in, and governed by Spaniards and their offspring. There was nothing like what is understood in England by the term *comfort* in the streets or in and about the houses. Even convenience was strangely overlooked. The houses were without chimneys ; for the people looked upon them as certain conductors of wet and cold, and therefore had recourse to braziers and charcoal to warm the rooms. An account of some of the changes that have taken place comparatively lately, and at whose instigation, will appear from our next extract :—

“ I lived, however, long enough in Buenos Ayres to see great changes in these matters, and such innovations upon the old habits and fashions of the people as would make a stranger now doubt whether it really be the place he may have read of. In nothing is the alteration more striking than in the comparative comfort, if not luxury, which has found its way into the dwellings of the better classes : thanks to the English and French upholsterers, who have swarmed out to Buenos Ayres, the old white-washed walls have been covered with paper in all the varieties from Paris ; and European furniture of every sort is to be met with in every house. English grates, supplied with coals carried out from Liverpool as ballast, and often sold at lower prices than in London, have been brought into very general use, and certainly have contributed to the health and comfort of a city, the atmosphere of which is nine days out of ten affected by the damps from the river. Nor is the improvement confined to the internal arrangement of the house ; a striking change has taken place in the whole style of building in Buenos Ayres. With the influx of strangers, the value of property, especially in the more central part of the city, has been greatly enhanced, and has led the natives to think of economizing their ground by constructing upper stories to their houses in the European fashion, the obvious advantage of which will no doubt ere many years make the plan general, and greatly add to the embellishment of the city.”

Some peculiarities, however, still remain, and are likely to be long preserved. Amongst these are—

"The iron gratings, or rather railings, which protect the windows, and which on more than one occasion have proved the best safeguards of the inhabitants: it requires some time for a European to become reconciled to their appearance, which ill accords with the *beau idéal* of republican liberty and republican safety; yet, when painted green, they are rather ornamental than otherwise, particularly when hung, as they frequently are, with festoons of the beautiful air-plants of Paraguay, which there live and blossom even on cold iron; and one does get reconciled to them, I believe, from a speedy conviction of their necessity in the present state of society in those countries: in the hot nights of summer, too, it is some comfort to be able to leave a window open without risk of intrusion; though some of the light-fingered gentry have made this not quite so safe as it used to be. I have known more than one instance of a clever thief running off with the clothes of the sleeping inmates, fished through the gratings by means of one of the long canes of the country with a hook at the end of it: in one well-known case, a gentleman's watch was thus hooked out of its pocket at his bed's head, and he was just roused by his frightened wife in time to catch a last glimpse of the chain and seals as they seemingly danced out of the window."

But still, Buenos Ayres has made great progress in improvement and enlargement during the last fifty years. In 1767 the population was reckoned at 20,000; whereas in 1824 it was more than 81,000; while during its independence of Spain its commercial prosperity has still more advanced; and, should steam be extensively introduced upon the La Plata and its tributaries, its growth cannot be computed, unless indeed the French by their blockades put a stop to all trade and bring ruin upon the entire Argentine Republic. To be sure there have been other obstructions to its career, such as internal distractions, the ravages of the Indians, and wars with foreign enemies. The following account will afford some idea of how terribly and distressing must often have been the consequences of the assaults and the wiles of the aborigines, which the Buenos Ayreans, however, have several times awfully revenged, even to the total extermination almost of whole tribes. The author says—

"That the Buenos Ayreans had ample cause for these hostilities may be judged from the number of Christian slaves, whom they succeeded in rescuing from the hands of the savages; upwards of 1,500 women and children were retaken by General Rosa's troops, who had all been carried off in some or other of their marauding incursions, their husbands, sons, and brothers having been in most instances barbarously butchered before them. Many of these poor women had been in their hands for years; some taken in infancy could give little or no account to whom they belonged; others had become the wretched mothers of children brought up to follow the brutal life of these barbarians."

But if Buenos Ayres was to be entirely dependent for its pro-

prosperity and advancement on the acts and exertions of its Creole population, slow indeed would be its rise. Take the following as a proof:—

“ It will hardly be credited that water is an expensive article within fifty yards of the Plata, but so it is; nothing can be worse than the ordinary supply of it. That obtained from the wells is brackish and bad, and there are no public cisterns or reservoirs, although the city is so slightly elevated above the river, that nothing would be easier than to keep it continually provided by the most ordinary artificial means. As it is, those who can afford it go to a great expense in constructing large tanks under the pavement of their court-yards, into which the rain water collected from the flat-terraced roofs of their houses is conducted by pipes; and in general a sufficiency may thus be secured for the ordinary purposes of the family; but the lower orders, who cannot afford to go to such an expense, depend for a more scanty supply upon the itinerant water-carriers, who, at a certain time of day, are to be seen lazily perambulating the streets with huge butts filled at the river, mounted on the monstrous cart-wheels of the country, and drawn by a yoke of oxen,—a clumsy and expensive contrivance altogether, which makes even water dear within a stone's throw of the largest river in the world. Taken at the very edge, it is seldom of the purest, and generally requires to stand twenty-four hours before it deposits its muddy sediment, and becomes sufficiently cleared to be drinkable; it is then excellent, and may be kept for any time. I have drunk it myself on board ship, after it had been two voyages to England and back, and never tasted better.”

The capital of the provinces has also to encounter at times the severities of a peculiar climate, and the effects and influence of the north wind at one time and of a south western at another, being the special and the most uniform causes of injury:—

“ Europeans, though often sensible of its (north wind's) influence, are not in general so liable to be affected by this abominable wind as the natives, amongst whom the women appear to be the greatest sufferers, especially from the headache it occasions. Numbers of them may be seen at times in the streets, walking about with large split-beans stuck upon their temples,—a sure sign which way the wind blows. The bean, which is applied raw, appears to act as a slight blister, and to counteract the relaxation caused by the state of the atmosphere. But it is not the human constitution alone that is afflicted; the discomforts of the day are generally increased by the derangement of most of the household preparations:—the meat turns putrid, the milk curdles, and even the bread which is baked whilst it lasts is frequently bad. Every one complains, and the only answer returned is—‘ *Senor, es el viento norte.*’ All these miseries, however, are not without their remedy; when the sufferings of the natives are at their climax, the mercury will give the sure indication of a coming *pampero*, as the South-wester is called; on a sudden, a rustling breeze breaks through the stillness of the stagnant atmosphere, and in a few seconds sweeps away the incubus and all else before it; originating in the snows of

the Andes, the blast rushes with unbroken violence over the intermediate pampas, and, ere it reaches Buenos Ayres, becomes often a hurricane. A very different state of things then takes place, and, from the suddenness of such changes, the most ludicrous, though often serious, accidents occur, particularly in the river; whither, of an evening especially, a great part of the population will resort to cool themselves during the hot weather. There may be seen hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children, sitting together up to their necks in the water, just like so many frogs in a marsh: if a pampero breaks, as it often does, unexpectedly upon such an assembly, the scramble and confusion which ensues is better imagined than told; fortunate are those who may have taken an attendant to watch their clothes, for otherwise, long ere they can get out of the river, every article of dress is flying before the gale. Not unfrequently the pampero is accompanied by clouds of dust from the parched pampas, so dense as to produce total darkness, in which I have known instances of bathers in the river being drowned ere they could find their way to the shore. I recollect on one of these occasions a gang of twenty convicts, who were working at the time in irons upon the beach, making their escape in the dark, not one of whom, I believe, was retaken. It is difficult to convey any idea of the strange effects of these dust-storms: day is changed to night, and nothing can exceed the temporary darkness produced by them, which I have known to last for a quarter of an hour in the middle of the day; very frequently they are laid by a heavy fall of rain, which, mingling with the clouds of dust as it pours down, forms literally a shower of mud. The sort of dirty pickle in which people appear after being caught in such a storm is indescribable. Sometimes the consequences are more serious, and the pampero is accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning; such, I believe, as is to be witnessed in no other part of the world, unless it be the Straits of Sunda. Nothing can be more appalling. In Azara may be read an account of nineteen persons killed by the lightning which fell in the city during one of these storms. But the atmosphere is effectually cleared; man breathes once more, and all nature seems to revive under the exhilarating freshness of the gale:—the natives, good-humoured and thoughtless, laugh over the less serious consequences, and soon forget the worst; happy in the belief that, at any rate, they are free from the epidemical disorders of other regions. Still such variations from the ordinary courses of nature cannot but be productive of strange consequences; and, though the transient effects of an overcharged atmosphere may be quickly dispelled by a pampero, and the people be really free from the epidemics of other countries, there is every reason to believe that in this particular climate, the human system is in a high degree susceptible of affections which elsewhere would not be deemed worth a moment's consideration. Besides those I have already spoken of as arising from the north wind, old wounds are found to burst out afresh, new ones are very difficult to heal; an apparently trivial sprain will induce a weakness of the part, requiring years, perhaps, to recover from, as I know from my own experience; and lock-jaw from the most trifling accidents is so common as to constitute the cause of a very great portion of the deaths from hurts in the public hospitals.

Upon the bodily system the effect of the northerly winds, which are prevalent during the greater part of the year, bringing, as they do, much humidity imbibed from the exhalations over the expanse of the Plata, is a general lassitude and relaxation. But the sirocco of the Levant does not bring with it more disagreeable affections than this sultry *viento norte* upon the mind and the moral faculties; bloodshed, for example, being much more frequent during its influence than at any other time. Here is an illustration:—

“ Not many years back, a man named Garcia was executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and, in general, rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners; his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in he appeared to lose all command of himself, and such was his extreme irritability, that during its continuance he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, it was the north wind, not he, that shed all this blood. When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said he was at once aware of its accursed influence upon him; a dull headache at first, and then a feeling of impatience at everything about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family on the most trivial occurrence. If he went abroad, his headache generally became worse, a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples, he saw objects, as it were, through a cloud, and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play, and if in such a mood a gambling house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptation; once there, any turn of ill-luck would so irritate him, that the chances were he would insult some of the bystanders. Those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill humours; but if unhappily he chanced to meet a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed. Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relations and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had hurt or offended.”

The extent of territory belonging to the republic of Buenos Ayres, and the other federal provinces connected with it, is immense, extending to 726,000 square miles English. It embraces soils that produce spontaneously in wonderful plenty, almost every article of natural growth, in one region or another. The metallic ores of the Andes are also exceedingly rich; and by the numerous, vast, and intersecting rivers, the means of water-carriage afforded by nature, can nowhere else be equalled. Our author, therefore, says that—

“ The government of Buenos Ayres, as the authorities charged with the general interests of the Republic, from their general intercourse with the people of other countries, ought to be fully able to appreciate the immense benefits which steam-navigation has produced elsewhere, and how greatly it has tended to promote prosperity and civilization of other nations. It is in their power to extend those blessings to their own countrymen in the heart of the South American continent, and to produce a really United Confederation of the Provinces, instead of that which is now little more than nominal, from the vast distance which intervenes, and operate as a bar to almost any intercourse between them. With the establishment of steam-navigation, distance will cease to be distance, and the upper provinces will find a cheap and ready vent for an abundance of productions which are now not worth the heavy expenses of sending down by land-carriage to Buenos Ayres.”

We do not, however, regard with such sanguine hopes, at least as to early accomplishment, the results contemplated by Sir Woodbine Parish, as he appears to do. First of all, the immense territories in question are but thinly peopled; not more than a million, it is believed, inhabiting the united provinces. But secondly, the stock is bad constitutionally as well as owing to the vitious effects of what was Spain's colonial usual rule, and the present inability of the people to govern themselves. Were a few hundred thousands of the British or of the citizens of the United States of America to colonize Patagonia, the banks of the Colorado, the Negro, &c., steamers would not only be sure to plough in every direction these stately and far-rolling rivers, but marvellous would be the addition to the products which at present call for the facilities of water-carriage; and till some such enterprising population be scattered over such almost measureless tracts of land, and till whatever is Spanish be superseded, we cannot confidently hope to see a gratifying change in either one way or another rapidly realized. We proceed to introduce a few notices of some of the aboriginal tribes which roam the regions spoken of. Concerning the Puelches Sir Woodbine thus writes :—

“ Nothing could exceed the laziness and brutality, in general, of the men, who, looking upon the women as inferior beings, treated them as the most abject slaves. Not only were they obliged to attend to all the ordinary duties of a family, but upon them, also, devolved the care of their husbands' horses, and even the tending of the sheep and cattle. Polygamy was permitted, and, according to his means, it appeared that a man kept more or less wives; which, so far from causing jealousy, seemed generally a source of satisfaction to the ladies themselves, inasmuch as it led to the lightening by subdivision of their domestic labours. Unless engaged in some predatory excursion, or hunting deer and guanacoos, and other smaller animals, for their skins, the men seemed to pass their whole time in sleeping, drinking, and gambling, the habitual vices of all the tribes :—they are passionately fond of cards, which they obtain from the Spaniards, and will play for ever at dice, which they make

themselves ingeniously enough; and, like gamblers in other parts of the world, will stake their all upon a throw, reckless of reducing their families to utter destitution. In each toldo, or tent, which is made of hides stretched upon canes, and easily removable from one place to another, five or six families, barely separated from each other, perhaps twenty or thirty persons in all, were closely huddled together in the most horrible state of filth imaginable; indeed, in many respects, they were but little removed in their habits from the brute creation. If fuel was scarce, as was often the case in the pampas, they cared not to cook their meat, but ate it raw, and always drank the warm blood of every animal they killed:—like beasts of prey, there was no part, even to the contents of the stomach and intestines, which they will not greedily devour. They were superstitious in the extreme, and the credulous dupes and tools of a few artful men, who are to be found in every tribe, and in reality direct all its concerns by pretending to foretell the future, and to divine the cause of every evil. They are called *machis*, or wizards, and there is no tribe without them, and which does not implicitly submit to their decisions and advice. Their word is law, and the cacique even, equally with the rest, submits to it."

Of the Huilliches, with whom, as well as with other tribes, Buenos Ayrean commissioners, after their declaration of independence, wished to enter into some amicable arrangements, we are told—

"This tribe presented even a more martial appearance than the others, and Colonel Garcia, describing them, says, no regiment of cavalry could have made a more regular or better figure than these strikingly fine men. They were naked from the waist upwards, and wore a sort of helmet surmounted by feathers (a distinguished feature in the dress of this tribe), which added to their extraordinary stature. Their Cacique Llampilco, or the *black*, was upwards of seven feet high, and many others were equal to him, and even taller. Most of them were armed with very long lances, and, like the pampas tribes, had their faces bedaubed with red and black paint; but their language was different, and Garcia says, identical with that of the people from the southern part of Patagonia, from whom he imagines them to have sprung, and to the old accounts of whose height he refers. He speaks of them as a superior and finer race of men in every respect than the others; admirable horsemen, and brave in war, without the cruelty of the pampas tribes, sparing their prisoners, and treating strangers with kindness and hospitality. They had come from the lands south of the Ventana, about the rivers Colorado and Negro, where they had located themselves, according to their own account, to avoid collision with the Spaniards, with whom they professed their great desire to establish a solid peace. They spoke with contempt and detestation of the marauding habits of the pampas tribes and of the Ranqueles, and offered at any time to assist in chastising them. This party consisted of 420 fighting men. They conducted themselves very differently from the others, and with great propriety, receiving thankfully what was given to them."

We conclude with some particulars in which Naturalists will take an especial interest. Sir Woodbine says :—

“ I regret that I lost, during my residence at Buenos Ayres, the opportunity of making what too late I learnt would have been very acceptable additions to our zoological collections; but I never imagined that our public museums were so entirely destitute, as I found them upon my return, of specimens of the commonest objects of natural history, from a country with which we had been so many years in, I may say, almost daily intercourse. Mr. Darwin, and the officers of his majesty's ship *Beagle*, have since done much to supply these deficiencies; but we still want, I believe, specimens of by far the greater part of the birds and beasts of which Azara gave us the description nearly forty years ago. The collections of some of the museums on the continent are, I believe, much more complete; especially those of Paris, to judge from the accounts of the acquisitions made by M. Alcide d'Orbigny, the fruits of many years spent in those countries, to which he was sent in 1826, expressly, I believe, to collect information and specimens for the Museum of Natural History. Instigated first by Dr. Buckland, I made those inquiries for fossil remains, the results of which I flatter myself have been of no common interest both to the geologist and comparative anatomist. The examination of the monstrous bones which I sent to this country, by the learned individuals who have taken the pains to describe them, assists us to unravel the fabulous traditions handed down by the aborigines respecting a race of Titans, whilst it proves indisputably that the vast alluvial plains in that part of the world, at some former period, the further history of which has not been revealed to us, were inhabited by herbivorous animals of most extraordinary dimensions, and of forms greatly differing from those of the genera now in existence. To the account of the megatherium, and other extinct animals, I am now enabled, by a delay which has unavoidably occurred in the publication of this volume, to insert the representation of another extinct monster, the glyptodon, which has been very recently discovered at no great distance from the city of Buenos Ayres, apparently in a very perfect state, and which I trust ere long will be in England.”

ART. VI.—*The History of the Navy of the United States of America.*

By J. F. COOPER, Esq. 2 Vols., 8vo. London: Bentley.

IN common with several of our fellow journalists, we have found less of partiality in these volumes than, judging from the author's strong prejudices, especially against England, so often and ridiculously evinced in his former works, we expected. But even here he is by no means free from the indulgence of his besetting sins of pique and nationality, though not so observable in what he really does say of the British or the American navy separately, as when the two sides are compared—the disproportion of particulars and the warmth of style being then seen to be remarkable. The very obvious effort to stand clear of the charge of unfairness proves to us that his mind

is not sufficiently calm upon a subject, much of its special interest belonging to recent events, and to a service in which Mr. Cooper himself has been bred, to do it perfect justice. The very fact of the work first making its appearance in England, or at least issuing from the house of a London publisher, looks as if the author would defy any one in this country to impugn him of unfairness. Still the fact indicates that he has felt strongly about an anticipated danger and allegation, so as to convince us that it was impossible for him to guide his researches and the powers of his pen with a uniform share of deliberation, amplitude, and candour, whatever might be the ship, the nation, and the events that have engaged him. His strivings to find satisfactory reasons for the disasters in the history of his own country's naval engagements, and, on the other hand, to leave the case of similar facts when Great Britain is concerned, in the shape of dry and bare announcements, cannot escape the notice of the acute and impartial reader. He is very ready to account for the fate of the Chesapeake, for example, by attributing it to the inferior composition of the crew. But the fact is, that America never having waged a long protracted maritime war, and during her struggles with this country never having fleets deserving the name of mighty naval armaments, and never having taken part in a great pitched battle between large forces in the style of a general action, was enabled to pick her men, in the selection of whom for the service she has ever been most scrupulous, the crews being what are called *crack*, and the pay high; whereas England had an immense marine, had been at war for many years with the most formidable foes, and necessarily had among her sailors the refuse of society, and always many inefficient and unwilling hands, such as landsmen, and the impressed, as well as the sweepings of the prisons. Another most important fact is overlooked by Mr. Cooper, so far as we have been able to discover, viz., that many British seamen were attracted by the higher wages to the American navy; and, as has often been stated, fought most desperately against the country to which they avowed allegiance, for it was with halts round their necks. Besides, the Americans have been and are still essentially British in blood, prowess, and daring; and, in all their achievements at sea, the nationality of our own country will find matter to gratify pride and to throw as a challenge to the world.

Nothing could be more vain and unjust than to strive to disparage the exploits of the marine of America, or to deny that it has evinced the highest qualities that have distinguished the nation from which the people of the United States have mainly sprung. But, as already intimated, these exploits have been confined to incidental engagements, with hardly an exception, and to contests between single ships; ships, too, for the most part, in so far as Britain has been concerned, not properly matched either as re-

spected construction and size, or the composition of the crews. Captain Marryat; in his late work on America, has said, speaking of the ratings of their ships, that these ratings will much mislead people as to their real strength. The *seventy-fours* and the *eighties* he declares, "are, in weight of broadside equal to most three-decked ships; the first class frigates are double-banked of the scantling, and carrying the compliment of men of our *seventy-fours*. The sloops are equally powerful in proportion to their ratings, most of them carrying long guns. Although flush vessels, they are little inferior to a thirty-six-gun frigate scantling, and are much too powerful for any that we have in our service under the same denomination of rating." He also intimates that the American style of marine architecture is superior to ours, merchant vessels being built in this country so as to evade, as far as can be done, the tonnage duties, while the model and construction of the ships in our navy, for other assigned reasons, do not equal those of our rivals.

But it is time that we come to some of Mr. Cooper's details, which, whatever may be thought of his leanings, exhibit, as far as regards the manner of the narrative, his extraordinary vigour and perspicuity. All the world knows that he is the Scott in the treatment of nautical adventure and incidents; nor do we think that in any of his novels, having the ocean for their field, has he ever displayed higher powers and qualities in the way of lifelike representation.

The first part of Mr. Cooper's narrative belongs to the period when the Americans were the colonists of Great Britain. And throughout this portion of the work, the graphic pen of the earnest author is particularly visible, there being less of those details that have no historical importance, or that divert the mind from the main points of development, often to be met with in the succeeding divisions, and which detract from the philosophy of the performance, consisting, as many long descriptions do, merely of personal adventures, stirring and strange, no doubt in themselves, but in no way advancing the spirit or light of national history.

The passages now to be extracted by us will support and illustrate some of our preliminary observations—our purpose being rather to accomplish this end, and to afford characteristic specimens of the writer's manner, than to attempt any connected view of the rise and progress of the navy of America. Here is a notice of the first decked vessel built in the United States, of which any account has been found by Mr. Cooper, with some other notices. He says, it was constructed by—

"Schipper Adrian Block, on the banks of the Hudson, and probably within the present limits of New York, during the summer of 1614. This

vessel De Laet terms a 'yacht,' and describes as having been of the dimensions of thirty-eight feet keel, forty-four and a half feet on deck, and eleven feet beam. In this 'yacht,' Block passed through Hell Gate, into the Sound, and steering eastward, he discovered a small island, which he named after himself; going as far as Cape Cod, by the way of the Vineyard passage. According to the same authority, the Dutch at New Amsterdam, who had constructed a fort, and reinforced their colony, soon after built many more small vessels, sloops and periaguas, opening a trade with the savages, by means of the numerous bays, sounds, and rivers of their territory. It was also in 1614 that the celebrated Captain John Smith arrived from England, and sailed on a coasting voyage, with the double purpose of trade and discovery. He went himself in a boat, having a crew of only eight men; and the profits, as well as the discoveries, abundantly rewarded the risks. It may serve to give the reader a more accurate idea of the condition of trade in this part of the world, if we state that in 1615 the English alone had one hundred and seventy vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, while the French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, had altogether about three hundred. Many attempts were made about this time to discover a northwest passage to China; the well-known expedition in which Baffin was employed occurring in 1616."

The sea-fights in which the colonists at first were engaged, appear to have displayed the romantic energy of the people, although on a scale very unlike modern maritime wars between powerful nations; the former having taken place generally in the case of private adventure, in which decked boats or small sloops were sometimes the size and weight of the craft. It happened that these engagements were frequently with Indians. The first battle, as is supposed, in which the colonists were concerned, was of this description, and of which we quote Mr. Cooper's account. It took place between John Gallop, who traded in skins on the coasts of New England, and the aborigines, all such vessels carrying many light guns. Having fallen in with another vessel similarly occupied, and which belonged to a person of the name of Oldham, who was known to have sailed with a crew of two white boys and two Indians, certain suspicious circumstances attracted the attention of the former. The narrative thus proceeds:—

"On running still nearer, no less than fourteen Indians were discovered lying on her deck. A canoe, conveying goods, and manned by Indians, had also just started for the shore. Gallop now began to suspect that Oldham had been over-powered by the savages; a suspicion that was confirmed by the Indians slipping their cable, and running off before the wind, or in the direction of Narragansett Bay. Satisfied that a robbery had been committed, Gallop made sail in chase, and running alongside of the pinnace, in a spirited manner, he fired a volley of duck-shot at the savages. The latter had swords, spears, and some fire-arms, and they attempted a resistance, but Gallop soon drove them below to a man. Afraid to board in the face of such odds, Gallop now had recourse to a

novel expedient to dislodge his enemies. As the pinnace was drifting with no one to manage her, she soon fell to leeward, while the sloop hauled by the wind. As soon as the two vessels were far enough asunder, Gallop put his helm up, and ran directly down on the weather quarter of the pinnace, striking her with so much violence as to come near forcing her over on her side. The shock so much alarmed the Indians, who were on an element and in a craft they did not understand, that six of them rushed frantically on deck, and leaped in the sea, where they were all drowned. The sloop again hauled off, when Gallop lashed an anchor to her bows in such a manner, that by running down on the pinnace a second time, he forced the flukes through the sides of the latter, which are represented as having been made of boards. The two vessels were now fast to each other, and the crew of the sloop began to fire through the side of the pinnace, into her hold. Finding it impossible, however, to drive his enemies up, Gallop loosened his fasts, and hauled up to windward a third time, when four or five more of the Indians jumped overboard and shared the fate of those who had preceded them. One Indian now appeared on deck and offered to submit. Gallop ran alongside, and received this man in the sloop, when he was bound hands and feet, and put into the hold. Another soon followed this example, and he was also received on board the sloop and bound, but, fearful that if two of his wily foes were permitted to commune together, they would liberate themselves, the second prisoner was thrown into the sea. But two Indians now remained in the pinnace. They had got into a small apartment below, and being armed, they showed a disposition to defend themselves, when Gallop removed all the goods that remained into his own sloop, stripped the pinnace of her sails, took her in tow, and hauled up for the islands again. But the wind increasing, the pinnace was cut adrift, and she disappeared in the direction of Narragansett Bay, where it is probable she was stranded in the course of a few hours. On board the pinnace, Gallop found the body of Mr. Oldham."

The head had been cleft, and the hands and legs were much mangled. This and other dreadful doings of the Indians called for severe retaliation on the part of the English, for whose name it was deemed necessary to create a deep respect and fear; and in those chastisements, it was strongly illustrated, as in the instance above described, how much is owing to conduct and discipline when joined to courage. A striking instance of the wonders which these qualities may accomplish is to be found on more occasions than those merely presented in naval conflict, as will appear from our next extract:—

"On the 10th of April, the New York, John Adams, and Enterprise sailed, to touch at Malta, on their way to the enemy's port. While making this passage, just as the music had been beating to grog, a heavy explosion was heard near the cock-pit of the flag-ship, and the lower part of the vessel was immediately filled with smoke. It was an appalling moment, for every man on board was aware that a quantity of powder, not far from the magazine, must have exploded, that fire was necessarily

scattered in the passages, that the ship was in flames, and that, in all human probability, the magazine was in danger. Captain Chauncey was passing the drummer when the explosion occurred, and he ordered him to beat to quarters. The alarm had not been given a minute, when the men were going steadily to their guns, and other stations, under a standing regulation, which directed this measure in the event of a cry of fire, as the most certain means of giving the officers entire command of the ship, and of preventing confusion. The influence of discipline was well exhibited on this trying occasion ; for while there is nothing so fearful to the seamen as the alarm of fire, the people went to their quarters, as regularly as in the moments of confidence. The sea being smooth, and the weather moderate, the commodore himself now issued an order to hoist out the boats. This command, which had been given under the influence of the best feelings of the human heart, was most unfortunately timed. The people had no sooner left the guns to execute it, than the jib-boom, bow-sprit, sprit-sail-yard, knight-heads, and every spot forward was lined with men, under the idea of getting as far as possible from the magazine. Some even leaped overboard and swam for the nearest vessel. The situation of the ship was now exceedingly critical. With a fire known to be kindled near the magazine, and a crew in a great measure disorganized, the chances of escape were much diminished. But Captain Chauncey rallied a few followers, and reminding them that they might as well be blown up through one deck as three, he led the way below, into passages choked with smoke where the danger was rapidly increasing. There, by means of wetted blankets, taken from the purser's store-room, and water thrown by hand, he began to contend with the fire, in a spot where a spark scattered even by the efforts made to extinguish the flames, might, in a single instant, have left nothing of all on board, but their names. Mr. David Porter, the first lieutenant, who meets us in so many scenes of trial and danger, had ascended from the ward-room, by means of a stern ladder, and he and the other officers, seconded the noble efforts of their intrepid commander. The men were got in from the spars forward, water was abundantly supplied, and the ship was saved. This accident is supposed to have occurred in consequence of a candle having been taken from a lantern, while the gunner was searching some object in a store-room that led from the cock-pit. A quantity of marine cartridges, and the powder horns used in priming the guns, and it is thought some mealed powder exploded. Two doors leading to the magazine passage were forced open, and nearly all the adjoining bulkheads were blown down. Nineteen officers and men were injured, of whom fourteen died. The sentinel at the magazine passage was driven quite through to the filling-room door."

After having rapidly traced the history of the birth and early growth of the American navy, Mr. Cooper treats of its further advancement amid and during the struggles of the war of Independence ; the most remarkable proofs of personal daring and national energy being afforded during this eventful period, when the odds as to appointments, the *materiel* of war, and regular training were

mightily against the revolutionists. And yet England found them the most formidable enemies to her trade that she had ever encountered; the American system, and perseverance in privateering, leading to the most disastrous captures in our West Indian regions. We now quote one of Mr. Cooper's most animated passages, in which, however, it will be seen with what warmth and cordiality he dwells upon the details of his countrymen's valour, and to which we have already alluded, as contrasted with his sympathy with the enemy in other cases, where the results were reversed. It is of the *Essex* of the United States that we are to hear:—

“The *Phœbe* discovered no disposition to throw away the immense advantage she possessed in her long eighteens; and when she found the *Essex's* fire becoming warm, she kept edging away, throwing her shot, at the same time, with fatal effect, cutting down the people of her antagonist, almost with impunity to herself. By this time, many of the guns of the American ship were disabled by shot, and the crews of several had been swept away. One particular gun was a scene of carnage that is seldom witnessed in a naval combat, no less than fifteen men, or three entire crews, falling at it in the course of the action; its captain alone escaped with a slight wound.

“This scene of almost unresisting carnage had now lasted near two hours, and finding it impossible to close with his adversary, who chose his distance at pleasure, Captain Porter felt the necessity of taking some prompt measure, if he would prevent the enemy from getting possession of his ship. The wind had got more to the westward, and he saw a hope of running her ashore at a spot where he might land his people, and set her on fire. For a few minutes, everything appeared to favour this design, and the *Essex* had drifted within musket-shot of the beach, when the wind suddenly shifted from the land, paying the ship's head broad off, in a way to leave her exposed to a dreadful raking fire.

“The slaughter in the *Essex* having got to be horrible, the enemy firing with deliberation, and hulling her at almost every shot, Captain Porter, as a last resort, ordered a hawser to be bent to the sheet anchor, and the latter let go, in order to bring the head of the ship round. This effected the object; and once more the Americans got their broadside to bear, remaining stationary themselves, while their enemy, a good deal crippled, was drifting slowly to leeward. Even in those desperate circumstances a ray of hope gleamed through this little advantage, and Captain Porter was beginning to believe that the *Phœbe* would drift out of gun-shot before she discovered his expedient, when the hawser parted with the strain.

“There was no longer any chance of saving the ship. To add to her distress, she was on fire, the flames coming up both the main and the forward hatchways; and, for a few minutes, it was thought she must consume. An explosion of powder also occurred below, to add to the horrors of the scene; and Captain Porter told his people that, in preference to being blown up, all who chose to incur the risk might make the attempt to reach the shore by swimming. Many availed themselves of the per-

mission; and some succeeded in effecting their escape. Others, perished; while a few, after drifting about on bits of spars, were picked up by the boats of the enemy. Much the greater part of the crew, however, remained in the ship, and they set about an attempt to extinguish the flames; the shot of the enemy committing its havoc the whole time. Fortunately, the fire was got under, when the few brave men who were left, went again to the long guns.

"The moment had now arrived when Captain Porter was to decide between submission, or the destruction of the remainder of his people. In the midst of this scene of slaughter he had himself been untouched, and it would seem that he felt himself called on to resist as long as his own strength allowed. But his remaining people entreated him to remember his wounded, and he at last consented to summon his officers. Only one, Acting-Lieutenant M'Knight, could join him on the quarter-deck! The First Lieutenant, Mr. Wilmer, had been knocked overboard by a splinter, and drowned, while getting the sheet anchor from the bows; Acting-Lieutenant Cowell, the next in the rank, was mortally wounded; Acting-Lieutenant Odenheimer had just been knocked overboard from the quarter, and did not regain the vessel for several minutes. The reports of the state of the ship were fearful. A large portion of the guns were disabled, even had there been men left to fight them. The berth-deck, steerage, ward-room, and cock-pit, were full of wounded; and the latter were even killed by shot while under the surgeon's hands. The carpenter was sent for, and he stated that of his crew he alone could perform any duty. He had been over the side to stop shot-holes, when his slings had been cut away, and he narrowly escaped drowning. In short, seventy-five men, officers included, were all that remained for duty; and the enemy, in perfectly smooth water, was firing his long eighteens at a nearly unresisting ship, with as much precision as he could have discharged them at a target. It had become an imperative duty to strike, and the colours were accordingly hauled down, after one of the most remarkable combats that is to be found in the history of naval warfare."

In a third division of the History we have the period embraced between 1783 and 1812, during which time there was a short war with France, and another with the Barbary States. In the course of the latter the American navy made great progress in improvement. And lastly we have the naval events of the last severe conflict with England, on the lakes as well as on the ocean—the narrative closing with the peace of 1815. We copy his concluding remarks, but in which, we do not fully agree either as regards all the points in it alleged to be facts; although our objections chiefly have reference to the want of other circumstances, some of them glanced at in our opening observations, without the recognition of which the truth cannot be given or apprehended. Mr. Cooper says,—

"Thus terminated the war of 1812, so far as connected with the American marine. The navy came out of this struggle with a vast

increase of reputation. The brilliant style in which the ships had been carried into action, and the readiness and rapidity with which they had been handled, and the fatal accuracy of their fire, on nearly every occasion, produced a new era in naval warfare. Most of the frigate actions had been as soon decided as circumstances would at all allow, and in no instance was it found necessary to keep up the fire of a sloop of war an hour, when singly engaged. Most of the combats of the latter, indeed, were decided in half that time. The execution done in these short conflicts was often equal to that made by the largest vessels of Europe in general actions, and in some of them the slain and wounded, comprised a very large proportion of the crews. It is not easy to say in which nation this unlooked for result created the greatest surprise—America or England. In the first it produced a confidence in itself that had been greatly wanted, but which, in the end, perhaps, degenerated to a feeling of self-esteem and security that were not without danger, or entirely without exaggeration. The last was induced to alter its mode of rating, adopting one by no means as free from the imputation of a want of consistency as the one it abandoned, and it altogether changed its estimate of the force of single ships, as well as of the armaments of frigates. The ablest and bravest captains of the English fleet were ready to admit that a new power was about to appear on the ocean, and that it was not improbable the battle for the mastery of the seas would have to be fought over again. In short, while some of its ignorant, presuming, and boastful were disposed to find excuses for the unexpected nautical reverses which Great Britain had met with in this short war, the sagacious and reflecting saw in them matter for serious apprehension and alarm. They knew that the former triumphs of their admirals had not so much grown out of an unusual ability to manœuvre fleets, as in the national aptitude to manage single ships, and they saw the proofs of the same aptitude, in the conduct of the Americans during this struggle, improved on by a skill in gunnery that had never before been so uniformly manifested in naval warfare. In a word, it may be questioned if all the great victories of the last European wars caused more exultation among the uninstructed of that nation, than the defeats of this gave rise to misgivings and apprehensions among those who were able to appreciate causes, and to anticipate consequences in matters so purely professional as the construction, powers, and handling of ships. Many false modes of accounting for the novel character that had been given to naval battles was resorted to, and among other reasons it was affirmed that the American vessels of war sailed with crews of picked seamen. That a nation which practised impressment should imagine that another in which enlistments were voluntary could possess an advantage of this nature, infers a strong disposition to listen to any means but the right one to account for an unpleasant truth. It is not known that a single vessel left the country, the case of the *Constitution* on her two last voyages excepted, with a crew that could be deemed extraordinary in this respect. No American man-of-war ever sailed with a complement composed of nothing but able seamen; and some of the hardest fought battles that occurred during this war, were fought by ships' companies that were materially worse than common. The people which manned the vessels on Lake Champlain, in particular, were of a

quality much inferior to those usually found in ships of war. Neither were the officers, in general, old or very experienced. The navy itself dated but fourteen years back, when the war commenced; and some of the commanders began their professional career several years after the first appointments had been made. Perhaps one half of the lieutenants in the service at the peace of 1815 had first gone on board ship within six years from the declaration of the war, and very many of them within three or four. So far from the midshipmen having been masters and mates of merchantmen, as was reported at the time, they were generally youth that first went from the ease and comforts of the paternal home, when they appeared on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war. That the tone and discipline of the service were high is true; but it must be ascribed to moral, and not to physical causes; to that aptitude in the American character for the sea, which has been so constantly manifested from the day the first pinnace sailed along the coast on the trading voyages of the seventeenth century, down to the present moment."

Such is a specimen of Mr. Cooper's tone and spirit throughout, although he frequently bears very strong testimony to the honour of the British. We still think, however, that at some future period a more candid, and able historical work will be written about the American navy. Even already, we have, in the chapter of Captain Marryat's work referred to in another part of our present number, a more calmly digested sketch, an evident superiority as to national jealousy, and certainly an equally full knowledge of all the passages and bearings of the subject. From his book we shall quote one illustration of this openness and fairness. Captain M. says,—

"During my sojourn in the United States I became acquainted with a large portion of the senior officers of the American navy, and I found them gifted, gentleman-like, and liberal. With them I could converse freely upon all points relative to the last war, and always found them ready to admit all that could be expected. The American naval officers certainly form a strong contrast to the majority of their countrymen, and prove, by their enlightened and liberal ideas, how much the Americans in general would be improved if they enjoyed the same means of comparison with other countries which the naval officers, by their profession, have obtained. The partial successes during the war were often the theme of discourse, which was conducted with candour and frankness on both sides. No unpleasant feeling was ever excited by any argument with them on the subject, whilst the question, raised amongst their 'free and enlightened' brother citizens, who knew nothing of the matter, was certain to bring down upon me such a torrent of bombast, falsehood, and ignorance, as required all my philosophy to submit to with apparent indifference."

In conclusion, and to return to Mr. Cooper, we quote his speculations upon the probable effects which steam-power will have in naval warfare:—

"An opinion is becoming prevalent, that the use of steam will supersede the old mode of naval conducting warfare. Like most novel and bold propositions, this new doctrine has obtained advocates, who have yielded their convictions to the influence of their imaginations, rather than to the influence of reflection. That the use of steam will materially modify naval warfare, is probably true; but it cannot change its general character. No vessel can be built of sufficient force and size to transport a sufficiency of fuel, provisions, munitions of war, and guns, to contend with even a heavy frigate, allowing the last to bring her broadside to bear. It may be questioned if the heaviest steam-vessel of war that exists could engage a modern two-decked ship even in a calm, since the latter, in addition to possessing much greater powers of endurance, could probably bring the most guns to bear in all possible positions. Shot proof batteries might indeed be built, that, propelled by steam, would be exceedingly formidable for harbour defence, but it is illusory to suppose that vessels of that description can ever be made to cruize. Even in estimating the power of steam vessels, in calms as opposed to single ships of no great force, there is much exaggeration, as historical facts will amply prove. The wars of this country afford several instances of frigates carrying eighteen pounders lying exposed to the cannonade of fifteen or twenty gun-boats for two or three hours, and yet in no instance has any such vessel been either captured or destroyed. It is a heavy sea-steamer that can bring six guns to bear at a time, and yet frigates have resisted twenty guns, advantageously placed for hours. It may be said that steamers would dare to approach nearer than gun-boats, and that, by obtaining more favourable positions, they will be so much the more formidable. There is but one position in which a ship can be assailed without the means of resistance, and that is directly ahead, and from a situation near by. Large ships can hardly be said to be defenceless even under these circumstances; as the slightest variation in their position would always admit of their bringing three or four heavy guns to bear. The expedients of seamen offer a variety of means of changing the direction of a ship's head in calms, even did not the sea itself perform that office for them. Nothing, for instance, would be easier than to rig, temporarily, wheels, to be propelled by hand out of the stern or bow ports, or even on the quarter that would bring a large ship's forward or after guns to bear, in a way to beat off or destroy a steamer."

"There are certain great principles that are unchangeable, and which must prevail under all circumstances. Of this class is the well-established fact, that, a ship which possesses the efficiency which is contained in the double power to annoy and to endure, must, in all ordinary circumstances, prevail over a ship that possesses one of these advantages, and that too in a smaller degree. Steam may be, and most probably will be, made a powerful auxiliary of the present mode of naval warfare, but is by no means likely to supplant it. Fleets may be accompanied by steamers, but their warfare will be conducted by the present classes of heavy ships, since it is not possible to give sufficient powers of annoyance or endurance to vessels propelled by steam, to enable them to lie under the batteries of the latter. Even as active cruisers, the efficiency of steam-

vessels is probably overrated, on account of the consumption of fuel, though it remains to be proved by experience whether their employment may not induce a change in the armaments of light vessels of war. The history of the war of 1812 shows that ships have often cruized months without having fallen in with convoys, and it is certain that no steamer, in the present state of science, can remain at sea thirty days, with efficiency as a steamer.

“In a word, while the introduction of steam into naval warfare will greatly modify maritime operations, it is by no means likely to effect the revolution that is supposed. In those portions of the art of seamanship that it will influence, steam will meet steam, and, in the end, it will be found that the force of fleets will be required in settling the interest of states, as to-day.”

ART. VII.

1. *Fireside Education*. By the Author of “Peter Parley’s Tales.” New York.
2. *Woman’s Mission*. London : Parker.
3. *The Educator*. London : Taylor and Walton.
4. *On National Education*. By MRS. AUSTIN. London : Murray.

THE subject of education is every day receiving an additional amount of consideration. It is assuming its real importance in the estimation of the Christian world. There are some differences of opinion regarding the precise kinds that ought to be imparted to nations, as well as regarding the manner of communicating the several sorts. There are still greater discrepancies, in this country, at least, as to the principles which are to regulate the choice of those who are to superintend a system of education that is national, appointed and supported directly by the Government. But there is now no party and no individual in the State that does not readily and cordially admit that a great extension of instruction, moral and intellectual, is pressingly required ; or that denies that Great Britain is falling greatly behind other countries in regard to a provision that vitally concerns her strength as well as honour. In one shape or another the supply must be afforded, and at no distant period. It is our duty therefore always to exhibit alacrity to keep the subject before our readers, or to seize every occasion that presents itself of pressing it home upon their minds, when anything like a novelty of aspect, or an additional weight of argument comes to our hands.

The oftener that any one directs his attention to this subject he will entertain more and more enlarged and impressive views upon it. He will, for example, become thoroughly convinced that education is not an affair demanding only a few years’ devotion of juvenile life,—that it is not confined to mental training alone,—and that it calls for a wider superintendence than can be afforded by the school-

master merely. These, and other considerations and convictions, will render the education of a people in his eyes an object that is second to none. True, no one ever ventures to deny to the legitimate meaning of the term the widest construction and the greatest emphasis. But this, even to this day, is done speculatively and theoretically, rather than exemplified practically by the majority. For how could it be that so many real errors and absurdities still disgrace our schools, and the conduct of parents towards their children in the course of training them, were it not that education does not, in fact, occupy a paramount consideration, does not appear a matter surrounded with difficulties too formidable to be opposed by ignorance or limited information and slender impressions? We find throughout the country that the office of teacher is not highly honoured. No doubt it may be said that the majority of these functionaries possess neither the character nor the abilities that can command respect, many of them having betaken themselves to the office because they were fit for nothing else. But if the mass of the people were sufficiently in earnest on the subject, did they behold what interests were at stake, and did they perform their own share in the course of the education of their children, the qualities for a public teacher, even in common schools, would be seen to be so elevated and so sacred that the incessant and resistless call would be for competent and efficient schoolmasters; the difficulties of the profession would be appreciated, and its eminence duly estimated.

Still, we rejoice to have it to say that the subject, in its breadth and height is gradually assuming its real position, and that it has recently been more rapidly than ever making its progress towards this condition. The works before us are sure to help on and to accelerate this enlargement, which joined to the many noble efforts that are making in and out of Parliament, promise an early triumph. In the meanwhile we require not only a very different provision of Schoolmasters, but a far more numerous and combined array of them; while the ramifications of that combination, as we shall soon perceive, must extend to other scenes, to other roofs, and to other exercises than what properly belong to the school-room, or the church and chapel. There must be a branch that reaches the fireside; for until this is apprehended by parents, and cultivated by them with care and perseverance, national education will be incomplete, the system will be lame, and must halt; and the expectations cherished by many regarding the grand results of knowledge made everywhere accessible in rich variety, be found deceitful dreams.

The department of education to which we have just now alluded has, in an infinite number of cases, been made the subject of sermons, essays, tales, and other powerful or touching appeals to humanity, and the feelings of all who stand in the relation of parents

and masters ; social, moral, and religious training being principally kept in view. But it has not often been apprehended how closely domestic education is connected, or how forcibly it may be made to co-operate with the education of the school-room. It is not enough to say or to perceive that moral and intellectual instruction ought to be constantly afforded and urged both in the school-room and at the fireside ; they must be seen to be most efficient when lending the reciprocal aids and encouragements of kindred institutions ; the one being more immediately the offspring of the Universal Parent than the other, but both of wisdom and benevolence. When most of the obedience, order, and appetite for healthy knowledge created and maintained in a well-regulated and good school, are carried to the fireside, and, in return, when most of the morality and kindness of the virtuous domestic life are carried to the public seminary, there will be the best combination and reciprocity, and which will discover the twinship in the development of manhood. The study or perusal of the two small works first in our list, at the beginning of this paper, have served to press the sentiment we have now expressed forcibly upon our minds, and to open up with a more ample magnitude the nature and capacities of the relationship adverted to previously than we perceived.

The author of "*Fireside Education*," when speaking of its importance in the training of the young, and particularly of the several offices which the mother and father hold in that sacred hall, says :—

"The mother holds the reins of the soul ; the father sways the dominion of the intellect. I do not affirm, that there is an exact or complete division of empire between the parents. Both exert a powerful influence over the mind and heart. I mean only to state generally, that the natural power of the mother is exercised rather over the affections, and that of the father over the mind. It is a blended sway, and if exerted in unison it has the force of destiny. There may be cases in which children may seem to set parental authority at defiance ; but these instances, if they actually occur, are rare, and may be regarded as exceptions, which are said to prove the rule. Remember the impressible character of youth, and consider its relation to the parent. Is not the one like the fused metal, and has not the other the power to impress upon it an image ineffaceable as the die upon steel ? Nay, is it not matter of fact, attested by familiar observation, that children come forth from the hands of their parents stamped with a character that seldom deserts them in after life ? Are they not impressed with manners, tastes, habits, and opinions, which circumstances may modify, but never efface ? If the countenance of the child often bears the semblance of the father or mother, do we not still more frequently discover in the offspring the moral impress of the parent ?

"Is it not true, then, that parents are the lawgivers of their children ? Does not a mother's counsel, does not a father's example, cling to the me-

mory, and haunt us through life? Do we not often find ourselves subject to habitual trains of thought, and if we seek to discover the origin of these, are we not insensibly led back, by some beaten and familiar track, to the paternal threshold?"

He also utters the following striking sentences, which we give, on account of their emphasis, in large type, when continuing to characterize the importance of the fruits of teaching, example, and discipline peculiar to the domestic seminary,"—"It is important," he says, "because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days."

The aptitude in early years to receive impressions, the processes of acquiring, and the eagerness to obtain knowledge in childhood and youth, are phenomena in human nature. But this capacity and greediness have frequently been mischievously directed, and continue to be among the errors of parents, to the propagation of rivalries, and the perversion and lasting injury of the victim's principles and practices. We quote some paragraphs that are applicable to the points mentioned, and touchingly enforced, although there is not much of novelty in the ideas. These ideas, however, cannot be too frequently urged, so long as the errors spoken of are so prevalent as they are:—

"I will venture to make another suggestion to parents, which is the more important from the fact, that selfishness sometimes puts on the guise of virtue, and deceives even those who are concerned in the trick. There are parents, who, from the ambition to have their children shine, stimulate them by base excitements to exertion, thus sacrificing the purity of the heart, and often the health of the body. There are parents, who, from a frivolous vanity, dress their children in an extravagant manner; thus tarnishing the youthful spirit with the same paltry vice which sways themselves. There are some people, who are flattered if their children appear precocious, and these usually attempt to make them prodigies.

"I once knew a mother who was possessed with this insane ambition in respect to an only child. This was a little boy, of bright intellect, but feeble constitution. There was, by nature, a tendency to a premature development of the mental faculties, and this dangerous predisposition was seconded by all the art and influence of the mother. The consequence was, that while the boy's head grew rapidly, and at last became enormous, his limbs became shrunken and almost useless. His mind too

advanced, and at the age of eight years he was indeed a prodigy. At ten he died, and his mother, who was a literary lady, performed the task of writing and publishing his biography. In all this, she seemed to imagine, that she was actuated by benevolent motives, and never appeared to suspect the truth, plain and obvious to others, that this child was as truly sacrificed by a mother's selfishness to the demon of vanity, as the Hindoo infant, given by its mother to the god of the Ganges, is immolated on the altar of superstition. Let parents beware, then, how they permit their own selfishness, their own vanity or ambition, to lead them into the sacrifice of their children's happiness. Let it be remembered that premature fruit never ripens well, and that precocious children are usually inferior men or women. Parents, therefore, should be afraid of prodigies. Nothing is in worse taste than for parents to show off their children as remarkably witty, or as remarkable, indeed, for anything. Good breeding teaches every one to avoid display, and well-bred parents will never offend by making puppets of their children in gratification of their own vanity.

"There are other mistakes into which parents are led by selfishness, which assumes the semblance of disinterestedness. Thus, in the choice of a profession, and in making out the plan of life for a child, a parent frequently consults rather his own ambition than the real interest of his offspring. In educating him, he takes care to cultivate those powers which enable him to command wealth, rather than those which insure peace of mind. He excites him to effort by emulation, rather than by a sense of duty; he infuses into him a love of high places, rather than a love of his fellow-men. And what is all this, but the immolation of a child on the altar of ambition by a parent's hands? a sacrifice rendered still more odious by the hypocrisy of the pretence, that it is for the benefit of the victim."

There is a number of moral lessons that would have a most beautiful and delicate issue throughout life which may be taught in the family circle. One of these should be the guidance of the social feelings of children towards one another, especially of boys towards their sisters and other girls. It is a fact that children exert great influence upon one another, and have natures that wield it, for good or ill whenever they have an opportunity. How soon does a boy learn selfishly to turn to a tyrannical, rude, and contemptuous account the superiority of his power against girls of like years! Now, to quote our author's words, "this demands the assiduous correction of the parent. The claims of the weaker upon the stronger sex for scrupulous justice and chivalrous protection ought to be inculcated and enforced, especially by mothers, from the earliest periods of boyhood." How different, if this was anxiously attended to, would be the behaviour of many an urchin when going to or returning from school, as well as of the man in later years!

Before proceeding to notice "Woman's Mission," as set forward in the second of the works selected by us, we have only to mention with gratification that the author of "Fireside Education" regards

religion as an indispensable element in all education ; a view which is entertained and urged by every one in this country whose opinion on the general subject of education is worth consulting. That the Bible ought to be used in all schools, we believe, is the unanimous sentiment of those who profess Christianity throughout Europe and America ; nor can we see that anything but the grossest contradiction would be involved by an opposite judgment. It has been well said, " that the Bible is in itself the best book that can be put into the hands of children, to interest, to instruct, and to unfold their intellectual and moral powers." How different is the character of many of the compilations, abridgments, &c., that are used at schools !

" Woman's Mission" is evidently the work of a female hand ; yet it is more original, more able, and more persuasive than the one from which we have already culled some passages. It is, indeed, a volume which every woman should possess and ponder : every woman who follows our advice in regard to it, will not only think more justly, but more complacently of herself ; while visible will be the effects of her study upon her offspring.

The design of the work is, " to advance the moral regeneration of humanity by means of woman's social influence." It is to show to mothers, that, " as the guardian angels of man's infancy, they are charged with a mission,"—that " to them is committed the implanting that heavenly germ to which God must give the increase, but for the early culture of which they are answerable." It is the neglecting of this domestic education which, in a great measure, renders it so difficult and yet so necessary for the legislature to do its part and its members to agree upon the subject of a national system of public, of secular, and religious instruction. The hearth and home department, however, is happily free from the political differences of opinion, and the sectarian sentiments that beset the other ; nor could we desire to meet with a better expositor of woman's peculiar sphere. All that we need to do with the details of this exposition of influences and duties is to press some fragments of them into our pages.

The author asserts and shows that it is not so much social institutions that are wanting to women, as that women are wanting to themselves, for the obtainment of their proper position in the world, or that she is prevented from executing her mission. " Good schoolmasters make good scholars,—good mothers make good men ; here is the difference of their missions. It follows, that the education properly so called of the child, depends almost entirely on mothers ; and if they have been too willing to trust to delegated authority for its accomplishment, it is because they have identified education with instruction." Again,—" The friends of instruction look upon intellectual culture as the grand panacea of all evils."

But “though intellect may give dignity and vigour to moral sentiments where they do exist, it has no tendency to produce them where they do not. Nay, like an unprincipled ally, it is ever ready to aid either party, and to lend energy to bad passions as well as loftiness to good ones.” It is in the culture of the moral sentiments and of the affections, with which gross passions never co-exist, that woman can be most serviceable, home being the sphere, and maternal influence there the most powerful and lasting instrument. Sad errors, however, have been plentifully entertained upon these and kindred points. We quote more extendedly :—

“Because it is perceived that women have a dignity and value greater than society or themselves have discovered; because their talents and virtues place them on a footing of equality with men, it is maintained that their present sphere of action is too contracted a one, and that they ought to share in the public functions of the other sex. Equality, mental and physical, is proclaimed! This is matter too ludicrous to be treated anywhere but in a professed satire: in sober earnest, it may be asked, Upon what grounds so extraordinary a doctrine is built up? Were women allowed to act out these principles, it would soon appear that one great range of duty had been left unprovided for in the schemes of Providence; such an omission would be without parallel. Two principal points only can here be brought forward, which oppose this plan at the very outset; they are—1st. Placing the two sexes in the position of rivals, instead of coadjutors,—entailing the diminution of female influence. 2nd. Leaving the important duties of woman only in the hands of that part of the sex least able to perform them efficiently. The principle of divided labour seems to be a maxim of the Divine government, as regards the creature. It is only by a concentration of powers to one point, that so feeble a being as man can achieve great results.”

The author proceeds to ask, why should the salutary law she has just noticed, be set aside,—why should the beautiful simplicity of arrangement be disturbed, which, it is said,—

“Has given to man the power, and to woman the influence, to second the plans of almighty goodness? They are formed to be co-operators, not rivals, in this great work; and rivals they would undoubtedly, become if the same career of public ambition, and the same rewards of success, were open to both. Woman, at present, is the regulating power of the great social machine, retaining, through the very exclusion complained of, the power to judge of questions by the abstract rules of right and wrong—a power seldom possessed by those whose spirits are chafed by opposition, and heated by personal contest. The second resulting evil is a grave one, though in treating of it, also, it is difficult to steer clear of ludicrous associations. The political career being open to women, it is natural to suppose that all the most gifted of the sex would press forward to confer upon their country the benefit of their services, and to

reap for themselves the distinction which such services would obtain ; the duties hitherto considered peculiar to the sex would sink to a still lower position in public estimation than they now hold, and would be abandoned to those least able conscientiously to fulfil them. The combination of legislative and maternal duties would indeed be a difficult task, and, of course, the least ostentatious would be sacrificed. Yet women have a mission ! ay, even a political mission, of immense importance ! which they will best fulfil by moving in the sphere assigned them by Providence, not comet-like, wandering in irregular orbits, dazzling indeed by their brilliancy, but terrifying by their eccentric movements and doubtful utility."

On the extent and modes of operation of a mother's influences over her children,—

"The character of the mother influences the children more than that of the father, because it is more exposed to their daily, hourly, observation. It is difficult for these young, though acute observers, to comprehend the principles which regulate their father's political opinions ; his vote in the senate ; his conduct in political or commercial relations ; but they can see—yes ! and they can estimate and imitate, the moral principles of the mother in her management of themselves, her treatment of her domestics, and the thousand petty details of the interior. These principles, whether lax or strict, low or high in moral tone, become, by an insensible and imperceptible adoption, their principles ; and are carried out by them into the duties and avocations of future life. It would be startling to many to know with what intelligence and accuracy motives are penetrated, inconsistencies remarked, and treasured up with retributive or imitative projects, as may best suit the purpose of the moment. Nothing but a more extensive knowledge of children than is usually possessed on entering life can awaken parents to the perception of this truth ; and awakened perception may, perhaps, be only awakened misery."

One of the effects pointed out as resulting from the indulgence of the maternal instinct of fondness, as distinguished from maternal discriminating affection, is thus noticed and described :—

"Spoiled children are always selfish, in other words, they receive the expression of passionate affection unconsciously and ungratefully, and give no affection in return. Now it is to be remarked that the effects produced by any influence respond exactly in *their* nature to the nature of that influence.—And this may account for the fact, that the passionate indulgence of instinctive fondness, unrestrained by moral principle in any of its manifestations, produces—not answering fondness—but coldness and indifference. Here the nature of the effects respond to the nature of the influence. The influence is an exhibition of selfishness—the effect is an exhibition of selfishness likewise—unthankfulness and insubordination. On the contrary, the exhibition of the moral principle is unselfish, for I suppose that none but a mother can know the self-sacrifice requisite for the exercise of it in repressing the instinct. The effect responds—it is the production of unselfishness likewise—obedience and gratitude."

Mothers have other objects to look to besides a constant exhibition of judiciously exercised affection, or than the inculcation, by example and precept, of morality. The error is, indeed, declared to be a very lamentable one, into which,—

“Some very conscientious women fall, who, on entering life, allow themselves to be so engrossed by present duties as to forget other and more important duties which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-bye. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own.”

Woman is said not to be generally educated in a manner calculated to fit her for her peculiar duties throughout the period which demands her highest services. The development of her conscience, heart, and affections, those moral qualities and capacities which Providence has so liberally bestowed upon her, have not been a main object: how then can she implant in others what she has never cultivated? The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. But has the making a wise choice been made a great matter in her education? Or when a mother, have the many, the mighty, and the delicate duties of that condition been objects of special moment in her training? No! accomplishments are the chief preparations; which, together with the light of a cultivated intellect, should rather be the handmaids of an enlightened and tender conscience, and of affections elevated in the aim they take, and refined as to preferences. Observe how such views as we have now glanced at are brought to bear on the subject of love, one that confessedly requires nice and discriminating handling:—

“Meanwhile these exaggerated precautions in the education of one sex have been met by equally fatal negligence in the education of the other; and while to girls have been denied the very thoughts of love,—even in its noblest and purest form,—the most effeminate and corrupt productions of the heathen writers have been unhesitatingly laid open to boys; so that the two sexes, on whose respective notions of this passion depends the ennobling or the degrading of their race, meet on these terms:—the men know nothing of love but what they have imbibed

from an impure and polluted source; the women, nothing at all, or nothing but what they have clandestinely gathered from sources almost equally corrupt. The deterioration of any feeling must follow from such injudicious training, more especially a feeling so susceptible as love of assuming such differing aspects. Let no sober-minded person be startled at the deduction hence drawn, that it is foolish to banish all thoughts of love from the minds of the young; since it is certain that girls will think, though they may not read or speak, of love, and that no early care can preserve them from being exposed, at a later period, to its temptations, might it not be well to use here the directing, not the repressing power? Since women will love, might it not be as well to teach them to love wisely? Where is the wisdom of letting the combatant go unarmed into the field, in order to spare him the prospect of a combat? Are not women made to love, and to be loved; and does not their future destiny too often depend upon this passion? And yet the conventual prejudice which banishes its name subsists still."

The importance of religion to woman, and the special claims it has upon her heart, are points upon which the author earnestly and finely expatiates. Take a few short sentences as a specimen:—

"It seems to be particularly a part of women's mission to exhibit Christianity in its beauty and purity, and to disseminate it by example and culture. They have the greatest advantages afforded to them for the fulfilment of this mission, and are under the greatest obligations to fulfil it. For woman never would, and never could have risen to her present station in the social system, had it not been for the dignity with which Christianity invested those qualities, peculiarly her own—no human eye could thus have seen into the deep things of God—no human penetration could have discovered the counsel of Him who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong! No human wisdom could have discovered that pride is not strength, nor self-opinion greatness of soul—nor bravery, sublimity—nor glory, happiness—and that our highest honour, as creatures, is submission; as sinners, humility; as brethren, love."

The realization of all that the author so beautifully and nobly describes or contemplates, will, we fear, be thrown back for many a long and through many an eventful period. But the business of the moralist and individual teacher is not therefore to be slackened or levelled, but, on the other hand, the more urgently pressed; for we are not to despair, or conclude that every lesson will be lost. Perhaps one of the shafts of sentiment and suggestion thrown out in the passage which shall be the last to be quoted from this affectionate and instructive little volume, may take in some quarters speedy effect:—

"‘Do the duty that lies nearest thee,’ says the German sage. Oh! that we could all make this the motto of our heart and of our life, and do the duty that lies nearest us with all our heart, and all our mind, and all

our soul, and all our strength. And here I would address myself to the educators of female youth, beseeching them to consider the deep importance of their occupation,—entreating them to remember that to them is intrusted the training of beings, whose mission on earth is not only to shine, to please, to adorn, but to influence, and by influencing to regenerate;—that the chief object of their education is not so much to fit them to adorn society, as to vivify and enlighten a home. What a paradise even this world might become, if one half the amount of effort expended in vain attempts to excite the admiration of strangers, were reserved to vary the amusements and adorn the sacred precincts of home! Here is an inexhaustable field of effort, an inexhaustible source of happiness; and here women are the undoubted agents, and they complain of having no scope for exertion! The happiness without which wealth, honours, nay, intellectual pleasures, are but gilded toys, it is theirs to produce and foster; and they have no mission! The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall is deposited in their keeping, and they have no importance; alas, for the mental vision of those who see not the things that belong unto their own peace and the peace of others!”

It will be observed throughout that the “Mission” is to higher classes of women than those in which the great majority of the sex is found. But upon persons who have the means of obtaining an ample education lies the responsibility of being patterns to all below them; nor is their example ever without its manifest fruits, ridiculous modes having hitherto been the principal bequests thus transmitted, the deformity and viciousness of which are seen in the caricatures on the part of the imitators.

The third work is a volume containing five “Prize Essays on the Expediency and Means of Elevating the Profession of the Educator in Society.” The first, that which obtained the Prize of one hundred guineas, awarded by Mr. Malden, Professor of Greek in London University College, under the sanction of the “General Society of Education,” is by John Lalor, Esq., is a very able and instructive work, presenting comprehensive and convincing arguments and illustrations, of a practical nature, in support of a plan suitable to the existing condition of opinions, feelings, and circumstances. But he does not overlook the first principles discoverable in human nature wherever or at whatever time studied, nor the future and remote development to which a sound system of education may reasonably be expected to become instrumental in forwarding the accomplishment.

The terms of the subject proposed to competitors for the Prize, of course rendered the character, condition, and attainments of educators, as well as the means by which most necessary and manifest improvements may soon be produced in these matters, the principal points of discussion. The establishment of Normal Schools, in which the candidates for becoming teachers would not only be themselves taught the science of teaching, but have the benefit of

practising it, is regarded by the author as an indispensable provision. Then as to the compass which education should take, and the branches and time to which it should extend, there is hardly any limit contemplated by Mr. Lalor. The physical, as well as the intellectual, and moral nature of man must be cultivated,—the training during childhood and youth being rudimental and the foundation to all after life. Cleanliness of person as well as cheerfulness of disposition, each being held to be the natural and encouraging offspring and concomitants of well-regulated habits, are among the recommended hand-maidens to growth and strength in each of the three branches named. By beginning with Normal Schools, in which these and other inseparable objects and ends would be attained, and their importance appreciated on the part of the educators and also of the taught, society would soon discover the improvements and benefits of such a system. While the advance of the scholars would be manifest, the honour which the character, the station, and the proper remuneration of the teachers caused to be accorded to them, would also prepare the public mind for a national establishment, and force its claims upon all parties in the State. These are points which are more or less forcibly expounded and recommended in Mr. Lalor's Essay, together with others that have not escaped the attention of persons who have made education the subject of their earnest study. Nowhere else, however, have the principles advanced and arguments used been more clearly and methodically arranged, or more strenuously and convincingly urged. One or two extracts will let our readers see with what sense, power, and elevation of sentiment the author supports his views. He lays much stress on physical training, which will be often advantageously mixed with exercise in the other branches. He says,—

“It should be an important object in education to give children a considerable degree of bodily strength. It is not merely of high utility for the laborious occupations in which most persons must pass their lives; it is often a great support to moral dispositions. We should excite good impulses in children, and also give them the utmost strength of mind and body to carry them out. A child ought to be able to withstand injustice attempted by superior strength. Nothing demoralizes both parties more than the tyranny exercised over younger children by elder ones at school. Many good impulses are crushed in a child's heart when he has not physical courage to support them. If we make a child as strong as his age and constitution permit, he will have courage to face greater strength. A boy of this kind, resisting firmly the first assumption of an elder tyrant, may receive some hard treatment in one encounter, but he will have achieved his deliverance. His courage will secure respect. The tyrant will not again excite the same troublesome and dangerous resistance. This is certainly not intended to encourage battles at school; far from it. But, until a high degree of moral education is realized, the best security for general peace among children of different ages is to give each a

strength and spirit which no one will like to provoke. It will further give each a confidence in his powers, and a self-respect, without which none of the hardy virtues can flourish."

The old-fashioned and still very prevalent method of educating children is to force them to cram their memories to their utmost stretch, without ever endeavouring to set their intellectual faculties to work rationally, and without the slightest regard to or perception of the relations subsisting between the physical, mental and moral nature of a human being.

The practice of loading the memory with selections from the poets, without ever thinking of preparing the pupil's mind and directing his taste so as to appreciate the beauties of the choicest morsels, has been one of the most absurd. But observe how efficient poetic food might become to the young, even of the poorer classes :—

"There is one subject which requires a short consideration before passing to the third branch of education, or that which relates to the formation of moral character.

"It may be thought extravagant to propose the cultivation of a taste for poetry as a regular part of education, especially for the poorer classes. Yet, education, which seeks to develop the faculties of a human being, must be very inadequate if it neglects the culture of the imagination. The power of poetic creation is, indeed, the rarest of endowments, but the power of enjoyment is general. The highest human mind differs not in kind, but in degree, from the humblest. The deepest principles of science discovered by the slow toil of the greatest men, the loftiest imaginings of the poet, having once been revealed in the form of human conceptions, and embodied in language, become the common property of the race, and all who go out of life without a share in these treasures, which no extent of participation diminishes, have lost the richest portion of their birth-right. Man rarely feels the dignity of his nature in the small circle of his common cares. It is when brought into communion with the great spirits of the present and the past,—when he beholds the two worlds of imagination and reality, in the light of Shakspeare's genius, or is filled with the sacred sublimities of Milton, or from Wordsworth learns the beauty of common things, and catches a glimpse of those "clouds of glory" out of which his childhood came,—that he feels the elevating sense of what he is and may become. In this high atmosphere, so bracing to the moral nerves, no selfish thoughts can live.

"But assuredly there is no class in society to whom the sustainment of such communion is more requisite than to the largest and poorest. The harshness of the realities about them requires its softening and soothing influence. It is a good which they may have with no evil attendant. Its purifying excitement may displace stimulants which brutalize and degrade them."

When he comes to the Moral branch, Mr. Lalor rises in tone

with his subject, bringing to it at the same time a gravity, scope of argument, and richness of thought, that we have seldom met with on any subject. But to the Essay itself, as well as to the other four which follow in the volume, the reader must have recourse, if he feels earnest on the question of education, our limits forbidding us to accord to them much space in our pages. We ought to mention, however, that out of the twenty-four essays submitted to Mr. Malden, he found himself called upon in justice to the volunteer productions of four of the competitors, besides the successful candidate, to select them as suitable companions in the publication. These were by J. A. Heraud ; the Rev. E. Higginson ; J. Simpson, Esq. ; and Mrs. G. R. Porter. We may say of them all generally, that they agree in the main points ; that Mr. Simpson goes most into details in his plan, and that Mrs. Porter deals most in the statistics of education, traversing not only England but Europe and America.

Mrs. Austin, the gifted and highly-reputed translator of Cousin's " Report on the Prussian System of Education," has in the small tome before us republished an article, which appeared in Cochrane's " Foreign Quarterly Review," four years ago ; with some valuable notes that the question of National Education has suggested or furnished since that time. Besides the excellence of the writer's original matter, and the exemplary tone in which she writes, there are other remarkable features or circumstances belonging to the work. One of these is, that the authoress has anticipated some of the views which have recently become the topics of extraordinary discussion in this country. Another is, that she gives extracts from unpublished papers in the hands of the French Government on the subject of National Education, from which, as well as from other sources, the unflattering fact is clear that owing to political rancour and religious bigotry England lags far behind other European nations, in regard to reform and improvement, and in spite of the advancing intelligence of the people. Our readers cannot but perceive that much is included in the following conceded points and principles, and see how apposite they are to questions amongst ourselves. The first extract is from one of the appended notes :—

" Since the text was written, M. Cousin has succeeded in inducing the French Chambers to adopt his views of the paramount importance of a regular system of instruction. It is M. Cousin's opinion that no system of public instruction can be permanently and consistently good for anything, without a body of inspectors nominated and paid by, and responsible to, the highest educational authority, whatever that may be, in the state. I confess that I entirely share this conviction. I remember hearing from Professor Pillans, that when he made an ex-officio tour of inspection of the Scotch parochial schools, he found every shade of excellence, from something approaching to perfection, down to the widest departure from

It. Now these schools, as is notorious, exist under the same law, are paid in the same manner, the masters are chosen from the same class and in the same way; some sort of parity might therefore seem likely to exist among them; but experience proves that none *will* exist without a vigilant supervision. Country parishes possess, it is true, an inestimable resource in the inspection of the resident clergyman, which is and ever must be, in some senses, the most valuable of any, if he understands his mission, from his sacred character, his intimate acquaintance with the people, and other obvious causes. But there remain points on which he is as certain to be deficient.

“ In the first place, the work of inspection is, as M. Cousin observes, *un œuvre de métier*; it is essentially a matter of detail, and ought to be executed by a man trained to the observation of details.

“ Secondly, a wide field of observation and comparison is absolutely essential to it. The excellences or defects of one school or one master are full of suggestions for the next. It seems needless to insist on the advantages which a man whose time and thoughts are devoted to this object, must have over all others.

“ Thirdly, he forms one of a *body* similarly occupied, with whom he will be in more or less constant communication, and by the joint stock of whose experience he will profit.”

M. Cousins utters the sentiments of the Commission of the Chamber of Peers in the following passage:—

“ The ninth article of the *projet* of the government attached at least one public elementary school to each commune; and it is evident that to compel a commune to have *one*, was not forbidding it to have *several*, if it could maintain them; and that in this case the children of the commune should be distributed in the best way possible. A vast number of urban communes have several schools; and then, instead of dispersing through them all the children of different communions, it is the constant practice of the local authorities to collect the children of one communion in one school, whenever they are numerous enough to compose a whole school, and the local resources allow it. The Chamber of Deputies has deemed this practice sufficiently important to find a place in the law. This is a fresh homage to religious liberty, to which we subscribe; and we propose to adopt the amendment of the Chamber of Deputies, wording it as follows:—

“ ‘ In case local circumstances permit, the minister of public instruction may, after hearing the municipal council, authorise, as communal schools, the schools more peculiarly attached to any one of the modes of public worship recognised by the state.’

“ Thus, when there is but one school, all sects will frequent it, and will there receive a common instruction which, without injury to religious liberty (placed under the perpetual security of Art. 2), will strengthen the ties which ought to unite all the children of the same country. Whenever there are several schools in a commune, the several sects should be divided; but these different schools shall all be established on the same footing, and with the same title: they shall all enjoy the same

dignity, and all the inhabitants of the commune shall contribute to their common support; as in a higher sphere all the citizens contribute to the general tax which goes to the maintenance of the different churches. This measure of perfect tolerance appears to us conformable to the true spirit of religion; favourable to the public peace; worthy of the intelligence of our age; and of the munificence of a great nation."

We have now brought together a number of subjects, speculations, and facts relative to education, collected from a variety of sources, which appear to us to be calculated to help on towards maturity some of the measures which the good and the wise have been concocting for the social amelioration, the intellectual elevation, and the moral reformation of the British people. Difficulties manifold surround the great subject we have been considering. There may be danger, too, in hasty or sweeping changes, even where the principles observed are sound.

And lastly, we fear that too much is expected by sanguine expounders and speculators in regard to what education will accomplish, even after there is lent to the engine, ramified, extended, and perfected, as we have been viewing it, all the impulses noticed and recommended. But first principles are broad and exalted, and must be exhibited in their real greatness; otherwise the aim of those whose eyes are turning towards a right point, and whose motions are following in accordance, will fall far short of the thing sought after, or that is most to be desired. Let the model always be as perfect as possible; for though those who may strive to copy it, may in some respects fail, a lower standard, if alone studied, will be the parent of a relative and corresponding imperfection.

ART. XI.—*Fardorougha, the Miser; or, the Convicts of Lisnamona.* By WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Tales of Ireland," &c. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1839.

WE have in the volume before us a separate and collected form of a series of papers which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and attracted considerable notice during the progress of their publication. Mr. Carleton was already favourably known to the public, through the medium of his "Tales of Ireland," "Father Butler," "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," &c., before the appearance of "Fardorougha;" and we may safely add, that the novel under notice will not inconsiderably enhance a well-merited reputation. We are sincere admirers of those patriots, who feel and prove that the honour of their native land is as much to be held up by arts and literature as by arms and gallant deeds; and foremost in the phalanx of Ireland's literary heroes—together with Lady Morgan, Moore, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Banim, the author of the "Col-

legians," &c.—stands William Carleton. This author moreover possesses a peculiar talent, which the talented Mr. Banim is deficient in,—and that is the art of maintaining the Irish *patois* throughout the various conversations of a long book, without fatiguing the reader. This is an essential recommendation to an Irish work that is professedly popular ; indeed, it is a merit which the public cannot too fully appreciate. Many of Scott's novels are absolutely disfigured, in the eyes of those English readers who have never been north of the Grampian hills, by the overwhelming mass of *patois* and dialectic phraseology ; and on this rock, in reference to his own native language, Mr. Carleton has been careful not to split. On the whole, his work is the production of decided talent, and the result of deep observation and perception with regard to the character of the Irish. There are many touches of pathos, and others of broad humour, which would not shame the most celebrated writers of the day ; and the entire book is characterised by a tone of feeling which proves that its author possesses a good heart. A villain may write a code of moral axioms ; but the cloven foot will peep out somewhere : nature is always true to herself, and every incident of life tends to confirm the *dictum* of the Latin poet—*"Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret."*

"Most of the *dramatis personæ* of the story," says the author of "Fardorougha," in his preface, "are in point of fact drawn from life ; the chief character in it—that of the miser himself—is one to which I have never met anything similar in books ; yet I beg to assure the reader that I have known and witnessed in real life most of the struggles between avarice and affection which I have attempted to depict in the narrative. I knew the original well ; and many of my readers in the county of Louth, will at once recognise the little withered old man, who always wore his great coat (cothamore) about his shoulders, and kept perpetually sucking in his cheeks while engaged in conversation."

Only stopping to observe, that Mr. Carleton appears to have forgotten the character of the miser, drawn by his great fellow-countryman Maturin, in "Melmoth, the Wanderer," we will proceed at once to sketch the plot of "Fardorougha." The tale opens with the birth of Connor O'Donovan, the miser's son. Fardorougha, the miser, had been married to his wife Honor nearly fourteen years before he became a father ; and when he was at length blessed with the joys of paternity, a struggle took place in his mind between the felicity he experienced in witnessing his smiling offspring, and the alarm of an increased expenditure which the accession to his family necessarily occasioned. The miser entertained—like all misers before him—an unconquerable presentiment that he was doomed to die in poverty ; and, although the County Treasurer P——, who acted as the old man's banker, held in his hands large sums belong-

ing to the miser, the prospect of the future was invariably clad in darkness and mist to the eyes of Connor's father. "Honor O'Donovan," says the preface, "is no creature of the imagination ; but, on the contrary, a likeness faithful and true to the virtues of thousands whose glowing piety, meek endurance, and unexampled fortitude have risen triumphant on some of the severest trials of domestic life." Many a portrait of such religious fervour—or rather reliance and purity, is to be found under the humble roof of the Irish cottage and the Irish farm-house ; for in no country on the earth, or among no class of females, could the eye of an observer discover greater truth, sincerer religion, or firmer principle, than amongst the wives and daughters of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Carleton has a right to be proud of his countrywoman ; and ungenerous must the heart of any writer be, who will neglect to record virtues that are so worthy of imitation.

To the inexpressible horror of Fardorougha, the friends, and dependants of the family are invited to partake of a "little treat" to celebrate the birth of the child ; and when the description of the jovial party is brought to a conclusion, the author winds up the chapter with the following eloquent sketch of the miser's household :—

"How strange is life, and how mysteriously connected is the woe or the weal of a single family with the great mass of human society. We beg the reader to stand with us upon a low sloping hill—a little to the left of Fardorougha's house—and, having solemnized his heart by a glance at the starry gospel of the skies, to cast his eye upon the long white-washed dwelling, as it shines faintly in the visionary distance of a moonlight night. How full of tranquil beauty is the hour—and how deep the silence, except when it is broken by the loud baying of the watch-dog, as he barks in sullen fierceness at his own echo ; or perhaps there is nothing heard but the *sugh* on the mountain-river, as with booming sound it rises and falls in the distance, filling the ear of midnight with its wild and continuous melody. Look around and observe the spirit of repose which sleeps on the face of nature—think upon the dream of human life—and of all the inexplicable wonders which are read from day to day in that miraculous page—the heart of man. Neither your eye nor imagination need pass beyond that humble roof before you, in which it is easy to perceive by the lights passing at this unusual hour across the windows, that there is something added either to their joy or to their sorrow. There is the mother, in whose heart was accumulated the unwasted tenderness of years, forgetting all the past in the first intoxicating influence of an unknown ecstasy, and looking to the future with the eager aspiration of affection. There is the husband, too, in whose heart the lank devil of the avaricious—the famine struck god of the miser, is even now contending with the almost extinguished love which springs up in a father's bosom on the sight of his first-born !

"Reader, who can tell whether the entrancing visions of the happy mother, or the gloomy anticipations of her apprehensive husband, are

more prophetic of the destiny which is before their child ? Many, indeed, and various are the hopes and fears felt under that roof, and deeply will their lights and shadows be blended in the life of the being whose claims are so strong upon their love. There,—for some time past the lights in the windows have appeared less frequently,—one by one we presume the inmates have gone to repose—not another gleam is visible—the last candle is extinguished,—and this humble section of the great family of man is now at rest, with the veil of a dark and fearful future unlifted before them.”

Connor grows up to man's estate ; and the first incident which appears to bear upon the destinies of his after life, is his acquaintance with a young man of the name of Bartle Flanagan. Old Fardorougha had lent the sum of forty pounds to Bartle's family ; and when the promissory note became due, the miser seized the entire property of his debtors to satisfy his claim. The unhappy beings were turned adrift into the wide world—Bartle's sisters were compelled to seek their bread by going out to service ; and the young man himself, with a thousand nefarious prospects in view, accepted a menial situation in the household of Fardorougha. Connor had become attached to Una O'Brien, the daughter of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, and Bartle undertakes the office of messenger between the young lovers. He himself is also deeply attached to Una ; and the attainment of the honourable function of go-between was a portion of the system of villainy which he had contemplated on entering the service of Fardorougha O'Donovan. The author thus describes the first meeting between Connor and the lovely Una :—

“ Oh ! that first meeting of pure and youthful affection—with what a glory is it ever even-clad in the memory of the human heart ! No matter how long or how melancholy the lapse of time since its past existence may be, still—still is it remembered by our feelings when the recollection of every tie but itself has departed !

“ The charm that murmured its many-toned music through the soul of Una O'Brien was not, upon the evening in question, wholly free from a shade of melancholy for which she could not account ; and this impression did not result from any previous examination of her love for Connor O'Donovan, though many such she had. She knew that in this the utmost opposition from both her parents must be expected ; nor was it the consequence of a consciousness on her part, that in promising him a clandestine meeting, she had taken a step which could not be justified. Of this, too, she had been aware before ; but until the hour of appointment drew near, the heaviness which pressed her down was such as caused her to admit that the sensation however painful and gloomy, was new to her, and bore a character distinct from anything that could proceed from the various lights in which she had previously considered her attachment. This was however heightened by the boding aspect of the heavens, and the dead repose of the evening, so unlike anything she had

ever witnessed before. Notwithstanding all this, she was sustained by the eager and impatient buoyancy of first affection, which, when her imagination pictured the handsome form of her young and manly lover, predominated for the time over every reflection and feeling that was opposed to itself. Her mind indeed resembled a fair autumn landscape over which the cloud-shadows may be seen sweeping for a moment, while again the sun comes out and turns all into serenity and light."

A little farther on, at the commencement of the fifth chapter, we find so sweet and pathetic a description of young love, that we cannot do otherwise than digress from—or rather stop the progress of our sketch of the tale, for a moment, in order to lay the paragraph before our readers:—

"It is not often that the higher ranks can appreciate the moral beauty of love as it is experienced by those humbler classes to whom they deny the power of feeling it in its most refined and exalted character. For our parts we differ so much from them in this, that if we wanted to give an illustration of that passion in its purest and most delicate state, we would not seek for it in the saloon or the drawing-room—but amongst the green fields and the smiling landscapes of rural life. The simplicity of humble hearts is more accordant with the unity of affection than any mind can be that is distracted by the competition of rival claims upon its gratification. We do not say that the votaries of rank and fashion are insensible to love; because, how much soever they may be conversant with the artificial and unreal, still they are human, and must, to a certain extent, be influenced by a principle that acts wherever it can find a heart on which to operate. We say, however, that their love—when contrasted with that which is felt by the humble peasantry—is languid and sickly; neither so pure, nor so simple, nor so intense. Its associations in high life are unfavourable to the growth of a healthy passion; for what is the glare of a lamp, a twirl through the insipid mazes of the ball-room, or the unnatural distortions of the theatre, when compared to the rising of the summer sun, the singing of birds, the music of the streams, the joyous aspects of the varied landscape, the mountain, the valley, the lake, and a thousand other objects, each of which transmits to the peasant's heart, silently and imperceptibly, that subtle power which at once strengthens and purifies the passion? There is scarcely such a thing as solitude in the upper ranks, nor an opportunity of keeping the feelings unwasted, and the energies of the heart unspent by the many vanities and petty pleasures with which fashion forces a compliance, until the mind falls from its natural dignity into a habit of coldness and aversion to everything but the circle of empty trifles in which it moves so giddily. But the enamoured youth who can retire to the beautiful solitude of the still glen to brood over the image of her he loves, and who probably sits under the very tree where his love was avowed and returned—he, we say, exalted with the fulness of his happiness, feels his heart go abroad in gladness upon the delightful objects that surround him, for everything he looks upon is as a friend;—his happy heart expands over the whole landscape;—his eye glances to the sky;—he

thinks of the Almighty Being above him, and though without any capacity to analyze his own feelings—love—the love of some humble, plain, but modest girl, kindles by degrees into the sanctity and rapture of religion.”

Such was the affection experienced by the two young lovers—the heroes of our tale ! In process of time, Connor unfolded the secret of his heart to his parents ; and after numerous consultations, resolutions made and broken, and a thousand plans all tending towards the same grand aim,—viz., that of inducing the Bodagh, as Una’s father was called, to consent to the match—it was at length agreed that the old miser himself should seek a personal interview with Mr. O’Brien. The preparations made by Fardorougha, for this important visit, are too remarkable not to be narrated in the author’s own words :—

“ Out of an old strongly-locked chest he brought forth a *gala* coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last twenty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *outré*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured, in it. Next came a pair of knee-breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg. Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to his knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and trimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in these habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person when dressed, we shall endeavour at all events to present him with a loose outline. In the first place, his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle ; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size ; and as he had become much stooped, its tail—which, at the best, had been preposterously long—now nearly swept the ground. To look at him, behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which piece of exquisite taste he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his small clothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a full-grown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and butter-milk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his forefinger and thumb.”

The interview between the old miser and Una’s parents, is ludicrous in the extreme. After a long conversation, which is inter-

rupted by frequent disputes and much wrangling, Una herself is at length consulted, and her brother John O'Brien pleads the cause of his sister with the most affectionate warmth. The Bodagh offers to bestow a farm upon his daughter, and then requests to know what Fardorougha will do in *his* turn for the "young people." The character of the miser is now sustained with admirable humour. The old man declares that he is poor, and then—while his body writhes in a thousand convulsions—he confesses that his son will inherit all he has: at the same time he refuses to bestow anything upon him at that moment, and begs the Bodagh to conclude the bargain at once without insisting upon any further dower beyond the farm being conferred upon their children. This obstinacy and avarice on the part of O'Donovan put an abrupt end to the interview, and all chances of a happy or speedy union for Connor and Una are destroyed in an instant.

Connor receives the sad news with all the feelings of disappointment and distress attendant upon a sincere affection. At the same time he recollects that "faint heart never won fair lady;" and he despatches his friend Bartle Flanagan to obtain for him an appointment and interview with Una. Bartle's shoes are worn out, and Connor gives him a new pair, the soles of which are protected against a speedy decay, by three rows of large nails. Bartle undertakes the mission, and at the expiration of a short time returns, with the welcome assurance that Una will meet her lover the same night, at twelve o'clock precisely, in a grove contingent to her father's house.

The reader may suppose that Connor is overjoyed at these tidings; his imagination cannot find words to express his thanks to Flanagan. He hastens to unfold the welcome news to his parents, who have now become his confidants as well as Bartle, and announces to them his intention of sleeping with Flanagan that night in the barn, so as not to disturb his father by knocking at the door at a late hour in the night. In the course of the day, Connor discovers that his friend Flanagan is more or less connected with the society of Ribbon-men; and to his grief, he ascertains from that individual, that the Bodagh is a "marked man." He does not however pay much attention to these disclosures at the moment, the approaching interview with Una occupying all his thoughts.

True to his appointment, he sets out, accompanied by Flanagan, at the proper hour, and reaches the trysting-place. But Una is not there. He waits—and still she comes not. An hour elapses and he is then determined to return home, as it is clear that Una cannot keep her promise—but for what reason, Connor is at a loss to divine. Alas! little does he guess that he is the victim of an infernal scheme of deeply-laid treachery, and that Una has never

made the appointment, which Flanagan feigned to suit his sinister purposes.

As the two young men returned home, they were suddenly alarmed by the sound of horses hoofs—and Flanagan immediately retreated into an adjacent field. Connor waited till the horseman came up to him, and then recognized an old acquaintance of the name of Curtis. A few common-place remarks passed between them; Curtis then pursued his way—and Flanagan rejoined his friend, inventing some trivial excuse for his sudden disappearance. In a few moments a strong light irradiated the eastern horizon—and for some time Connor imagined it to be the dawn of morning. At length he could not conceal from himself that the brilliant lustre arose from a fire—and an instant's reflection made him aware that it must be a portion of the Bodagh's property which was then suffering by the conflagration. He remembered the avowal of Bartle Flanagan relative to the designs of the Ribbonmen in respect to Mr. O'Brien, and, by the light of the fire, he turned to gaze upon his countenance:—

“ ‘Bartle,’ said Connor, ‘you heard what I said this minute?’

“ Their eyes met as he spoke, and for the first time O'Donovan was struck by the pallid malignity of his features. The servant (Bartle) gazed steadily upon him, his lips lightly but firmly drawn back, and his eye, in which was neither sympathy nor alarm, charged with the spirit of a cool and devilish triumph.

“ Connor's blazed at the bare idea of his villainy; and, in a fit of manly and indignant rage, he seized Flanagan and hurled him headlong to the earth at his feet.

“ ‘You have hell in your face, you villain,’ he exclaimed; ‘and if I thought that—if I did—I'd drag you like a dog, and pitch you head foremost into the flames.’

“ Bartle rose, and in a voice wonderfully calm, simply observed, ‘God knows, Connor, if I know either your heart or mine, you'll be very sorry for this tratement you've given me for no rason. You know yourself, that, as soon as I heard anything of the ill-will against the Bodagh, I tould it to you, in ordher—mark that—in ordher that you might let *him* know it in the best way you thought proper, an' for *that* you've knocked me down.’

“ ‘Why, I believe you may be right, Bartle—there's truth in that—but I can't forgive you the *look* you gave me.’

“ ‘That red light was in my face may be; I'm sure if that wasn't it, I can't tell—I was myself wonderhin' at your own looks, the same way: but then it was that quare light that was in your face.’

“ ‘Well, well—may be I'm wrong—I hope I am. Do you think we could be of any use there?’

“ ‘Of use! and how would we account for bein' there at all, Connor? How would *you* do it, at any rate, widout maybe bringin' the girl into blame?’

“ ‘ You’re right again, Bartle : I’m not half so cool as you are. Our best plan is to go home.’ ”

On the following morning, Bartle Flanagan is missing ; and while the miser’s family is in the middle of breakfast, a party of ill-looking men enter the house. They ask for Connor O’Donovan, and arrest him in the king’s name. Flanagan has turned king’s evidence, and the young man is conducted to gaol, under the imputation of having burnt down the Bodagh’s out-house, in order to avenge himself for the refusal of Una’s hand. The miser’s barn is also strictly searched.

We now come to one of the most powerful scenes in the whole volume—the interview between the miser and O’Halloran, the lawyer. It is as follows :—

“ ‘ You wish everything possible to be done for him, of course ?’ ”

“ ‘ Of coorse, of coorse : but without extravagance ; as asy an’ light on a poor man as you can. You could shorten it sure, an’ lave out a great dale that ’ud be of no use ; an’ half the paper ’ud do ; for you might make the clerks write close—why, very little ’ud be wantin’ if you wor savin’.’ ”

“ ‘ I can defend him with one counsel if you wish ; but if anxious to save the boy’s life, you ought to enable your attorney to secure a strong bar of the most eminent lawyers he can engage.’ ”

“ ‘ An’ what ’ud it cost to hire three ur four o’ them !’ ”

“ ‘ The whole expenses might amount to between forty and fifty guineas.’ ”

“ A deep groan of dismay, astonishment, and anguish, was the only reply made to this for some time.

“ ‘ Oh ! heavens above !’ he screamed, ‘ what will—what will become of us ? I’d rather be dead, as I’ll soon be, than hear this or know it all. How could I get it ? I’m as poor as poverty itself. Oh ! couldn’t you feel for the boy, an’ defend him on trust, couldn’t you feel for the poor boy ?’ ”

“ ‘ It’s your business to do that,’ returned the man of law coolly.

“ ‘ Feel for him—me ! Oh ! little you know how my heart’s in him : but, any way, I’m an unhappy man—everything in the world goes against me. But—Oh ! my darling boy—Connor, Connor, my son—to be tould that I don’t feel for you ! Well you know, avowmeen machree—well you know that I feel for you, and ’ud kiss the track of your feet upon the ground. Oh ! it’s cruel to tell it to me—to say sich a thing to a man that has his heart’s breakin widin him for your sake. But, Sir—you sed this minute that you could defend him wid one counsel.’ ”

“ ‘ Certainly, and with a cheap one too—if you wish. But, in that case, I would rather decline the thing altogether.’ ”

“ ‘ Why—why—sure, if you can defend him chapely—isn’t it so much saved ? isn’t it the same as if you defended him at a higher rate ? Sure if one lawyer tells the truth for the poor boy—ten or fifty can do

no more: an' thin, may be they'd crass in an' puzzle one another if you hired too many of them.'

" 'How would you feel, should your son be found guilty? You know the penalty is his life. He will be executed.'

" O'Brien could hear the old man clasp his hands in agony, and in truth he walked about wringing them as if his very heart would burst.

" 'What will I do?' he exclaimed, 'what will I do? I can't lose him, an' I won't lose him: lose him—O God! O God! is it to lose the best son and only child that ever man had! Wouldn't it be downright murder in me to let him be lost, if I could prevent it! Oh! if I was in his place, what wouldn't he do for me—for the father that he always loved?

" The tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks; and his whole appearance evinced such distraction and anguish as could rarely be witnessed.

" 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he added; 'I'll give you fifty guineas *after my death* if you defend him properly.'

" 'Much obliged,' returned the other; 'but in matters of this kind, we make no such bargains.'

" 'I'll make it sixty, in case you don't ax it now.'

" 'Can you give me security that I shall survive you? Why—you are tough-looking enough to outlive me.'

" 'Me tough! No—God help me—my race is nearly run: I won't be alive this day twelve months—look at the differ atween us.'

" 'This is idle talk,' said the attorney. 'Determine on what you'll do; really my time is valuable, and I am now wasting it to no purpose.'

" 'Take the offer—depend on it, it'll soon come to you.'

" 'No—no,' said the other, coolly; 'not at all. We might shut up shop if we made such *post obit* bargains as that.'

" 'I'll tell you,' said Fardorougha, 'I'll tell you what;—his eyes gleamed with a reddish, bitter light; and he clasped his withered hands together until the joints cracked and the perspiration teemed from his pale sallow features; 'I'll tell you,' he added—'I'll make it seventy——'

" 'No!'

" 'Aighty!'

" 'No!'

" 'Ninety!—with a husky shriek.

" 'No—no!'

" 'A hundre—a hundre—a hundre,' he shouted, 'when I'm gone! *When I'm gone!*'

" One solemn and determined 'No,' that precluded all hopes of any such arrangement, was the only reply.

" The old man leapt up again, and looked impatiently, and wildly, and fiercely about him.

" 'What are you?' he shouted; 'what are you? you're a divil—a born divil. Will nothing but my death satisfy you? Do you want to rob me—to starve me—to murder me? Don't you see the state I'm in by you? look at me—look at these thrimblin' limbs—look at the sweat powerin' down from my poor ould face! What is it you want? There—there's my gray hairs to you. You have brought me to that—to more

than that—I'm dyin' this minit—I'm dyin'—O my boy—my boy, if I had you here—aye—I'm, I'm ——'

"He staggered over on his seat, his eyes gleaming in a fixed and intense glare at the attorney; his hands were clenched, his lips parched, and his mummy-like cheeks sucked, as before, into his toothless jaws. In addition to all this, there was a bitter white smile of despair upon his features, and his thin grey locks, that were discomposed in the paroxysm by his own hands, stood out in disorder upon his head. We question indeed whether mere imagination could, without having actually witnessed it in real life, conceive any object so frightfully illustrative of the terrible dominion which the passion of avarice is capable of exercising over the human heart.

" 'I protest to heaven,' exclaimed the attorney, 'I believe the man is dying—if not dead, he is motionless! O'Donovan, what's the matter with you?'

"The old man's lips gave a dry, hard smack, then became desperately compressed together, and his cheeks were drawn still farther into his jaws. At length he sighed deeply, and changed his fixed and motionless attitude.

" 'He is alive at all events,' said one of the young men.

"He then sate down, and with a tremulous hand, and lips tightly drawn together, wrote an order on P———, the County Treasurer, for the money.

"O'Halloran, on seeing it, looked alternately at the paper and the man for a considerable time.

" 'Is P——— your banker?' he asked.

" 'Every penny that I'm worth he has.'

" 'Then you're a ruined man,' replied the lawyer, with cool emphasis. 'P——— absconded the day before yesterday, and robbed half the county.' "

While old Fardorougha hastened to the house of the County Treasurer, to ascertain whether the information he had received from the lawyer were correct, John O'Brien—Una's brother—sought an interview with O'Halloran. The generous girl had a legacy of four hundred guineas left her by a grandfather, and she had privately instructed her brother to hasten to O'Halloran and secure his services in the cause of him whose innocence she did not for one moment suspect. In the meantime a terrible scene took place at the dwelling of the absconded treasurer: widows and orphans, deprived of their pittances—speculators, suddenly ruined—people of easy circumstances, reduced to beggary in one moment—and then the horrible yells, maledictions, and curses of the bereaved miser, assailed the door of the departed villain. They all looked up in misery to the closed shutters and smokeless chimneys of their oppressor's house, bitterly conscious that the laws of the boasted constitution under which they lived, permitted the destroyer

of hundreds to enjoy, in luxury and security in the Isle of Man, the many thousands of which, at one fell and rapacious swoop, he had deprived them !

The day fixed for the trial of Connor O'Donovan arrived ; and Bartle Flanagan appeared as the principal witness against him. The indictment declared that Connor had been incited by motives of vengeance to burn down the property of the Bodagh, and that the strongest circumstantial evidence stood in the way of even the slightest hope of an acquittal. The marks of the footsteps had been measured ; and some of them corresponded exactly with a pair of shoes which belonged to Connor, and which had been found by the police, who arrested him, in the miser's barn, where he and Flanagan slept on the fatal night. A flint and steel were also discovered in the pocket of Connor's best-coat—the coat he had on at the time the offence was stated to have been committed by him. The circumstance of his having slept in the barn on the night in question, added to the evidence of Curtis, who swore that he met Connor *alone* near the Bodagh's house only a short time before the fire broke out, seemed facts incontrovertible by even the most talented counsel. Connor was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged : the judgment was however commuted to transportation for life ; and after a series of affecting, though somewhat tedious, interviews with his family, and Una, and John O'Brien, the unhappy youth sailed for the penal settlement. A short time after this occurrence, old Fardorougha sold off the remainder of his property—all that adversity had left him—and, accompanied by his affectionate wife, followed Connor to New South Wales.

Here we must interrupt the thread of the narrative, to refer a moment to the preface, in which we find the following observations relative to the defalcation of the County Treasurer :—

“ It is surprising to think how easy a thing it is to give to truth the appearance and impress of fiction. The miser's conduct at the residence of the County Treasurer who absconded with his money, is so well remembered, that it is now believed by the people that the descendants of that public delinquent have never prospered since, in consequence of his curses. This will be the more easily understood by my readers, when they are informed that it is the opinion of the lower Irish that a curse, when once uttered, must fall either upon the object of its malignity, or on *something else* ; and that it will hover seven years in the air, rather than fail in accomplishing some evil purpose analogous to that of him who uttered it—that is, when it cannot fulfil his intention upon the person against whom it was originally directed.”

There is probably no country in Europe where popular superstitions cling so strenuously to the minds of the inhabitants as in Ireland. Even the northern parts of Scotland, with their brownies

and elfs, are not so generally peopled by superstitious individuals as the Emerald Isle. Alas! when will the benefit of education be extended to this wretched land? and when shall its denizens partake of the advantages which poor-laws and charitable institutions have conferred upon their brethren of England?

But to the tale. Speaking of the religious firmness with which Mrs. O'Donovan supported the terrible afflictions which false friendship had entailed upon her son, Mr. Carleton says,—

“Ireland, however, abounds with such instances of female piety and fortitude — not indeed, as they would be made to appear in the unfeminine violence of political turmoil, in which a truly pious female would not embroil herself; but in the quietness of domestic life—in the hard struggles against poverty—and in those cruel visitations where the godly mother is forced to see her innocent son corrupted by the dark influence of political crime, drawn within the vortex of secret confederacy, and subsequently yielding up his life to the outraged laws of that country which he assisted to distract. It is in scenes like these that the unostentatious magnanimity of the pious Irish wife or mother may be discovered; and it is here where as the night and storms of life darken her path, the holy fortitude of her heart shines with a lustre proportioned to the depth of the gloom around her.”

Bartle Flanagan, having now succeeded in ridding himself of Connor O'Donovan, determined to make Una O'Brien his own. He loved her with the passion of lust—not with the chaste fervour that characterised the sentiment of Connor; and he moreover burned to enjoy her worldly possessions. To gain her hand by fair means was impossible: he therefore resolved upon carrying her off by force. To effect this aim, he endeavoured to enlist Biddy, Una's maid, in his service; and one night, aided by a number of his confederate Ribbon-men, he assailed the Bodagh's house, robbed Una's desk, and seized the fainting form of a female in his arms. Laden with his prey and his booty, and protected by his accomplices, he succeeded in escaping from the house: but what pen can depict his confusion and rage when he found that he had been guilty of the abduction of Biddy instead of Una—her mistress? The faithful girl had only feigned to listen to his wiles and lend herself to his plans, in order the more effectually to protect her mistress, and defeat the schemes of the enemy. Flanagan was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to death for robbery and abduction. On the morning of his execution he confessed the conspiracy of which he had been guilty against Connor, and revealed the motives that induced him to perpetrate the crime. A sentiment of revenge directed against the old miser for the ruin brought by him on Bartle's family, and the young man's love for Una, were the incentives to the nefarious deed. The following is the description of Flanagan's last moments:—

“ At length his hands were tied, and they attempted to get him up to the platform of death, but to their amazement he was once more loose; and flying to the priest, he clasped him with the graspe of Hercules.

“ ‘ Save me—save me,’ he shouted, ‘ Let me live. I can’t die. You’re puttin’ me into hell’s fire. Nor can I face God? No—it’s terrible, it’s terrible, its damnable. Life—life—life—only life! Oh! only life!’

“ As he spoke, he strained the reverend gentleman to his breast and kissed him, and shouted with a wildness of entreaty which far transcended in terror the most outrageous paroxysms of insanity.

“ ‘ I will not leave the priest,’ shrieked he; ‘ so long as I stay with him I’ll be so long out of the punishment of eternity—out of hell’s fire! I will stick to you. Don’t—don’t put me away, but have pity on me. No, —I’ll not go—I’ll not go!’

“ Again he kissed the priest’s lips, cheeks, and forehead, and still clung to him with fearful violence, until at last his hands were finally secured beyond the possibility of his again getting them loose. He then threw himself upon the ground, and still resisted, with a degree of muscular strength altogether unaccountable in a person even of his compact and rather athletic form. His appearance upon the platform will long be remembered by those who had the questionable gratification of witnessing it. It was the struggle of strong men dragging a strong man to the most frightful of all precipices—Death.

“ When he was seen by the people in the act of being forced with such violence to the drop, they all moved, like a forest agitated by a sudden breeze, and uttered that strange murmur, composed of many passions, which can only be heard where a large number of persons are congregated together under the power of something that is deep and thrilling in its interest. At length, after a struggle for life, and a horror of death possibly unprecedented in the annals of crime, he was pushed upon the drop, the spring was touched, and the unhappy man passed, shrieking into that eternity which he dreaded so much. His death was instantaneous; and after hanging the usual time, his body was removed to the gaol: the crowd began to disperse; and in half an hour the streets and people presented nothing more than their ordinary aspect of indifference to everything but their own affairs.”*

All that remains for us to say is, that Connor and his parents obtained a free passage back to their native land. The young man was immediately united to his beloved Una; and their grandchildren flourish in Lisnamona at the present day.

* “ We have only to say that W——m C——k, Esq., of L——sb——e, Sheriff of the county of D——n, and those who officially attended, about four years ago, the execution of a man named M——y, at the gaol of D——up——k, for a most heinous murder, will, should they happen to see this description, not hesitate to declare that it falls far—far short of what they themselves witnessed upon this ‘ terrible’ occasion. There is *nothing* mentioned *here* which did not *then occur*, but there is much omitted.”

In taking our leave of this work we have only to observe, that an attentive perusal will well repay the reader ; and that of all the novels which have issued from the British or Irish press during the last season, “ Fardorougha ” is decidedly one of the best.

ART. IX.—*Tea ; its Effects, Medicinal and Moral.* By G. G. SIMOND, M.D. F.S.A. F.L.S. Professor of Materia Medica to the Royal Medico-Botanical Society. London : Longman, Orme and Co. 1839.

THERE are certain vegetables and plants, which although no immediate sustenance or stimulus to act beneficially upon the energies of the human body be discernibly derivable from them, that yet deserve to be ranked among the most bounteous gifts of the Author of Nature. Sugar is one of the extracts alluded to, the nutritive and wholesome qualities of which are so remarkable that it has become one of the principal objects of domestic economy and national commerce.

Sugar was known to the Greeks and Romans, only as a medicinal substance. They were ignorant of its value as food or a condiment. The Jews did not, in so far as can be gathered from their historians, possess any precise knowledge on the subject ; although, according to a late traveller in Palestine, the honey so often mentioned in Scripture may not have been always, or purely, the produce of bees. Near the beginning of the Christian era, however, sugar came to receive a distinct name and form. Dioscorides says, that, “ In India and Arabia Felix, a kind of concrete honey is called *Saccharon* ; and that it is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity, and in friableness betwixt the teeth.” Other writers allude to the substance, among whom is Pliny, who says, “ It is used in medicine only : ” and for centuries afterwards the article appears to have been regarded in this exclusive light.

The Saracens were the people who introduced the manufacture of sugar in the manner, or essentially such, that is to this day practised ; and then it became an object of commercial enterprize. But at what date these improvements took place is not ascertained, although it is supposed to have been comparatively late. However, early in the twelfth century notice is made of the manufacturing process, and of instances of traffic to which it had led.

The Saracens cultivated the sugar-cane in Spain and Portugal ; although Sicily is the spot in which we have the earliest mention of the article being of European growth ; which island had been for nearly three centuries in the hands of the Eastern barbarians. After this the Normans again became possessors of the place and carried on the sugar culture. But still there is good reason for believing that conquest has been in this case, as in many others, the propagator of the invaluable article of which we are speaking.

Two of the most important Arabian improvements were, the use of alkalies, in the clarification of the juice of the cane, and the employment of conical earthen moulds, for crystallizing and curing the sugar. From the countries in the West, conquered and occupied by this people, the whole of Europe must have acquired the knowledge of the subject in question, that has since risen into the highest economical and commercial importance.

Still, it is not precisely ascertained at what time the use of sugar began in England; although, from certain recorded notices, it must have been familiar to authors as well as to officers of state, early in the fourteenth century. In 1643, our countrymen commenced the sugar business in Barbadoes. It is unnecessary to say anything, in this hurried and imperfect sketch, of the eminence to which it has since reached, or of the mighty interests concerned in the culture, manufacture, and commerce of cane-sugar, and the articles of which it is a main component. A vast amount of the wealth of Great Britain and her colonies, a more astounding amount of slavery and crime, are inseparably associated with this subject.

But the cane is not the only plant, shrub, or tree from which sugar has been extracted. The stalks of maize will yield it, as does also the juice of the maple. There are other sources of the saccharine substance, out of which sugar may be manufactured; but we are not aware that any of these can promise to make a return that would be profitable, unless it be the beet—a vegetable that has been largely subjected to elaboration, for the purpose of maintaining a successful competition with the produce of the cane, especially in France. But in England, for obvious reasons, it has been discouraged; while among our Gallic neighbours, it has, owing to the French system of taxation, and protective and prohibitory regulations, as well as to the failure of many expensive experiments to render the manufacture perfect, and to prevent waste to the utmost, been hitherto, on the average, but an unprofitable speculation. The late bankruptcies of many of the French beet-sugar manufacturers, according to the reports of the newspapers, cannot tend to raise confidence in behalf of this competing article of consumption. At the same time, if the manufacture were allowed fair or equal play with that of other products of the soil, there are good grounds for asserting that the sugar extracted from the beet-root would be excellent, in consequence of the improvements already made; while the uses to which the refuse, as concerns the saccharine substance, might be diverted to most interesting and advantageous purposes. Agriculture alone would hence derive, in the way of food for cattle and also of direct manure, important aids. But what is more remarkable, good paper can be manufactured out of beet-roots, after the juice has been expressed.

If any one wishes to have suggested to him the existence of

another kind of vegetating substance, which can be made to yield a wonderful influence upon the wealth, the social, commercial, and moral condition of mankind, and which, while much less promising in its obvious qualities than the sugar-cane or the beet, is still more wonderful,—let us name to him the tea-plant. In fact from use, as well as from importance, the one suggests the other with remarkable force and appropriateness. Let us follow Dr. Sigmond in some of his statements relative to the history, the commerce, the nourishment, and the solace with which the slender leaf of a simple shrub can be identified, and which has already produced immense effects among and upon nations, for “every circumstance connected with the growth, the cultivation, the preparation, and the exportation from its native soil, of the tea-leaf, must awaken the most lively interest.”

This interest our author has clearly traced and well sustained in the present small volume, which contains, in a popular form, the substance of an Introductory Address, delivered at the opening of last session of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, Dr. Sigmond being one of its Professors. The recent discovery in British India of the tea-plant, bearing not only as it does most vitally upon British interests, but offering the highest homage to botanical science, was well deserving of an elaborate dissertation, and also of condensation and attractive illustration for the benefit of the general reader.

The relation which the tea-plant, and other natural local productions of British India bears to this country as well as to that mighty empire, and other regions of the world, is forcibly glanced at in the following passage :—

“At the present moment every circumstance which relates to the tea-plant carries with it a deeper interest. A discovery has been made of no less importance than that the hand of Nature has planted the shrub within the bounds of the wide dominion of Great Britain: a discovery which must materially influence the destinies of nations; it must change the employment of a vast number of individuals; it must divert the tide of commerce, and awaken to agricultural industry the dormant energies of a mighty country, whose well-being must be the great aim of a paternal government. In a scientific as well as in a commercial point of view, the value of the inquiries that must follow upon this important discovery can scarcely be yet estimated. A close investigation, and a diligent research must elicit many facts relating to the produce of considerable regions of the East, in which, doubtless exist abundant materials, both known and unknown, for the uses of man: they may diffuse still greater blessings over the human race than those that are now enjoyed. The resources of a magnificent empire are yet to be developed. India, has, within her bosom, the richest vegetable and mineral treasures, which are to be given to the rest of the world, to unite together in closer bonds of harmony two great nations, the one capable,

by the energies of her people, of governing; the other, by her climate evidently destined to be the not unwilling vassal of foreigners: for such has been her lot from the earliest records of mankind; and to possess her wealthy domain has been, and will be, the ambition of the conquerors of the world."

Is it too much to expect that the discovery of a plant—that the practical benefits resulting from the study of what to the multitude is dry and abstruse, but to which some enthusiasts bend their minds with unremitting ardour, derided the while as idlers, non-producers, and the votaries of a vain philosophy,—may yet be amongst the most efficacious of the means in existence of arousing the British mind to the deplorable condition of a hundred millions of the human race, who are singularly united to us, even to their regeneration? He who says yes, has not habituated his mind and contemplations to the ordinary effects of commercial intercourse, and enlightened agricultural industry, much less to the many instances of marvellous effects which have sprung from what at first were apparently insignificant beginnings.

The difficulties which Europeans and all nations foreign to the Chinese had to encounter before they could acquire any precise knowledge of the tea-plant, are among the most remarkable of social phenomena. In reference to some of these obstacles we quote as follows:—

"For a number of centuries the character, the manners, the customs, and the institutions of the Chinese, from whom alone could be gathered any information upon the subject of the tea-plant, were veiled in the deepest obscurity. They were rather matters of curious speculation than of certain knowledge. This people had managed to conceal their actual state of civilisation, and had shrouded in a mystery almost impenetrable their progress in the arts and sciences. The little that had been gleaned led to the conclusion, which is now proved to be correct, that they had arrived at a certain state of civilisation before other nations had emerged from barbarism, but beyond that they were fearful of advancing; and that they held that all innovations were to be dreaded. Those who have witnessed the ruin and decay of the mightiest empires, who have seen the revolutions, so fatal to the happiness of society, that have followed upon the introduction of the wealth arising out of the productions of art; who have seen luxury and dissipation amongst the wealthy, poverty and misery amongst the poor, consequent upon the accumulation of riches by the few, have applauded this dread of novelty, and pointed to the stability of the Chinese empire, amongst the wreck of nations, as a proof of the necessity of avoiding a constant love of advancement. The government assiduously instilled into the minds of their subjects this doctrine, and likewise inculcated an hostility to any communication with strangers, from whom they imagined more was to be dreaded than gained. The prohibition to intercourse with other nations was, however, gradually relaxed, but only in favour of the purchasers of an article of commerce,

which excited industry amongst the people, which had become a necessary of life to foreigners, and therefore was to be viewed with some share of indulgence. From these circumstances, difficulty of arriving at any decisive knowledge of the nature of the tea-plant precluded the inquiries, which scientific persons were anxious to make. A slight information only could be gleaned, either from a few missionaries, whose minds were directed to higher thoughts, or from a few individuals attached to diplomatic missions, who, however capable or anxious of arriving at information, were too much harassed by constant discussions and personal fatigue to gather the facts required. The merchants were too much engaged in commercial speculations, and had neither time nor, probably, the inclination to devote their attention to points which did not immediately promote their own views. The government of this country could render no assistance: they were compelled to make great sacrifices to the prejudices and to the laws of the Chinese, in order that they might maintain an equivocal intercourse which was held by so uncertain a tenure. The scanty materials, however, that were furnished were collected by, some of the most learned men. Amongst these, Cornelius Bontekoe Linnæus, and Dr. Lettsom must be enumerated as the most distinguished."

Many of the obstacles alluded to were by degrees overcome. And yet doubts, questions, and errors remain concerning tea, which a hasty observer would very soon dispose of, although it might to the prejudice of trade and truth. For example, to quote our author,—

"Few questions have been more agitated, and less satisfactorily solved, than whether there be two species of tea, from the one of which is exclusively obtained the green tea, and from the other the black, or whether there be not many varieties, from which, according to the mode of preparation, either of the teas may be obtained. To the latter opinion, after much examination, I am inclined to yield. The words of Dr. Lettsom were long considered the authority to which deference was to be paid:— 'There is only one species of this plant; the difference of green and Bohea tea depending upon the nature of the soil, the culture and manner of drying the leaves. It has even been observed that a green tea-tree, planted in the Bohea country, will produce Bohea tea; and so the contrary:' and he further adds, 'I have examined several hundred flowers, both from the Bohea and green tea countries, and their botanical characters have always appeared uniform.'

"This opinion has been supported by many systematic botanists, although several (at the head of whom is to be placed Linnæus) considered that the teas were produced by two distinct species. Most of those who have resided in China believe that there is but one shrub, which is the exclusive source of all the varieties and shades of the tea of commerce. Mr. Pigou states that the Chinese all agree that there is but one sort of species of the tea tree, and that the difference in tea arises from soil and manner of curing. Mr. Marjoribank observes, that the tea-plants of all the provinces are supposed to be of one species, the difference in the manufactured article arising from difference of soil, climate, and

manufacture. Green tea has been made in the districts from whence the black tea comes, and *vice versa*."

Again,—

"There was an idea once prevalent, that the colour of the green tea was to be ascribed to the drying the leaves on copper; but nothing can be more unfounded than such an opinion, as the pans, one of which was sent home by an officer of the East India Company, are of cast-iron. That copper may be detected in tea is true; but Bucholz has shown that it exists in several vegetables; indeed, there are proofs that it enters into the composition of a great proportion of animal and vegetable matter. It is found in coffee in very striking quantities; from ten ounces of unroasted coffee there may be obtained, by the proper manipulations, a dense precipitate, which will coat two inches of harpsichord wire with metallic copper. And he who eats a sandwich has much more to fear from the poisonous effects of this metal, than the drinker of green tea; for the two slices of bread, the beef, and the mustard, all have been proved, by the examination of the chemist, to be capable of forming in the stomach a metallic crust; indeed, the only safe food would be potatoes, for in three pounds no copper could be traced. Dr. O. Shaughnessy, with a view of elucidating a question, as to the possibility of mistaking the symptoms of death by poison, took two eggs, three cups of strong coffee, and eight ounces of bread and butter; he formed these into a mass, he dried it, and after incinerating it, submitted it to the proper tests, and the metallic copper was distinctly obtained. I have, in a lecture which appeared in *The Lancet* of last year, shown that there is little reason to doubt of its existence even in the human blood; the proportion, however, is very minute.

"A Chinese, whose treatise on teas attracted considerable attention in Canton, and whose opinions were given in *The Canton Register* in 1838, states that the difference of the black and green colours arises from the different processes that the teas undergo."

The necessity of avoiding an entire dependence upon China for tea, has long been a prominent desire on the part of our statesmen at home and the British authorities in Bengal; and experiments by introducing the tea plant into India have been made, without, however, affording much encouragement. But we must let the Doctor tell the story, having rapidly brought ourselves to this part of the subject:—

"In the year 1834 the Bengal Government appointed a Committee for the purpose of submitting a plan for the introduction and cultivation of the tea-plant. This Committee commenced its operations by issuing a circular, which contained a general outline of such information as it had been enabled to collect, relating to the climate and to the soil of China most congenial to the growth of the tea-plant, and they requested to be put in possession of such knowledge as had as yet been obtained of any districts in India which resembled the tea-districts of China. A letter

from Dr. H. Falconer, superintendent of the Botanical Garden at Serampore, to G. J. Gordon, Esq., the secretary of the Committee, was published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society for that year, in which he pointed out the aptitude of the Himalayan range for tea culture; he explained that, although there was no part of the Company's territories in India that could supply all the conditions of the tea-districts of China in respect of climate, yet there are situations which approach it so nearly, as strongly to bear out the conclusion that tea may be so successfully produced as to be an object of commercial importance; he thought that the plains of India were not adapted for it, for the mean annual heat of the climate, from 30° N. lat. down to the parallel of Calcutta, was much beyond that of the tea cultivation in China. In addition to an excessive summer heat, with either hot winds or a close scorching air during the day, they have a barely temperate winter, and heavy periodical rains. Though some Chinese fruits, such as the leche, the loquat, the wampee, succeed, yet the tea-plant requires a greater cold to thrive in. He thought there was a great similarity between the climate of the tea-districts of China and that of the lower heights, or the outer ridges of the Himalayas, in the parallel of 29° 30', the chief difference perhaps being more moisture in this country. To his superintendence, after his very able report, was committed the charge of some tea-farms in the localities which he pointed out; and results of the most satisfactory kind were obtained, and anticipations of the most sanguine success were indulged in.

“Whilst a series of very important investigations and trials were going forward, a discovery took place, which, in the language of the Agricultural Society of Calcutta, in an address to Lord William Bentinck, ‘we do not hesitate to pronounce as one of a most interesting and important nature, as connected with the commercial and agricultural interests of this empire. We allude to the existence of the real and genuine tea-plant of China, indigenous within the Honourable Company's dominions in Upper Assam. This shrub is no longer to be looked upon as a plant of doubtful introduction. It exists, already planted by the hand of Nature, through a vast extent of territory in Upper Assam, bordering on the Chinese and Burmese provinces of Shore and Yunnan, where it is at present cultivated for its leaf, both for consumption and exportation.’

“The indefatigable researches of Captain Jenkins, the political agent, and Lieutenant Charlton, proved that the tea-shrub was indigenous to Upper Assam, which had been conquered from the Burmese; and that it was found from Sadeya and Beesa to the Chinese frontier province of Yunnan, where the shrub is cultivated for the sake of the leaf. They forwarded samples of the fruit and leaves.

“The Tea Committee, knowing that several species of *Camellia* were native in the mountains of Hindostan, and that these were indigenous to the north-eastern frontier provinces, were disposed to expect that the tree which had excited the attention of these gentlemen would prove to be some species of *Camellia*; but the examination of the specimens which were placed before them fully convinced them that it was the identical tea of China, the exclusive source of all the varieties and shades of the tea of commerce. The Supreme Government then came to a determination of having the tracts of country producing the plant properly explored. The

officers selected for this interesting object were Dr. Wallich and Mr. Griffith as botanists, and Mr. Maclelland as geologist. They were joined by Mr. Bruce as guide, who had acquired an intimate knowledge of the chiefs in whose country the researches were to be carried on. On the 29th of August, 1835, the deputation left Calcutta, and arrived at Sadeya, the frontier station of Upper Assam, early in January, 1836. On the eleventh of the month they quitted Sadeya for the tea-tracts. They arrived at Kufoo on the 15th; on the following day they, for the first time, saw the tea in its native state. They found it at a distance of about two miles to the south of the village, in a jungle, its extent scarcely equalling 200 yards square measurement: to the eastward it terminated abruptly; in other directions it ceased by degrees. The ground was intersected with numberless small ravines: there were curious looking mounds, chiefly round the bases of the larger trees or the clumps of bamboos. The soil was light, loose, and of a decided yellow; the situation was low and damp. It was in this locality that the Deputation observed trees of higher stature than those which they found in other stations. There were five places at which the tea-plant was examined in its native state: they were comprehended in a tract of country, situated between the parallels of about $27^{\circ} 25'$ and $24^{\circ} 45'$ north latitude and $96^{\circ} 94'$ of east longitude.

Mr. Griffith, in his very valuable report, has enumerated the localities, and described their extent with great precision. From this appears the incorrectness of the term which has been applied to them, of tea-forests. The tea-plant in none of these places exceeded the size of a small tree, and almost invariably occurred as an ordinary sized shrub: the term patches, as applied by Ellis, is more descriptive of their appearance, than any other. They are all clothed with excessively thick tree-jungle, the trees being of a moderate size. So thick are these jungles, that Mr. Griffith doubts whether the tea-plants, not even excepting the aborescent ones, ever receive the direct rays of the sun. The tea seems to struggle for existence amongst many other trees, and becomes tall and slender, with most of its branches high up. All the tea-plants in Assam have been found to grow and to thrive best near small rivers and pools of water, and in those places where, after heavy falls of rain, large quantities of water have accumulated, and in their struggle to get free, have cut out for themselves numerous small channels. Mr. Bruce, in his account of the manufacture of the black tea, as now practised at Sadeya, has explained this by means of a diagram. The Deputation left the country on the 9th of March, after having collected the most satisfactory information, which was laid before the proper authorities. The consequence of these inquiries was a determination on the part of the Government to cultivate the tea, and to commit to Mr. Bruce the superintendence and complete management of the tea-tracts. He has furnished a map of all the tracts which he has discovered: there are many on the south side of the Debree river, called the Muttuck country, which appears to be one vast tea-district, its whole soil being adapted for the growth of the shrub. The inhabitants, ignorant of its value, have cut it down, and converted the tracts into paddy ground: but they have now learnt to prize it; and when they bring to the superintendent a branch from any new tract,

they are rewarded. This country belongs to an independent native Rajah, but is under the control of the British authority. Some of the tracts are in the Singpho country, considerably within the British boundary. The tea-tracts in the Singpho country are much larger than those in the Muttuck. The inhabitants have long used tea, and profess to be good judges of it: they drink it, but prepare it differently from the Chinese. They pluck the young and tender leaves, and dry them a little in the sun; some put them out in the dew, and then again in the sun, three successive days; others only after a little drying put them into hot pans, turn them about until quite hot, and then place them into the hollow of a bamboo, and drive the whole down with a stick, holding and turning the bamboo over the fire all the time until it is full; then tie the end up with leaves, and hang the bamboo up in some smoky place in the hut: thus prepared, the tea will keep good for years. All the tea-tracts are in the valleys."

After this long extract, we cannot afford room for the other points that engage the author. We must mention, however, that the tea plant is said to be so extensively distributed over large portions of Upper Assam, as to promise, after proper cultivation, an ample supply for European consumption; that it can be cultivated at a cheap rate, when once the establishments for its growth and preparation are placed upon a proper footing; that the facilities of transmitting the produce to Calcutta are great;—and that the samples which have reached England have obtained a very favourable decision, considering all the circumstances which had attended the experiment: and no doubt the discovery is being perseveringly and ardently followed up.

Having given the natural and the commercial history of tea, the Doctor addresses himself to its introduction into Europe and this country,—to its medicinal effects,—and to the social as well as other points and facts with which it is intimately connected.

As to its medicinal effects, we may state generally, that our author, though far from being a "tea-totaller," entertains the highest respect, if taken in moderate quantities. It acts both as a slight stimulant and a gentle refreshment, and may be advantageously taken at dinner as well as other meals, in preference to water and other cold drinks, should the digestive powers be weak. To young females he warmly prescribes its uses. Green tea he does not recommend; at least, it must be sparingly used. Tea of any kind ought neither to be very hot nor cold. As to the beverage and oft-alleged ailments as inseparable, from it we read that,—

"Nervous disorders, though they still commit their ravages, have not undergone that increase which was threatened from the introduction of tea. Another disease which was foretold would be the scourge of the tea-drinkers has also diminished, both in frequency and in violence—the scurvy. A ridiculous experiment made by Dr. Hales, 'on the

thickest end of a small sucking-pig's tail,' which was inserted into a cup of green tea, and thus scalded, is adduced by Hanway to show how hurtful the warm infusion of the tea is to the stomach. Still nothing that has yet been written can either persuade the public that tea, properly taken, is decidedly injurious, or that the increase of disease is attributable to its general introduction."

As to the social relations connected with tea-drinking the Doctor is eloquent, and borrows from the poets :—

" Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast ;
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round ;
And while the bubbling, and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Thus sang one of our most admired poets, who was feelingly alive to the charms of social life ; but, alas ! for the domestic happiness of many of our family circles, this meal has lost its character, and many of those innovations which despotic fashion has introduced, have changed one of the most agreeable of our daily enjoyments. It is, indeed, a question amongst the devotees to the tea-table, whether the bubbling urn has been practically an improvement upon our habits ; it has driven from us the old national kettle, once the pride of the fire-side. The urn may fairly be called the offspring of indolence ; it has deprived us, too, of many of those felicitous opportunities of which the gallant forefathers of the present race availed themselves, to render them in the eyes of the fair sex, when presiding over the distribution

" Of the Soumblo, the Imperial tea,
Names not unknown, and sanative Bohea."

The consequence of this injudicious change is, that one great enjoyment is lost to the tea-drinker—that which consists in having the tea infused in water actually hot, and securing an equal temperature when a fresh supply is required. Such, too, is what those who have preceded us would have called the degeneracy of the period in which we live, that now the tea-making is carried on in the housekeeper's room, or in the kitchen,—

" For monstrous novelty, and strange disguise,
We sacrifice our tea, till household joys
And comforts cease."

What can be more delightful than those social days described by Tate, the poet-laureate ?—

" When in discourse of Nature's mystic powers
And noblest themes we pass the well-spent hours,
Whilst all around the Virtues—sacred band,
And listening Graces, pleased attendants stand.
Thus our tea conversations we employ,
Where, with delight, instructions we enjoy,
Quaffing without the waste of time or wealth,
The sovereign drink of pleasure and of health."

Morality and Mortality, Bacchus and Temperance, Mars and Mania, are each and all brought upon the stage in our next and last extract ; and, as is the custom in dramatic representation, we shall drop the curtain at this part of the Doctor's entertaining and useful work :

“ At the first formation of Temperance Societies the total abandonment of spirituous liquors was not contemplated, their occasional uses being permitted to their members ; their abuse only being strictly forbidden. • It was in the United States, in the City of Boston, that, for the first time, a union was entered into, and those who formed it were associated together by the common bond of sobriety ; but it was ten years later that, in this same city, many of the most influential inhabitants entered into a determination, which they most strictly adhered to themselves, of avoiding all fermented liquors, and of discountenancing their use in others. In 1828, two years after the enrolment of the names of those who formed a society of this nature, there were no less than 220 similar institutions, comprising nearly 30,000 persons, all animated with one spirit, not that ‘ of Bacchus and Mars, two of the most mischievous maniacs that ever made their escape from Bedlam, but of Temperance and Sobriety.’ The effect upon the mortality of persons under the age of forty, was visible in the following year ; and wherever the system has been pursued, a decrease in the number of deaths has rapidly followed. In the year 1834, a central body was formed in Philadelphia, with associations in every town in the United States ; from the great body of the people, the determination quickly spread throughout the army and the navy. In 1832, 500 vessels quitted the American ports without a supply of spirits on board ; and such was the feeling of increased safety to the vessels, that the underwriters lowered their rate of assurance, and that they were borne out in their estimate of diminished danger, was fully proved. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that vessels which were strictly upon the Temperance System, have made more prosperous and more rapid voyages than others. One fact is of the most extraordinary character, that 161 whaling vessels out of 186 employed, took not a drop of spirit on board : and although they had to encounter the cold, the privations, the miseries of a north sea, they returned healthier, happier, and more successful, than did those who repudiated the opinions and the customs of this vast and prevailing sect. •

“ It is stated that in the year 1835, 4000 distilleries were abandoned in America, and that 8000 persons, who had previously obtained their livelihood by the sale of spirits, were compelled to discontinue their trade. The example of the people of the United States was soon followed by those of other countries ; and, to the honour of Ireland, the town of New Ross was the first place in Europe, in which a Temperance Society was established. Since that period, almost every large village in England has founded a similar institution. Tea has in most instances been substituted for fermented or spirituous liquors ; and the consequence has been a general improvement in the health and in the morals of a vast number of persons. The tone, the strength, and the vigour of the

human body are increased by it ; there is a greater capability of enduring fatigue ; the mind is rendered more susceptible of the innocent pleasures of life, and of acquiring information. Whole classes of the community have been rendered sober, careful, and provident. The waste of time that followed upon intemperance, kept individuals poor, who are now thriving in the world, and exhibiting the results of honest industry. Men have become healthier, happier, and better for the exchange they have made. They have given up a debasing habit for an innocent one. Individuals who were outcast, miserable, abandoned, have become independent, and a blessing to society. Their wives and children hail them on their return home from their daily labour with their prayers and fondest affections, instead of shunning their presence, fearful of some barbarity, or some outrage against their better feelings. Cheerfulness and animation follow upon their slumbers, instead of the wretchedness and remorse which the wakening drunkard ever experiences."

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.* By his Son, H. GRATTAN, Esq., M.P., Vols. I. and II. London: Colburn. 1839.

THESE two volumes bring down the Memoirs of the period announced only to the year 1782, Grattan being at that time still young. He had already, however, lent an efficient hand in the work of Irish Independence, his share in which forms the great achievement of his life ; for it was no less than the Declaration that Ireland should legislate for herself, and be exempt from the jurisdiction of England in the matter of appeals from the Irish courts. This was, indeed, a great Revolution ; the origin, causes, and effects of which present the most valuable and extraordinary parts of the past history of the island, although its results that are yet to be traced in the future fortunes of the empire may be still more astounding and eventful.

The times of Grattan are justly considered by his son to comprise all that is valuable in the history of his country ; the actors, whose portraits the author draws, forming a gallery that is picturesque as well as brilliant. But the question now suggests itself, has the historian and the artist shown himself equal to the task which he has imposed upon himself?—is his work as stirring and instructive as the reader, who has only a general knowledge of the era, the events, and the characters brought upon the stage, naturally must look for when meeting with its title?—has the writer broken down under the weight of his subject?—has he been lost, or has he feebly conducted himself amid its multiplicities and perplexities?—or has he acquitted himself triumphantly, exalting that which was already deemed important, and thoroughly disentangling that which party-spirit, misrepresentation, and violent cabal had confused and mysti-

fied? Now we find ourselves compelled to extend to the author but a medium, or a negative sort of praise upon these various points. We admit, although he is known to entertain very strong opinions on the questions that have distracted and still divide Ireland, and to be an excitable person, that his history and sketches are calmer and more impartial than we had anticipated, especially considering his relationship to the hero of the book. We admit also, that the materials of the work have been anxiously and carefully collected; that their arrangement and composition have been most elaborately executed. Why, the lateness of the day at which the *Life of Grattan* appears, a son being the author, who must have had the first access to much of the information now produced, is sufficient to convince any one that there is here the work of many years' duration, or at least an elaboration of that which had been or might have been produced without much delay. The prevailing exaggeration in the use of terms, rather than of sentiment; the fluency of the style, without one symptom that it is the flow of a lively fancy, or the ready utterance of natural Irish temperament, are circumstances that guide us to the same conclusion, viz., as to pains taking and repeated revisions. But positive and strong objections may be taken to the performance. The author has grappled with more than his strength is equal to. He does not even seem to have clearly apprehended the main object of his work, or how the different parts of it should have been subordinated and related to the fulfilment of a distinct end. Does not every one expect from the title of the book, from the eminence and celebrity of the man named in it, as well as from the position of the author in relation to that orator and statesman, that Grattan would be the hero and most visible throughout—and that whoever or whatever was introduced would lead the eye towards him? But instead of this, we have long dissertations upon Irish politics, some of them not confined to the times mentioned, and even some fond national notions about Milesian antiquities, that lead the author astray from his subject. Then the mass and length of details, the number of episodes, and the variety and minuteness of portraitures of persons contemporary with Grattan, so shroud him or distract the reader's attention that he is not beheld to be a star of the first magnitude, nor even the chief in the constellation of Ireland. All these things and evidences prove to us that Mr. Henry has grappled with a subject to which his strength is not equal, and that he has not even obtained a precise conception of what should have been done. We add, that the skill displayed in what he has executed, taking into account any one distinct point or subject, and when he has been more successful than usual, entitles him only to a very moderate degree of praise. We quote, as an example, his elaborate sketch of Lord Charlemont:—

“ Lord Charlemont was the most accomplished man of his day; the most polished and the most agreeable. He was, in these respects, superior to any person that had yet appeared in Ireland, or, probably, that Ireland will ever again behold: His society was charming; he had the art to make every place and every company agreeable; and his conversation was so delightful, that it disarmed all reflection. He was fond of humour, and liked sometimes to be severe, and occasionally indulged in sarcasm, but never on his company. He was full of spirit, of integrity, and of public virtue. He possessed ambition; a great love of fame; a great contempt for money,—the consideration of which never entered into his mind. He was incorruptible. He was one of the few Irish peers who loved liberty; and it may be truly said, that he was not only the first of those peers, but the only one among them who gave dignity to his station. His spirit and integrity would not permit him to yield to government; but when the people had triumphed, he strove to reconcile the parties, and would not abandon the government on a question which endangered it. One predominant feature in Lord Charlemont’s character was, a sacred attachment to the British connexion; his desire was to keep well with England; and he worked in favour of government, not for this or for that minister, but for the government solely; and was not only anxious to have the people supporting him, but to have the people supporting the government. The prejudice of party led some to say, that he was nothing more than a polished man with exquisite manners, but they were mistaken; he was a man of excellent sense, and possessed a better judgment than many persons allowed him. He was at the head of a most powerful national army, supported by the upper classes, and comprising all. He assisted in leading them on to civil liberty; he assisted also in guarding them against popular excesses; and, in both cases, he deserved the greatest credit, in both he rendered the greatest services to his country. He was flattered into the chair at the Rotunda, and joined the Convention in 1783; and he certainly still kept with the people, although the people had broken with the parliament; he favoured their addresses, and attended their meetings, and thus contributed to uphold them. But, though he seemed to encourage them in their error, yet he was thereby enabled to moderate, if not to control and guard, the Volunteers against any violent extreme, or any excess which would have tarnished the high reputation they had deservedly acquired. It was most fortunate that such an individual existed. His grave and civil character was necessary to restrain the ardour of the Volunteers, and rescue them from their own excesses; for he well knew that liberty loses half its value if it is purchased by a victory over the people. There are times and there are occurrences when a man ought to stop, and should rather prefer to break with his party than go forward; yet few men who have acquired popularity possess courage enough to risk its loss. But Lord Charlemont did so—he hazarded his popular fame, at the most critical period, and rendered thereby a lasting service to the empire. His principles were noble as his mind was patriotic: he possessed an abhorrence of every thing that was low and base, and instantly gave up his borough when the question of Reform was under consideration; tendering to the people that which had hitherto been considered as private property. Lord Charlemont was at

once a patriot and a courtier; he loved the people, and possessed at the same time taste and manners that would have adorned a court. He afforded a rare instance of such a union, and would have done honour to old Greece in her best of times. He was certainly not devoid of vanity; but if he had the defects that attend it, he had the virtues also. His keeping clear of the Court—his declining to accept office—and his lead among the Volunteers, established him in the minds of the people, and gave him an everlasting reputation. Lord Charlemont wrote well; his replies to the addresses from the Volunteers are excellent,—and while they encouraged their spirit and formation, they gave a regulated tone to liberty. He was a good Latin scholar, and knew Greek remarkably well. He had travelled much, and was well versed in the continental languages. He was fond of poetry, and composed some light and pretty things. His intimacy with the Bishop of Waterford (Marlay) encouraged this pastime; and their mutual taste led them to an epistolary correspondence, partly verse, partly prose, full of humour, raillery, and wit. Lord Charlemont had formed a club, which was called the 'Society of Granby Row.' It was political as well as convivial, and Messrs. Grattan, Burgh, Langrishe, Yelverton, Doyle, and Sir Edward Newenham, were some of the principal members. It served the public cause, and assembled men who possessed inclination and ability to propose plans and digest measures for the advancement of their country. The Catholic question was Lord Charlemont's weak point; he was at first unfavourable to their claims, and objected at an early period to their getting the elective franchise, when a measure of that description was in contemplation in 1785. The county that he belonged to was violent against them; and one of his ancestors had lost his life at the period of the civil wars in 1641. But his mind relaxed in 1793, and he did not oppose the measure; and prior to the close of his life, he became friendly to the great question of Catholic Emancipation. Lord Charlemont's name will live as long as virtue, spirit, and patriotism, are esteemed."

This is only pretty well, for one certainly does not at its close obtain a very distinct image of him who is portrayed. The painter's pencil is not graphic; his conceptions are not so distinct that a few bold strokes can embody them. The thing is not what one would naturally look for from the son of a master-artist.

As an example of how far the author travels at times beyond the era he endeavours to describe and illustrate, and also of his extravagant nationality, we quote a passage in which he assails Hume the historian, and impugns his authority. Mr. G. says:—

"Hume, when he states that the Irish 'from the beginning of time were buried in profound barbarism and ignorance, and continued (while the Western world grew civilized) distinguished by vices alone,' only discovers his prejudices and want of research, and misleads his readers. Did he forget that in 1417, at the Council of Constance, when the legate of Henry the Fifth of England and of Charles the Sixth of France disputed the precedence, the preference was allowed to England, *entirely on account of the antiquity of Ireland*? The argument on which the

contest was decided was taken from the authority of Albertus Magnus and Bartholomæus, and is in these words: ‘In the division of the world, Europe was subdivided into four great kingdoms: 1. That of Rome; 2. That of Constantinople; 3. That of Ireland; 4. That of Spain; whence it appears that the King of England, being also King of Ireland, is one of the most ancient Kings of Europe.’

“It appears, therefore, that Ireland had, among other kingdoms of Europe, all the weight and dignity of a respectable and free nation long before its connexion with England.”

Absurdities and preposterous claims were not likely to obtain the ready credence of the sagacious and temperate Scotchman, however magnificent might be the authorities upon which they rest, or imposing their names.

There are many instructive passages in our author’s narrative of the political manœuvres of parties during the rise, decline and fall of Irish Independence. Towards the end of the second volume, we find that corruption was more barefacedly employed and avowed, to accomplish the overthrow of the popular cause, than in countries where the rulers have not been accustomed to ride rough-shod, and with impunity, nay with approval by the supreme Government, over a nation than political villany generally exemplifies. The Lord Lieutenant Buckingham thus writes to Lord North, on the 8th Sept. 1780:—

“My Lord—Nothing could be more against my inclinations than the yielding to solicitations of gentlemen upon the line of peerage; but without engagements strongly to recommend several to that mark of his Majesty’s favour at the close of the session, it would have been impossible for me in any sort to have surmounted the various difficulties which have lately attended Government.

“I must therefore request that your Lordship will submit the following names to his Majesty—

“Sir Robert Deane has uniformly, with four friends, supported his Majesty’s measures, and *has never suggested a difficulty upon any occasion*; his property is very considerable.

“Lord Chief Baron Dennis is recommended by Lord Shannon; but exclusive of that consideration, his abilities may be of great use in the House of Lords, especially as Lord Annaly has an asthmatic complaint, which renders his attendance precarious. He has no family, nor is there any probability of his having any; and upon the whole, I should think his appointment full as desirable to Government as it may be agreeable to himself.

“My private wish would certainly influence in favour of Mr. Armar Lowry Corry; but his extensive property, *his having supported Government, though elected for the county of Tyrone by popular interest, his having also induced another gentleman to follow his example*, may give some claim to his Majesty’s favour.

“Mr. Mathew is of a very ancient respectable family, and has upon every

occasion supported his Majesty's Government. His brother-in-law through his means was induced to act the same part.

"Mr. Pomeroy was originally recommended by the Duke of Leinster; but at a time his Grace was undecided, he engaged, at all events, with his brother and his son, to support Government. The Duke of Leinster lately renewed the application in his favour.

"Mr. Clements, the son of an old meritorious servant of the Crown, has a very considerable fortune, and has, with three friends, supported Government, exclusive of his brother, the Deputy Vice-Treasurer.

"Mr. Knox, of Dungannon, is a gentleman of respectable family, with a very large property, and has, with two sons, supported Government. He was strongly recommended also by Colonel Burton."

The imperial Government evinced some reluctance to granting the requests made by the representative of royalty in Ireland, who made bargains thus lavishly to accomplish an oppressive and political end, which called forth another letter and a shameful confession:—

"With respect to the noblemen and gentlemen whose requests have not succeeded, I must say that no man can see the inconvenience of increasing the number of Peers more forcibly than myself, but the recommendations of many of those persons submitted to his Majesty for that honour, arose from engagements taken up at the press of the moment, to secure questions upon which the English Government were very particularly anxious. My sentiments cannot but be the same with respect to the Privy Council and pensions, and I had not contracted any engagements of recommendation either to peerage or pension, till difficulties arose which necessarily occasioned so much and so forcibly communicated anxiety in his Majesty's Cabinet, that I must have been culpable in neglecting any possible means of securing a majority in the House of Commons."

There were other modes of corruption practised, of which abundant proofs are furnished in the work before us; such as a regular and a large sale of pensions and places; crimes which are, we fear, not confined to Ireland or to the struggles connected with her Independence or her Union to Great Britain. But surely nowhere else can we ever find such undisguised admissions by the criminals themselves, as we have quoted and referred to.

The anecdotes connected with Grattan's career and of himself are numerous as will be expected; but still we have as yet been made acquainted with none that possess the force and originality of those which attach to Curran's history.

Grattan, we learn, was a great admirer of the stage. Private theatricals, which, during his day, were fashionable in Ireland, frequently engaged his histrionic powers as well as his pen. But his method of training himself for the business of an orator belongs more properly to his celebrity. Referring to the time when he was

eating in England his way to the Irish bar, and was residing in the Temple, we are told,—

“ Mr. Grattan's manner at this time was so singular, that at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day, the landlady imagined, not only that he was an eccentric character, but that he was deranged; and she complained to one of his friends that the gentleman used to walk up and down in her garden most of the night, speaking to himself; and, though alone, he was addressing some one on all occasions by the name of ‘ Mr. Speaker;’ that it was not possible he could be in his senses, and she begged they would take him away: and that if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due! A letter that I have received from his friend Day, gives a more exact account of his manner of living and his occupation at that period.—‘ We lived in the same chambers in the Middle Temple, and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful landscape; he delighted in romantic scenery. Between both, we lived together three or four years, the happiest period of my life.’ ”

Again, speaking of Windsor Forest,—

“ He would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. One morning he amused us at breakfast, with an adventure of the night before, in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and on turning about, was accosted by an unknown person—How the devil did you get down? To which the rambler calmly replied—Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question!”

In Ireland there was one locality which at one time engaged Grattan's utmost fondness. This was Celbridge Abbey, once the residence of Vanessa, a name inseparable from that of Swift. We extract a description of the place as given by our author:—

“ The regard he (Grattan) entertained for its proprietor, (Colonel Marlay,) induced him frequently to visit this spot; and his attachment to the country, his love of rural scenery, often guided his steps thither, where he found his literary recollections revived, and the history of his country, associated with the name of Swift whose Irish spirit he used to admire, though not his tory principles. These various impressions caused him to entertain a great attachment for the Abbey at Celbridge; its calm retirement—its green retreat—its lofty trees—its shady walks—the smooth and sloping banks of the Liffey—and, in particular, the Bower of Vanessa—seemed to have a peculiar charm, and to inspire him with a sentimental patriotism; it was situated on a small island, formed by a branch of the river, below a picturesque narrow bridge, of Irish antiquity, which was overhung with ivy, and stretched its lofty arches across the water above that secluded spot. A mass of evergreens and laurel, mixed with yew

and box-trees, and solemn cypress, shaded the place, and rendered it almost impervious to the rays of the sun; roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle, entwined the classic bower, and the green around was covered with flowers of all hues.

The rathe primrose, that forsaken dies;
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet;
 The glowing violet,—
 The musk rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,—
 With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head.

"This was the favourite spot to which Mr. Grattan loved to retire; there he used to read and compose and meditate upon his country's wrongs—thinking upon the spirit of those who were no more, but who had left a hallowed influence around, and that undying love of liberty 'which was, and is, and is to come.' On the day that Ireland regained her freedom, he invoked the name of its ancient inhabitant, and at the commencement of his splendid speech he exclaims, '*Spirit of Molynæus! Spirit of Swift! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation!*'"

We have rambled through these volumes to pick out a few of their characteristic passages, and shall conclude with something, selected upon the same principle; viz. with portions of some of the letters which Grattan wrote when in London. They are not only interesting as coming from such an authority, but as containing the recent impressions of an ardent study upon subjects that will always engage the attention.

The Houses of Parliament naturally attracted Grattan, into which he sometimes obtained admission. Writing in 1768 he says,—

"I was present at one debate before the execution of the order. It arose on an address to be presented to his Majesty, expressing the satisfaction of Parliament at the measures taken to suppress the recent tumults, and promising the succour of Parliament to all such measures as might further be found necessary. The intent and tendency of this was to get Parliament to approve of the present Administration, and to promise to support it. The Opposition spoke against the Address, but did not vote; so that it passed without a negative. Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man versed in state mystery and learned in finances, spoke in defence of the Court, in a manner impetuous, not rapid; full of cant, not melody; and deserved the eulogium of a fervent speaker, not a great one. Grenville, on the part of the Opposition, was peevish and wrangling, and provoked those whom he could not defeat.

"Burke, the only orator I have yet heard in the House of Commons here, (and this character arises from his matter, not his delivery,) was ingenious, oratorical, undaunted; he treated the Ministry with high contempt, and displayed with most animated derision their schemes and purposes."

Here is another of his epistolary communications:—

“My Dear Broome—From a person living in the metropolis of the world, you may expect some news, some politics that may interest you, some facts that may amuse you. Alas! how much must I disappoint all these expectations. Unconnected with the great world, I learn no political intrigues; and unconcerned in the matter-of-fact world I attend to none of its momentous incidents. Excluded from the House of Commons, I want even my usual resort of amusements; and weary of the repetition of bad plays, I am thrown into the wanderer's last resort, the arms of a coffee-house, where I meet few acquaintances—no friends. I leave London in a few days, to retire to a pretty situation in Windsor. I need not tell you how I wish your partnership in my destined hermitage. It is not pure friendship, it is interested selfishness in part, that dictates my passion; for you have an uncontrolled influence over me, banishing every gloomy suggestion, and reconciling me even to myself.

“I have heard too little of the capital speakers to characterize them to you; having gained admission one or two days, we have been excluded since.

“Burke is unquestionably the first orator among the Commons of England; boundless in knowledge, instantaneous in his apprehensions, and abundant in his language. He speaks with profound attention and acknowledged superiority, notwithstanding the want of energy, the want of grace, and the want of elegance in his manner.

“The other speakers whom I have heard do not deserve relation; they sink down to the lumber of our house, only that they are not so deficient in language nor so entirely overrun with vulgarity.”

When the remainder of the Memoirs appear, we hope to be enabled to present some more striking illustrations of the Orator's character and genius; for as yet we have seen little or nothing in the work that can modify or alter the estimate of him which has been generally formed, and which may be consulted in every popular biographical collection.

ART. XI.—*La Lampe de Fer.* Par MICHEL MASSON. 2 vols. 12mo.
Bruxelles: Meline.

TIMES have strangely changed since

Inclitus Albertus, doctissimus atque disertus,

Quadrivium docuit et totum scibile scivit;

and scholars, like knight-errants, were ready to do battle with every comer *de omni scibili, et quolibet ente*. But the knowledge of these days is the knowledge of things, and not of words; the slowly ripening fruit of laborious observation—not the easy produce of a dexterous and fantastic logic. The most flexible and capacious genius would find the longest life too brief to span it. It is, indeed, this great increase of information on all subjects and in all classes—the many things which in this day it is necessary to know—the

many of which one is ashamed to be entirely ignorant—the variety of acquirements necessary to a liberal education—which render the task of instruction every day more complicated and difficult. We are no longer at liberty to regard the first years of childhood as a period of preparatory training, in which we desire to instil habits rather than ideas: on the contrary, intelligence and instruction must appear on the horizon together. Hitherto, sixteen of the most precious years of life have been devoted to graceful antiquarian pursuits—to the study of the ancient mind in the beautiful languages which embalm it, but with far greater reference to the language than the mind. The greatest of education was to employ the intellect usefully on what was comparatively useless, and to administer instruction less as a source of ideas, than an exercise of faculties. To be a scholar was fame; and to be imbued, not so much with the spirit of the writings of antiquity, as with a fine and subtle sense of the graces of their style—to be filled with a contemplative admiration of their genius—to be as nearly as possible an index to the volumes of antiquity, and their echo,—this was to be a scholar. But those unfading garlands, wreathed from the choicest flowers of the philosophy and poetry of old, which festooned so gracefully around modern intellect, covering its bare places, and shedding their perfume into its deepest chasms, were fetters (and strong ones, too), flowery and fragrant though they were. While they seemed like light and graceful ornaments, to lay in boundless beauty on its surface, they effectually restrained that natural and unimpeded action essential to the development of its strength. It has required a long effort, and a powerful one, to release it from this brilliant thralldom.

In philosophy as in literature, in science as in art, there was for many an age the same superstitious reverence for the past, the same reverted and adorning glance. But, by degrees, the intellect became agitated with new desires—the present business of mankind became the proper object of their knowledge—the craving of their wants summoned science to its aid—and science, becoming practical, found itself in communication with every man, stimulated every man, and teaching him that the future would be the scene of his triumph and his power, gradually weaned him in all things from his exclusive reversion for antiquity.

Society was for a long while, in its intellectual progress, like a traveller, who, fixing his eye on the point of his departure, keeps steadily in view all its features while he can—reproduces in his imagination such as he can no longer see—and has neither concern nor attention for the objects which surround him, save as by some accidental resemblance they recal the objects he has left. The pure, clear landscape of the present, with its broad masses of fertility, its virgin soil, that asked but the slightest tillage, was con-

temned as an unfruitful waste; while the future seemed but as the prolongation of the desert which the exile must pass in his eternal pilgrimage from home. But the scene has changed,—our long vigil at the tomb of antiquity is broken,—and for ever! The spirit song of the past still floats melodiously around us; but our ears are filled with a louder and nearer strain—the Pæan of an enfranchised intellect. We look rarely and furtively at the past, for the prejudice of the age is against authority. Our respect is no longer a superstition, but a sentiment—no longer a subsidy, but “a benevolence.” It is questionable if the very fame of the giants of antiquity will not diminish, now that it no longer concerns the reputation of the living to uphold the reputation of the dead. Besides, the value of fame is, doubtless, like all other commodities, affected by the supply, and every age accumulates the stock of reputation in the market. One thing is very certain—that the necessity for a familiarity with them is rapidly decreasing. A few years ago, some outward and visible classical knowledge was as indispensable to an accomplished gentleman as his tie or his sword,—it was a thing to be worn and used. Men have blown out their brains for a much less persecution than a certain young gentleman suffered for making a false quantity in a quotation. Whoever has read the *Kolliad*, will wonder that he survived it. In those days, illustrations from ancient history were gravely uttered and heard; Thucydides and Tacitus, Demosthenes and Cicero, had a prescriptive right to be heard by proxy in the senate. Trite quotations and profound bows, small scholarship and elaborate civility, were the bearing and the breeding of the age; and it would be difficult to decide which would have been most calamitous to a gentleman, an unclassical memory or an inflexible spine. But in these days it is as dangerous to be in the slightest degree scholastic as civil, for the one would be proclaimed pedantic—the other vulgar; and a man who should quote Cicero to you in argument, would be as insupportable as that one who should offer you his umbrella in a shower.

A short time since, a member of the House of Commons was outrageously laughed at for talking of “that illustrious Roman general, Scipio;” and the farther he went on in his illustration, the louder the House waxed in its cachinnation. Fifty years ago, the “illustrious Roman general” would have marched through the House with great applause. It is, perhaps, the first time that Scipio was ever laughed at;—but what can you expect from men whose fathers left off shoe buckles?

History has been called an old almanack; and all respect for antiquity within these twenty years so much enfeebled, that we very much question whether a certain celebrated Northern critic, now, we believe, a Scotch judge, would at this hour be so much shocked at the answer of a foreigner, who, upon being asked how he liked

Oxford, replied, "Oh, very much; but what a pity it is that they don't white-wash the walls."

To the old reverence for the past has succeeded an indifference almost amounting to contempt. Assuredly this is an excess in an opposite direction, and a bad and mischievous excess. It must, however, be acknowledged that at any cost it is a great point gained to be enabled to give up our minds, unfettered and unbiassed, to the investigations of philosophy and science, the interpretation of nature, and the magnificent application of the results of these researches to the increase of the power and dignity of man. How noble a destiny to be, from the first glimmering of our reason, brought into contact with that active and productive knowledge, which is everywhere scattering its riches over the surface of society—to be no longer immured in a narrow space, splendidly adorned with the remnants of antiquity, but where our voices could awaken no echoes save of the past, and our minds acquire no more than a conjectured knowledge of the present—to receive the revelation, not of other men's minds, but of nature—to possess the key of her oracles—to listen to the wisdom she teaches—and boldly to follow whithersoever she vouchsafes to lead!

But of all men or classes of men, who have lost their respect for the past, and trust entirely to the resources of the present age, are the tribe of French *littérateurs*. They would sooner desecrate the tombs of the ancients by throwing mud and weeds upon them, than borrow even as much as a single line from one of their epitaphs. And hence are they now the most original in thought and style, of any school of literature under heaven.

To this school belongs Michel Masson, the author of the work the name of which stands at the head of this article. All France, and indeed all Europe, have heard of the literary association formed between Michel Masson and Raymond Bruker, and bearing the appellation of Michel Raymond; and every man, who pretends to know anything about French literature, has read the novel entitled *Les Intimes*. One of the authors of that novel is the writer of the book of tales which bears the singular denomination of the *Lampe de Fer*, or "The Iron Lamp." This name is bestowed upon the work, in consequence of the author having purchased an old iron lamp at a public sale, and written, Demosthenes-like, his present volumes by the light of the newly acquired property. We know not whether the tales "smell of the oil," like the lucubrations of the Grecian orator; but this we can answer for, that the style of the author runs as smoothly as that very necessary article of household economy.

The principal paper, in the collection that bears the singular title of the *Lampe de Fer*, is *La Voix du Sang*; and it is to this tale—a tale written with an iron pen—that we purpose to call the

special attention of our readers. The following is a detailed sketch of this interesting production.

Jacques and Elizabeth Raimbault had been married for some years, without witnessing the birth of an heir to their vast possessions. Jacques was the proprietor of one of the largest manufactories in the great city of Lyons, and it was his opportune marriage with Elizabeth, and the possession of her wealth, that reinstated his falling fortunes in the moment of a terrible commercial crisis. Elizabeth had in early youth been attached to the Viscount Adrian de Lestrelles; and her passion was returned with reciprocal ardour by the young nobleman. But the will of an old uncle opposed their union, and de Lestrelles was carried by his father to Paris. Elizabeth became the wife of Jacques Raimbault; and although the fires of love in her heart had long been quenched by the dews of disappointment, she still treated her husband with that reverence and respectful kindness which he had a right to claim at her hands. In the course of time the Viscount de Lestrelles also married; and during a temporary absence which commercial enterprises entailed upon Jacques Raimbault, the following scenes took place:—

“He was there before her—Adrian de Lestrelles!

“About to undertake a long journey with his wife, he was not able to resist the force of his inclination to pay a farewell visit to Elizabeth as he passed through Lyons; and Elizabeth was alone in the house when the Viscount and his spouse arrived. In obedience to the wishes of Henriette, the Viscount determined upon staying at the manufacturer's abode until the return of that gentleman himself; and a few days glided away in the most perfect intimacy. Elizabeth experienced the sorrowful satisfaction of perceiving that Henriette had not presumed too much upon the pressing terms of her letter.

“One evening, when Adrian and Elizabeth were alone together, he ventured to say, ‘Elizabeth, are you happy!’

“This sudden interrogation found her without defence against the profound sigh which her bosom was compelled to give vent to. Henriette's husband then understood all that the wife of Jacques Raimbault had suffered since their separation.

“There are hours in the life of man when all moral force abandons him and delivers him up to the operation of his weakness; and that hour had now arrived to influence the destinies of Elizabeth. Alone with Adrian—already predisposed to the most tender emotions—attracted by a species of charm against which it was useless to combat—she, who had manifested so much courage in the trying moments of misfortune, was not proof against a reminiscence! The purest of the daughters of Eve succumbed, like her mother, and thenceforth existed like those angels who visited the earth to court the daughters of men, with a stain upon her soul!

“Nine months afterwards Eugenius-Augustus was born!

“Jacques Raimbault, deceived—but happy, bestowed upon the boy the compound name of the ship which had brought him back from the West

Indies, in order that the child might remember in after years that episode in his supposed father's life which appeared to him the most cloudless period of his existence.

"Five years after the birth of Eugenius-Augustus, a mysterious messenger delivered the following letter to Elizabeth:—

" 'The bad state of my wife's health compels me to depart for Italy. I shall not write to you any more—but I shall never forget you! Love our child, and burn my letters: for your own sake and mine, hesitate not to burn them, I implore you.'

" 'Burn his letters!' cried Elizabeth with horror and alarm. 'I have none! And if he have really written any, who can have received them!'

"The sudden shock of so terrible a conviction as that which now passed through her brain, entailed upon her a grievous malady which retained her to her couch for upwards of three months. As soon as she had partially recovered from this dreadful attack of sickness, she chanced to gaze upon herself in the looking-glass; but she recoiled from the mirror in horror.

"Her hair had turned white!"

The fatal effects of a crime in her youth were thus visited upon the head of the unhappy mother; and less fortunate than he, for whom were written the lines—

"My hair is grey, but not with years;—

Nor grew it white,

In a single night,

As men's have grown through sudden fears;"

she had not even the consolation of innocence to solace the hours of her solitude. Sorrow is the deadly enemy of youth, beauty, and health; but when that secret woe arises from our own vices, how bitter is the pang!

By a stratagem practised upon Nicholas Touchet, the foreman of Jacques Raimbault, during the temporary absence of the family from Lyons, the Viscount de Lestrelles became possessed of the portrait of Eugenius-Augustus. For a short time, however, we must leave the nobleman to the melancholy pleasure which he enjoyed in contemplating the picture of his son, and call the reader's attention to a scene which cannot be perused without feelings of the deepest interest:—

"Jacques Raimbault was alone in his private study. All his past life was pictured to his imagination like the transitory groups and scenery of a phantasmagorian show. At one moment a smile of satisfaction curled his lip; and then a painful reminiscence caused his brows to contract, while his fists were clenched, and a deep—deep sigh emanated from the recesses of his bosom. What was the subject of his meditation?

"Did he ponder on his captivity of seventeen years? He had been well repaid by twenty of prosperity! On the curse of his mother? She pardoned him ere she died! On his father deprived of his reasoning faculties? God had restored to that revered parent the gift of memory,

in order that he might call down upon the head of the son who had saved the name of his house from infamy, the blessing and protection of his Maker! And was not Jacques Raimbault himself beloved by Eugenius-Augustus? Might he not think himself the happiest of husbands? Had Elizabeth once ceased to manifest herself the same docile, quiet, attentive creature she ever had been from the day of their nuptials? And if in the passed life of Madame Raimbault, there were a fault—a flagrant, a glaring fault—was not that fault, though ever present to *her* memory, banished from *his own*? Oh! no—he would not answer in the affirmative to all these questions?

“ Suddenly awakening from his reverie, he rang the bell violently.

“ ‘ Light a fire in this room,’ said he to the domestic who replied to the summons.

“ As soon as his orders were obeyed, he desired the servant to leave the room, saying at the same time, ‘ Remember, I am not at home to a soul;’ and he drew the bolt of the door which communicated with the factories.

“ ‘ Now then,’ said he, gazing intently upon the flames, which already burnt high and brightly in the grate, ‘ all shall now perish *there*—testimony and reminiscence—substance and shadow—proof and its contingent pangs!’

“ Having said these words, he opened the drawer of his writing-table, plunged his hand into a secret coffer, and drew therefrom a small box carefully sealed. He then seated himself before the fire once more.

“ This box, small though it were, seemed to weigh heavily in the hands of Jacques Raimbault, for he trembled as he lifted it; and with an effort of unconquerable aversion he placed it upon the table before him. And then he reflected again and deeply before he pressed the spring which raised the lid; and he experienced a moment of uncertainty how to act; but as he hesitated thus, his eyes suddenly encountered the counterpart of the portrait of which the stranger had succeeded in securing the possession; and he hesitated no longer.

“ ‘ Wherefore should I renew all her sorrows?’ said he within himself: ‘ why should I preserve the proofs of that which I have forgiven, between myself and my God, so long ago? Yes—I have said rightly: the flames—the flames must devour all *that*!’

“ And by a movement almost mechanical, he pressed the spring, and the lid of the box flew open. So great was the violence with which he touched the spring, that several letters fell upon the floor. At that moment a lamentable cry echoed through the study. Jacques Raimbault, a prey to sudden surprise and astonishment, turned precipitately round, and perceived Elizabeth, with her forehead against his chair, and her knees upon the carpet, praying for forgiveness with joined hands.

“ ‘ You know all!’ said she, in an accent of despair which no one can describe.

“ He fell back in his seat, murmuring. ‘ Yes, Elizabeth—I know all!’

“ ‘ And you have not sacrificed my life to your rage!’ cried she, shuddering visibly, and fixing her eyes upon the half-open letters that lay strewn before her.

“ ‘ Your life!’ ejaculated Jacques Raimbault; ‘ yes! I was anxious to take your life—to kill—to slay you;—and long did I hesitate whether I

should assassinate you as you slept in my arms, or not ! But,' he continued angrily, after a moment's pause, 'wherefore did you intrude upon my privacy? I ordered the servant to say that I was visible to no one, and I did not know you were curious, Elizabeth. And thus to spy my actions, Madam !' he added furiously : 'are you then jealous ?' and as he spoke, his teeth were ground together fearfully, but the cause of this emotion was a wish to stifle the sobs that almost burst his bosom.

"Elizabeth raised her head towards him. At the aspect of that pale but lovely countenance all bathed in tears, the old manufacturer was ashamed of his excitement; and taking the hands of Elizabeth, he pressed them convulsively.

" 'I did not think,' said he, 'that after having so much courage—after having suffered so deeply, and nearly forgotten everything—yes, Madam, nearly forgotten all,—I did not think, I say, that a day would arrive, when, furious and deaf to the whisperings of reason, I should feel the slightest animosity towards you in your presence. But, I repeat, Elizabeth—I repeat my question :—Wherefore did you come hither at this moment? Another instant, and all would have been burnt—and no proof would have remained—and I could have said to myself, it is a horrible dream under which I have been labouring—Eugenius-Augustus is my own son—and Elizabeth is not guilty ! But,' he added, rising, 'those accursed letters are still there. Yes—there they are—and it is his writing, is it not? But wherefore should I ask you that question? Your paleness is a reply to my worst suspicions.'

"As he spoke, he walked rapidly up and down the room treading with violence upon the accusing letters.

"Elizabeth remained in an attitude of the most humble supplication, following, with a timid look, the combat which Jacques maintained with his violent emotions,—emotions, over which he could not always triumph. At length he stopped opposite his wife, gazed upon her with pity, and extending his arms towards her, exclaimed, 'You have suffered much and deeply, Elizabeth, for the last eighteen years. But, believe me, my griefs have not been less poignant than your own; and do not think that I have easily overcome my sorrow.'

" 'Ah ! *Monsieur*,' answered Elizabeth, 'my remorse has not been sufficient to avenge you; for you are more than a man, and it requires something of an exalted kind of penitence, when a God is offended.'

" 'Rise, rise,' said Jacques Raimbault; 'be more calm, and do not remain upon your knees at my feet. I have need of all my courage, Elizabeth, to support this explanation—an explanation that does harm to us both, and which is nevertheless necessary; for I must *also* justify myself.'

" 'You !' cried Elizabeth.

" 'Doubtless !' exclaimed Jacques. 'Has not my silence appeared to you a species of cowardice? Do you not look upon me as a low-minded and despicable being? In a few moments I shall probably appear less contemptible in your eyes? But, in the first place, let us throw these unfortunate papers into the fire—those papers to which I am indebted for my acquaintance with this lamentable affair, and at a time when I could not punish the author of my shame—for he is dead, the wretch—he is dead. Were he alive, you would be a widow, Madam !'

"An involuntary shudder seized upon the frame of Elizabeth, and, though pale already, she turned paler still, exclaiming at the same time, 'Dead! is he dead? Oh! heaven has not been just—Providence is not impartial—it was I who should have died!'

"And, as she uttered these words, she again fell upon her knees, from which she had partially risen, and concealed her face in her hands.

"'You weep for him, Elizabeth—you weep for him!' exclaimed Jacques Raimbault. 'But to betray me, you must indeed have loved that man deeply. And you *did* love him! But what fatal influence did he exercise over you, that even a reminiscence should now cause you such deep regret—now—at a moment when I am standing in your presence, and when I assure you that I know all and that I pardon you? O God—I did not think I was so wretched—so totally forgotten by you! Tell me—Oh! tell me wherefore you regret him still?'

"'I only deplore my fault, Jacques,' answered Elizabeth: 'it is not for him that I weep—it is for my own shame. My past conduct has doubtless given you a right to blame my tears; but however lowly I may have fallen in your esteem, I am anxious of proving to you that all good sentiments are not extinguished within me. Is it the news of *his* decease that has turned my hair white and planted wrinkles upon my brow? Was it a regret for his loss that in one day imprinted on my cheek the traces of premature old age? Oh! I have been guilty—very guilty; but if there be on earth and in heaven a germ of pity for the most sincere repentance, I may claim the benefit of it with safety; for my punishment has been long! It has now lasted eighteen years!'

"Jacques Raimbault was softened by these observations; and he could not prevent himself from saying, 'Alas, poor creature! dry your tears and rise from that suppliant posture!'

"He aided his wife to raise herself from the floor, and conducted her towards the arm-chair which he had just left. She fell into it like an inanimate object—a dead weight.

"While Elizabeth, with one arm reclining upon the table, and her eyes concealed in her hands, underwent the mental torture of the damned, her husband stooped down and picked up the letters which were scattered about the floor. Having accomplished this portion of his task, he threw them into the fire; and as they separated and fell apart, one from another, he collected them together with the shovel, and heaped pieces of the burning logs upon them. The flames rose thickly and whitish in hue—and the sickly glare fell upon the pale and wan features of Madame de Raimbault."

The scene which we have just extracted and translated from the book under notice, is one of the finest we ever remember to have perused. There is a vein of deep and soul-reaching pathos, which, added to the absorbing interest that pervades the dialogue, forms an episode that appeals to the inmost recesses of the human heart. Jacques Raimbault is a fine character—a noble fellow, who does not forget that the prosperity of his house was saved by the fortunes of his wife, and who can make meet allowances for the faults of one

whose only crime was loving too well. And who dare blame the female that, in a similar situation, succumbs to the force of so strong and fervent a love? Human nature could not have done otherwise than did Elizabeth Raimbault. The vituperation of the incensed moralist must necessarily fall upon the Viscount de Lestrelles.

But to continue our sketch. This good—this excellent man, Jacques Raimbault, falls in a duel by the hand of the Viscount, who thus relates the particulars of that melancholy event to a friend with whom he maintains a constant correspondence:—

“Scarcely had I mentioned my name in the diligence office, when a man who stood near me gave so sudden a start, that he ran violently against me, and I could not help observing, ‘Pray take care, Sir,—you have trodden upon my foot.’

“He apologised; but as he spoke, his eyes were fixed upon me in a manner which annoyed me. In a few minutes I took my receipt for my place in the diligence and returned to the hotel at which I was staying.

“Scarcely had I entered my own room, when some one knocked violently at the door. I opened it—and the individual, who had trodden upon my foot, presented himself before me.

“‘I beg your pardon, Sir,’ said he; ‘but I believe that the Viscount de Lestelles resides here.’

“At sight of this man, I experienced so terrible an emotion for which I could not account, that I replied in an angry tone which I did not attempt to conceal, ‘You know that I am the Viscount de Lestelles, since you ere now saw me inscribe my name at the diligence office.’

“‘You will probably excuse me,’ said the man, closing the door which I had left half open; ‘but I require some information as to who you are.’

“‘What is the meaning of this intrusion?’ cried I, rising from my chair, and fixing my eyes attentively upon those of the stranger who did not, however, seem inclined to leave me.

“‘You are at least a scion of the family of de Lestrelles?’ said my strange interrogator.

“‘My father returned to France in 1803, Sir,’ was my immediate reply.

“The cheeks of this strange individual became suddenly of a deep red, and his brows contracted.

“‘And you resided at Arles in 1804?’ he continued.

“‘I did: but wherefore these questions?’ said I.

“‘And in 1816 you were wounded in Paris in a duel?’ added the stranger.

“As he spoke, his voice gradually became more and more tremulous, and his features betrayed the most powerful inward emotions. I do not hesitate to confess that I felt exceedingly uncomfortable in the presence of that stranger with his particularities of date.

“‘But whence did you obtain all this information?’ said I.

“‘What! Did you not fight with your wife’s lover in Paris? The daily newspapers made mention of the affair.’

"I answered as I ought to this impertinent query.

"The most amusing portion of the whole transactions,' continued my implacable interlocutor, 'was that the journals represented you to have been killed in the combat. Just as if it were ever the case that the offended man was the one who fell! Your wound was already more than enough, in all conscience: but a cuckold husband is a ridiculous being—is he not, M. de Lestrelles?"

"As the individual, who thus addressed me, spoke in a tone of the most vexatious irony, I exclaimed with violence, being unable to restrain my anger, 'Depart, Sir—depart! Leave my room immediately!"

"He threw himself into an arm-chair and continued, still maintaining the same ironical tone and keeping his eyes constantly fixed upon me.

"Oh! you may say what you choose, my lord Viscount; but in spite of your titles and your noble education, you are also a husband whom all people laugh at. It is hard to be compelled to hear a man tell you this, especially since you dare not deny the truth of the imputation."

"There is one alternative left, however,' I exclaimed in a frenzy of passion; 'and that is the power of chastising the impertinent fellow who dares remind me of my domestic misfortunes.'

"I was about to seize and thrust him out of the room, when he stupefied me, as it were, with these words:—'My name is Jacques Raimbault, Monsieur de Lestrelles!"

"At the bare mention of that name, a film passed over my eyes—my brain whirled—and I was obliged to clench my fists and grind my teeth to restrain my anger.

"*Parbleu!*' cried Jacques Raimbault; 'this encounter is a strange one, you yourself must confess. Fortunate was it for me that I this day repaired to the diligence office; for without that happy inspiration, I should not have known that M. de Lestrelles had done us the honour of visiting the city of Lyons. Doubtless, he is now come, as in days of yore, to seek in the abode of some honest citizen meet consolation for his private misfortunes in his own noble household. Have you been long with us, my lord? Shall you carry away with you some glorious souvenir of a new conquest? Tell me, pr'ythee, who is the faithless wife whom you intend to add to your long list? Do not thus cast down your eyes—but reply to my questions: you may at least confide thus far in the husband of your old friend!"

"He might have spoken much more to the same purpose; for I scarcely heard anything that he said. But as it was necessary to meet the matter with the courage of a man, I replied boldly, 'I think I understand you, M. Raimbault. Doubtless you have heard of my affection in early youth for Mademoiselle de Nanteuil, when she resided in the town of Ailes: but you do not seem to remember that that love was a sentiment which existed twenty-four years ago, and that the most particular husband in the world cannot take umbrage at a passion which began before even he himself was acquainted with the object. Your jealousy need not be alarmed: there is a term to all things.'

"He suffered me to finish my observations; and when I had concluded he resumed his own discourse, affecting that same kind of calmness which I had so vainly endeavoured to assume.

“ ‘ Yes, twenty-four years ago,’ said he, ‘ you acted like an honest man; for at that period, not being able to obtain the hand of her whom you loved, you performed a noble part, and tore yourself from her presence. But since that period ?’

“ ‘ I will admit then,’ said I; ‘ I have visited Lyons in the society of Madame Lestrelles.’

“ ‘ Yes, with your wife, whose infamous conduct was no secret to you. But you were man enough to seek to avenge the wrongs which her lover had done you,’ retorted Jacques Raimbault.

“ ‘ I know not what reports may have been circulated to my prejudice,’ was my answer; ‘ but you must remember that there are false rumours which we must learn to mistrust. Calumny attaches itself to the most immaculate; and if any one here told you—’

“ ‘ It is you yourself who have told me all!’ cried he, dashing his fist upon the table.

“ ‘ I!’ I exclaimed: ‘ and this is the first time that I had the honour of meeting you.’

“ ‘ And your letters, my lord of Lestrelles!’ ejaculated Raimbault in a voice of thunder,—‘ your letters to Elizabeth, which only yesterday I held in my hands, and which I unfortunately burnt; for had I not thus disposed of them, I would hurl them in your face.’

* * * * *

“ ‘ Witnesses—seconds!’ repeated M. Raimbault, with a smile of the most withering contempt: ‘ you cannot think of such a thing! What shall we tell those seconds relative to the origin of our quarrel? We must at least give them some excuse for our hostile proceedings, and I for one, sir, do not choose to lie: Neither will I suffer them to be made acquainted with the truth. God alone shall decide between us,—we will have no other witness.’

“ ‘ Be it as you say,’ I returned; and as I was about to open the door, he stopped me.

“ ‘ Have you writing materials?’ said he. I supplied him with pen, ink, and paper, and he seated himself at the table. Having written a few lines on a morsel of paper, he rose once more, and thrust the scrap into his pocket: we then departed together.

“ Having walked for about half an hour, we reached the summit of a high hill, which is called, I believe, the cemetery of Saint Justus.

“ ‘ Let us stop here,’ said Jacques Raimbault; ‘ it is on this hill that we will decide our deadly quarrel.’

“ The air had calmed my mind and cooled the fervour of my blood. Alone with that man, I forgot for a while the violence of his conduct, and I felt myself, in his presence, a miserable being who had deeply wronged him.

“ ‘ You will not content yourself,’ said I, ‘ with my perpetual exile, nor with my eternal silence. Well, then—kill me: for I will not add to all my other wrongs against you, the crime of having menaced your life.’

“ ‘ Must I supply you with courage to pass through this ordeal?’ exclaimed Jacques Raimbault.

“ I saw that he was about to inflict a blow upon me; and I no longer hesitated what step to take.

"The arms were charged—we measured the ground, and took our proper situations. He desired me to advance towards him; while he approached me. He it also was who gave the word to fire—the two balls whistled through the air at the same moment—that of Jacques Raimbault passed under my right ear—and mine penetrated his breast!

"He had only time to give me the paper, on which he had written a few words, ere he was no more."

The establishment was sold at the death of Jacques Raimbault, and Madame Raimbault retired with Eugenius-Augustus to a house in the neighbourhood of Lyons. One day Elizabeth informed her son that an old friend of her youth, a Viscount de Lestrelles, a widower, and who was accompanied by his daughter, was coming to reside in the same vicinity. Luigina, the Viscount's daughter, was a lovely and amiable creature, and, as the reader may suppose, her charms soon made a deep impression upon the heart of the young man.

Nicholas Touchet, the late foreman in the factory, resided with Madame Raimbault and her son, and acted in the capacity of guardian to the young man. A circumstance, which came to the knowledge of Nicholas, and which he deemed it necessary to communicate to Eugenius, seemed to portend at this period material changes in the destinies of the principal actors upon the stage of the novel. Madame Raimbault had been solicited in marriage by the Viscount de Lestrelles; but Eugenius-Augustus, attributing the conduct of the nobleman to a selfish desire to make himself master of his mother's fortune, strenuously opposed the match. Nicholas Touchet however discovered Madame Raimbault, at a late hour in the night, in close conversation with the Viscount *at his own house*; and the afflicted son soon ascertained that his mother paid the Viscount a similar visit every evening. The marriage was therefore assented to, and great preparations were made for its celebration.

And now comes the *denouement* which bestows its title upon the tale. Luigina innocently alludes, in the course of conversation, to a portrait which her father frequently contemplates; and Nicholas Touchet, whose curiosity is excited, obtains a view of the object of the Viscount's meditations. To his astonishment he recognizes it to be the one which the stranger obtained from him by stratagem a short time previously. A suspicion is excited in his mind, and in the process of a short time that suspicion ripens into conviction. The voice of blood calls from the tomb; and a species of instinct—of presentiment—or supernal whispering, we know not how to denominate the mystic warning, puts Eugenius-Augustus in possession of the terrible truth that the Viscount was the assassin of his father! The following touching scene, between Eugenius and his mother, must not be passed over in silence:—

“‘Is it a dream?’ demanded Elizabeth in a melancholy tone of voice.

“‘No, my dear mother,’ was the reply. ‘I tell you that in a few minutes the police will know all; and Nicholas Touchet will soon return to inform us that the villain is arrested.’

“‘Who?’ asked Elizabeth, her brain almost wandering: ‘the Viscount de Lestrelles?’

“‘The same,’ replied Eugenius. ‘Can I leave a crime of so deep a die unpunished? Was I not compelled to deliver him into the hands of justice?’

“Elizabeth gazed upon her son for a moment, with feelings of the most unutterable despair, and ejaculated, ‘No—no—it is impossible! I am dreaming! He cannot be a murderer—nor you his accuser! God would not allow such a complication of misery to fall on the head of your unhappy mother. You have not denounced him—tell me that you have not denounced him!’

“‘And wherefore should I spare him who did not spare my father?’

“‘Why—wherefore,—you ask me why!’ cried Elizabeth, who felt that her reason was about to abandon her.

“‘Yes—why!’ repeated Eugenius-Augustus, alarmed at the despair and horror which were depicted upon the countenance of his mother.

“Her eyes were haggard—her mouth was livid—her whole frame trembled with the most unutterable horror—and she gazed upon her son with fear and dread. He extended his hand towards her; but she repulsed it violently, ran to the window, opened the casement with precipitation, and exclaimed, ‘Nothing remains for me but to die!’

“Eugenius-Augustus held her back by her clothes.

“‘You are mad, dear mother,’ cried he. ‘O God, what has that man done that, covered with the blood of my father, you will still sacrifice your life for him! Mother—dear mother—answer me! I am your son—your only son, who speaks to you. I am not guilty—I am not the assassin,—I am only desirous to punish the assassin!’

“She gazed upon him with a fixed and vacant stare, and slowly suffered the following words to fall from her lips:—‘I was sure that the justice of heaven would one day overtake me—and that God would sooner or later punish the woman who deceived a good man; but I never expected to see a son drag to the scaffold his own father!’

“‘My father—he—that man!’ cried Eugenius-Augustus.

“‘He himself,’ coldly replied his mother.

“‘Ah!’ said the young man, throwing himself upon his knees, ‘pardon me my birth, Jacques Raimbault—for I was worthy to have been your son!’

“Elizabeth proceeded in a hollow voice.

“‘Yes—this is the secret of my precocious old age—the reason why my eyes are buried with tears—the cause of the whiteness of my hair! It is the hand of heaven that is weighing upon me. He, whom you called your father, pardoned me—but God would not absolve me: he has reserved for me this last stroke of affliction—the pain of being compelled to blush in the presence of my child! You curse me, do you not? and yet it would not be right to curse a mother—for I have not

the less suffered to give you life, and you are my son, my own blood—my offspring! Pity me, Eugenius—pity me! Do not look at me in that strange manner—your glances kill me. Oh! your eyes alarm me, Eugenius!

“And when Madame Raimbault had done speaking, Eugenius-Augustus, piously leaning over his mother, lavished upon her the kindest attentions and caresses, and seemed to forget his own personal affliction in the desire to alleviate the anguish of his parent!

“The noise of hasty steps resounded on the staircase.

“‘Who comes?’ demanded Madame Raimbault.

“Eugenius-Augustus recognized the steps of Nicholas Touchet.

“‘Oh! pardon—pardon me my dear mother,’ cried he: ‘the police officers are now on the alert!’

“Nicholas Touchet opened the door: Elizabeth fell to the ground in horrible convulsions.

“‘I see that you know everything,’ said Nicholas, contracting his dark brows.

“‘And you—you have denounced—’ began Eugenius.

“‘No—I have also learnt all!’ interrupted Nicholas. ‘But I was only just in time; for, twenty paces more, and I should have been at the guard-house. Let us, however, first convey Madame Raimbault to her couch, and then I will tell you all!’”

The communication which Nicholas Touchet had to make to the young man was connected with the scrap of paper on which Jacques Raimbault had written a few words just before the fatal duel. Touchet had had an interview with the Viscount, and learned the particulars of that encounter. The contents of the paper were as follows:—

“Whatever may be the result of this duel, I hereby declare that I myself provoked it; and I also swear in the face of heaven, that I refused all excuse and apology at the hands of the Viscount de Lestrelles. I moreover declare that I would not allow the presence of seconds or witnesses to our encounter. God, myself, and my adversary are alone acquainted with the cause of the combat. If the chance of arms be against me, I call all the judgment of an offended heaven upon the head of M. de Lestelles, in case he should reveal the secret of our duel to any mortal tribunal. Human justice has nothing to do with our dispute.

“In attestation of the truth of the above,

“I have hereby set my hand,

“JACQUES RAIMBAULT.”

In the course of the day, the Viscount de Lestrelles received the following letter from Eugenius-Augustus:—

“Sir,

“You killed Jacques Raimbault.

“To you I am indebted for my being: I know this also.

"At the same time I implore you never to invoke a title that ought to be sacred to me; for I cannot recognize in you anything more than the murderer of my father.

"We depart this day.

"My poor and suffering mother, feeling that, placed as she is between you and me, she should be compelled to renounce one of us, has decided in my favour. We cannot say to you, 'Depart!' and therefore we depart ourselves.

"For you only do I sign.

EUGENIUS AUGUSTUS.

"For every one else,

"EUGENIUS-AUGUSTUS RAMBAULT.

"'What is the matter with you?' demanded Luigina. 'One would almost think that you were weeping.'

"'We shall never see them more, my dear child; we shall never see them more!'

"'But this conduct is horrible,' exclaimed Luigina.

"'No,' returned her father, 'God is just!'

Thus terminates this extraordinary tale—a tale written to demonstrate a favourite theory of the author, that there is in man a certain instinct, which not only frequently allows him a glance at the future, but also enables him to catch a glimpse of those deeds which, though enshrouded in mystery, essentially regard his welfare and interests. This belief is so extraordinary an one, that we cannot conclude this paper without devoting a few reflections to the ideas of instinct and reason.

• It was a bold attempt in that most quaint and pleasant, eye—and most profound of essayists,—Montaigne, to venture to efface the broad line of demarcation which a proud philosophy has so disdainfully traced between the instinct of brutes and the intelligence of man. It was a bold attempt, in such an age as his, to affront that metaphysical superstition, which, severing man from the animal creation of which he is but the head, placed him at an immeasurable distance above it, endowing him with a nature not only superior, but essentially distinct. For the metaphysician, not startled at the idea of supposing a gap in that gradual series of ascents so visible throughout creation, coolly snapped the chain of instinct, and abruptly fixed man at the lower extremity of another chain, to which he assigned the name of Reason. Except the relation of juxtaposition, he would acknowledge none other between them. It seems never to have surprised him that nature, hitherto so regular and progressive, "liberal, but not profuse," superadding with such beautiful frugality one improvement upon another, and effecting vast results by successive and almost inappreciable differences, should at this stage of her operation proceed for the first time *per saltum*, leaving an immense chasm between the point from which she had departed and that at which she arrived. He found it more easy to imagine

this anomaly than to look upon creation as Montaigne looked upon it, and to say with him, "*Il y a quelque différence, il y a des ordres et des degrés, mais c'est sous le visage d'une même nature ;*" for he could not abide to see in the instincts of the superior brutes too close an approximation to the intellect of man. It was impossible, indeed, to overlook the fact that a type was to be found in them, however imperfect, feeble, and obscure, of the faculties of the human mind ; but he contemptuously rejected the only legitimate inference that could be drawn from it. Spurning instinct as a mere product of matter, he assumed a new principle, an immaterial substance as the exclusive source of intellect. Never was there a more gratuitous assumption—never a grosser disregard of that system of relation everywhere so manifest in nature.

Glance as carelessly as we may at the vegetable or animal kingdom, it is impossible not to be struck by that law of progressive improvement, in virtue of which the lowest and most feeble forms of life in each are gradually varied into the highest and most vigorous. If, for instance, we consider the most inartificial form of animal life as exhibited in the homogeneous structure of the zoophyte, with what solemn interest do we perceive it becoming complicated by degrees, diversified into parts, encircled with organs and their appropriate functions, the energy and number of its manifestations corresponding with the increasing opulence of its structure, until at last it receives its consummation in the wonderful mechanism of man. But how does our interest soar, when once we are sensible that as the organization loses its primitive simplicity and rudeness, in the same ratio it evolves not only a more profuse and imposing manifestation of the vital principle, but a class of functions the especial object of which is to determine its relation with other objects. Suppose, for a moment, that we were making acquaintance with animal existence in its ascending series, with what delight should we watch the development of these functions—called instinct in all animals but one—and with what intense impatience should we press on to contemplate their final and most excellent development in the highest of all animals ! How certainly—confiding in our experience that the more perfect the organization, the more perfect the intelligence—how certainly should we expect to find the most exalted illustration of this unerring law in man. And to what a high pitch of expectation should we be wrought, were we previously apprised that the peculiar organ of these functions had received a superb development in him ! What magnificent anticipations should we indulge of the variety, and extent, and force of his intelligence ! But what would be our astonishment at the very moment of their being realized, when the metaphysician stepping up, solemnly proclaimed that though our anticipations were right in fact, they were wrong in principle, that though the results we admired were those we had

foreseen, they were not the results of the law we had observed, but of a new and distinct one now coming suddenly into operation ; that what we had hitherto seen was the product of matter ; what we now saw was the product of spirit ? Should we not, as soon as we could command our gravity, or be assured of his,—should we not insist that the law of relation and continuous improvement progressing in other respects unbroken to the end, there is no more reason to suppose it suspended for one class of *phenomena* than for the rest ?

Consequently, if he maintain that brute intelligence is a material product, he has no pretence for affirming that human intelligence is not ; if he can prove the latter to be the product of spirit, he must acknowledge the former, which is cognate with it, to be also its result. Such is the conclusion at which common sense arrives, and which the pleasant philosophy of Locke admits.

Nor would there have been any confusion on a matter so plain and obvious, if the dreams of philosophy had not invoked religion to their aid. The pernicious habit of bringing all knowledge to the altar to be gauged and measured by the theological scale, was the eternal resource by which dogmatism, in this as in other things, threw obstacles in the way of rational enquiry. Had this pretended scale of truth been really that one which we believe is graduated by the hand of God, the evil would have been infinitely less ; but unhappily its decisions were the arbitrary assumption of human speculation. Whatever, therefore, was adverse to the pretensions of metaphysical philosophy, became adverse to religion ; and whenever these pretensions were rudely menaced, she rang her tocsin and proclaimed, trumpet-tongued, that revelation was in danger. The subject we have been considering furnishes an illustration of this. Obeying a passionate desire of man to triumph over that greatest imperfection which is essential to all living matter, its mortality, the metaphysician very early imagined an immaterial substance, which incorporated with his material structure, would at its dissolution be released, and exist in a separate and immortal state. When revelation, therefore, arrived with its divine credentials, announced the resurrection and another world, philosophy gladly received this triumphant proof of its whole theory of an immortal part in man. But as the promise of immortality was made exclusively to the latter, who was by no means anxious to share this magnificent privilege with inferior animals, philosophy willingly flattered his vanity by denying an immortal, and consequently, by the converse of its own reasoning, an immaterial principle to them. Hence, by a misconstruction of revelation, she found herself compelled to consider the whole existence of brutes, with all its manifestations of life and intelligence, as the mere product of matter. This was a first error, which gave rise to a second and graver one.

In process of time there sprang up a class of reasoners, who,

after attentively observing the phenomena of matter, pronounced it to be equal to the manifestation of every function which is any where connected with it. Of an immaterial substance they saw no trace, and denied all existence. Instinct they found acknowledged as a property of matter : they could not assign a different origin to reason. The metaphysician was therefore in despair and wrath : the thunders of heaven were invoked against the wretch who presumed to question its decrees ; the finger of scorn haunted him at every step ; he was abhorred and avoided as a leper. One of two things he must choose,—either to abandon his convictions, or to scorn the doctrine that assailed him, as a fable. It is easy to conceive which of them he chose ; and thus men were driven into hatred and contempt of religion by this injudicious eagerness to make it the arbiter between contending speculation, with neither of which it was concerned. For what does religion teach ? That man is immortal ? No—only that he shall become so ! That he differs from other matter ? No—only that he shall be made to differ ! And because philosophers choose to overlook these marked distinctions, they have been compelled to commit an absurdity in their own speculations, and, what is of very different importance, gratuitously to ascribe a contempt of revelation to the speculations of other men. But the time is fast approaching when the pious will overcome the dishonourable suspicion that religion is not in itself a compact of proof,—“ that impious diffidence,” as Bacon finely calls it, “ which is afraid lest it should discover in nature what would subvert faith.” We shall believe in revelation, yet believe too in whatever has evidence enough to satisfy our reason ; and we shall not hesitate to confront the oracles of God with those of Nature, confident that if they do not at present coincide, a deeper investigation will efface their opposition. Already we begin to feel assured that, though all truths must of necessity converge to the same point, they need not take the same direction ; but we like rivers fed from one source and flowing into one bosom, which, if seen only at particular points, would give us little reason to suppose their origin and end the same. For it is the powerful eyes of intellect, which, unable at once to pursue their mighty range, mistake the deviations from the course for the course itself, and judge of the little sinuosities of the little sections which their restricted vision can command. But as the sphere of that vision becomes enlarged, and as the chart of knowledge embraces an ample space, we shall often smile at the ignorance which kept us timid and distrustful on the banks of some forbidden stream, on whose waters we shall then be floating with security and joy, confident of being wafted through some unknown outlet into the great ocean of truth—an ocean which stretches from earth to heaven.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

AN Attorney in Search of Practice! What a rascally fellow that must be! and what offensive stories must he have to tell who relates his tricks, adventures, and exploits in this line of business! But slowly, gentle reader. You, at least we, have been acquainted with attorneys who would not do a wrong thing in the course of practice any more than the most high-minded merchant; who would not take advantage of the ignorance, or the disordered condition of a client's affairs to pocket spoil; who would not cringe or take tortuous methods to obtain the richest clients patronage and business; who would not even in the heat of litigation wound his own conscience by taking an undue advantage of an opponent's slips and errors. There are such men; individuals who, as regards every moral, intellectual and elegant attainment are eclipsed by none in society. Why, the very resistance of the temptations which every day are before a lawyer's eyes, and of which the sort of person we speak of keeps clear, must be a more purifying and sublimating process, in training the mind and the feelings, than what the priest encounters in the course of his holy avocations. Then think of the strange vicissitudes in life, the family perplexities and misunderstandings, the delicate and unmeasured confidings with which he is conversant: and next say where is the man whose experience can be so exciting and varied! Adventures too, in the strictest sense and of a matter-of-fact kind, that are bold and hazardous, he is constantly destined to undertake. Is it nothing that his judgment and skill is oft put to the test,—that the humane feelings of the character we are supposing are more or less wrung in almost every case,—that the happiness and prosperity of a family may depend upon the wisdom of his advice, the soundness of his discretion when hurriedly called to decide,—the moral influence of his bearing and example, when the balance may be between life and death?

Such is the character of the Attorney that is developed in the volume before us, which, although much indebted to the creations of imagination, carries with it so much of the strength of just principle, sound judgment, accurate observation, and manly sentiment, as is calculated to do positive good, and produce practical results, whether the reader be one of the same cloth with the alleged writer, or one whose only probable connection with the law, will be that of a client. But we shall say no more; we shall let the Attorney shortly speak for himself:—

“I only wish to explain how it happens, that in a profession which is now justly esteemed a liberal one, and in which we daily meet with men well qualified to adorn any rank of life, we should yet more frequently fall in with others whose manners would exclude them from our servants' hall, and whose characters would compel us to count our spoons, if by any accident they gained admission there. It is but too true that we have among us a large body of adventurers, who have little education, less principle, and neither capital nor connexion. It is probable that, in some instances, their friends have selected them for attorneys, because they have exhibited a pre-

dilection for that speculative inquiry into the rights of property which, by a more summary process, leads those who have no relatives to the gallows. There are various ways by which these adventurers contrive to work out a livelihood in a 'respectable' manner. The secret of their art is to establish a familiar acquaintance with any humble class, where the ceremony of special introduction is of small account, and, in the words of the play, to 'push it as far it will go.' There are many classes of this description daily to be found in our crowded metropolis; and all of them, either from their helpless ignorance, or dishonest pursuits, stand in daily need of a 'professional adviser.' Among the helpless may be enumerated the thoughtless sailor just returned from sea—the inferior tradesman trembling on the verge of bankruptcy—the pigeon who, after plucking, hesitates between reform and desperation—the ruined spendthrift, but expectant heir—and yet more frequently the beggared gentleman, that prefers enjoying his last hundred within the prison walls to dividing it among fifty creditors at the rate of sixpence in the pound. The dishonest class is perhaps, less accessible, but far more profitable: it consists of cent-per-cent money-lenders and annuity-mongers; of brokers who will discount a six months' bill on the security of a watch or a well-secured post-obit; hell-proprietors and blacklegs of Regent Street and St. James's; swindlers of the turf; smugglers by profession; 'fences' of the lanes and alleys of the town, including of course nine-tenths of the pawnbrokers and dealers in marine stores; and finally, all the thieves and pickpockets in the bills of mortality."

ART. XIII.—*Poems, now First Collected.* By Lord LEIGH. London: Moxon. 1839.

WE presume that the claim to the title of a Peer of the realm does not often rest upon poetic accomplishments; but yet had we the power of distributing honours, such rare attainments should not be overlooked, other things being equal. We believe that Mr. Chandos falls not behind any one whom recent *Creations* have distinguished, as regards ability, and straight-forward political conduct; while as an wooer of the muse, we are not aware that he has a superior in the Upper house. Certainly the present collection of pieces that have been previously published, though separately, together with some that are new, displays throughout decided excellence. And yet it is only by taking the whole, and comparing one class of them with another, that the versatility of the author can be perceived, and the facility with which he can throw himself upon any theme and into any humour. Whether it be description, lightsome or pathetic feelings, satire, or arousing sentiment, Lord Leigh appears to be at home. In the "Epistles to a Friend in Town," we find the accuracy and finish of Pope, with much of his knowledge of existing character in public and private life; while in others we have the power and the loftiness of Byron, without his misanthropy or contemptuous spirit. From one of the "Epistles" already mentioned, the reader will, among other happy specimens of pointed allusion and characteristic portraiture, discover a heartfelt and an impressive tribute paid to one of the greatest statesmen that ever was at the helm of British affairs. Canning would have felt himself honoured by what a generous admirer throws into the delineation that concludes the following sketches of character:—

" Orfellus gives you feasts to glut his pride;
 You ask a loan of him, he turns aside.
 While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,
 Yet from the dearest friend withholds his purse.
 The generous man—he whom the world commends—
 Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends;
 And yet this hospitable reveller lives
 For self—for self alone his banquet gives.
 What though this Pharisee exalts his horn
 On high, and views a brother's woes with scorn;
 When placed before the judgment-seat of Heaven,
 The scorner may be lost, the scorn'd forgiven!
 Fame cries that Appius, generous wight, but lives
 To bless his neighbour: all he has he gives.
 Though in subscription be his name enroll'd,
 His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold:
 No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth
 Consecrates alms that trumpet forth his wealth.
 Croesus for unimagined pleasure pants;
 His very pain is that he nothing wants:
 His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,
 Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.
 'Tis the pursuit that cheers us; when attain'd,
 The object is as speedily disdain'd;
 Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,
 Croesus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.
 Crassus, rich child of dulness, lives among
 High orators and mighty sons of song:
 Admitted to the table of the gods, he's hit,
 Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of wit.
 Strange are the qualities in Man commixt!
 Firm in some things, in others how unfixt!
 Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen
 In public actions, be in private mean?
 Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave
 A hell for sinners, and become a knave?
 How the arch-tempter loves within his toils
 To catch reluctant dragons—they are spoils.
 The same imaginary sorrows vex
 Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex;
 Go to the court, what characters are there!
 The same by Pope described, La Bruyère.
 Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal
 Resumes his labours for the common weal;
 Neglects his fine estate, with study pale
 O'erworks his brains, and what does all avail?
 The dullest idler may in public speak
 Better than he—our patriot's nerves are weak!

Ascanius, for his trade too honest, dives
 Into the depths of policy, and strives
 In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be
 What never with his nature can agree.
 Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's school,
 To see through those whom selfish passions rule ;
 Too sensitive to bear against the blast
 Of faction till its rage be overpast.
 Each flying shade, each transient light, will throw
 Young Flaccus into fits of joy or wo ;
 The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake
 His frame until his heart-strings almost break.
 If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,
 The mind disjointed from its purpose swerves.
 Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd
 Publius ; the harass'd sons of freedom cheer'd.
 To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd
 At night before the Israelites, they turn'd,
 Struggling 'gainst Tyranny's recurring wave
 They heard his voice, all-powerful to save ;
 (A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed
 Power from attempting schemes that cunning framed),
 With energy renew'd, then upwards sprung,
 And firmly to their rock of safety clung.
 As falls the mighty column in its pride,
 Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and died !
 Perish'd a statesman as erect and great
 As from its watch-tower e'er o'erlook'd the state."

In the way of description, take a glimpse of the Alps :—

" 'Tis the sublime of desolation ! far
 Spread wreck of the elements' primeval war.
 (How different from the landscapes seen of late,
 Gaye than any fancy might create !
 Vineyards on vineyards rising in due grades,
 Beautiful dells, groves prodigal of shades.)
 There saw Saussure a universe deprived
 Of life, and felt that he alone survived !
 Sails through mid air a solitary cloud,
 Like to a spirit, seeking its abode
 Above the silent, shadowy vale of death ;
 Such seems the rugged continent beneath.
 In all his naked strength there, face to face,
 Is Power beheld—there man forgets his race :—
 There only, for in forest depths may live
 Some hermit whose rude hut may shelter give ;
 Some pilgrim's foot the arid sands may press
 Of the inhospitable wilderness.

War-ravaged lands and cities desolate,
 Uncultured plains, and wrecks of regal state,
 Are still memorials of heroic crime,
 The spoiler man, his gewgaws spoil'd by time."

It will be seen that fluency and smoothness of versification are here felicitously wedded to knowledge of life, various observation, and feeling; nor have we discovered in the collection less correctness or graceful taste than what distinguishes these specimens.

ART. XIV.—*Costanza of Mistra: a Tale of Modern Greece; in Five Cantos.* London: Whittaker. 1839.

Our readers may take it for granted that "a Tale of Modern Greece," will have something to tell of Turkish oppression and cruelty; and that Costanza must be a heroine, whom revenge fires, without our going more minutely into the story, or quoting any of the Spensarian stanzas which spins it out till we have become weary in passing the eye over them. Words! words! often flowing and rhythmical; but spirit and arousing poetry are wanting.

ART. XV.—*Second Additional Supplement to Loudon's Hortus Britannicus.* London: Longman. 1839.

ANOTHER Supplement to a national work; a work including all the Plants introduced into Britain, all the newly-discovered British Species, and also all the kinds originated in British-Gardens, up to March, 1839. On important, indeed an indispensable portion of this addition is a new General Index to the whole work, including all the Supplements. Mr. Don has lent a revising hand.

ART. XVI.—*Etymology of Southwark.* By Ralph Lindsay. F.S.A. Third Edition. London: Smith and Elder. 1839.

A CURIOUS tiny publication, containing a great deal more of antiquarian facts and notices than the title prepares the reader to expect.

ART. XVII.—*An Etymological and Explanatory Dictionary of the Terms and Language of Geology.* By GEORGE ROBERTS. London: Longman. 1839.

THE technical phrases continually occurring in Geological books, render the study of the science most perplexing to tyros. So far as we have had time to examine the derivations, very many of which are, as in all other sciences, from the Greek, the work is what it professes to be, that is, for the young student."

ART. XVIII.—*A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Turton's "Roman Catholic Doctrine of the Eucharist Considered."* By NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D. D. London: Dolman.

THE subject of this Reply is too solemn and mysterious for our handling. We can only say that Dr. Wiseman displays extensive learning and much skill in the controversy, and in defence of the Catholic Doctrine.

ART. XIX.—*Physic and Physicians: a Medical Sketch Book, &c.: with Memoirs of Eminent Living Physicians and Surgeons.* 2 Vols. London: Longman. 1839.

THESE volumes neither teach the theory nor the practice of physic to her Majesty's lieges. They contain little solid information; and do not even raise in us any very high ideas of the dignity of the medical profession, nor of the right and title of those of it who generally rise to the highest station, to the distinction. Dr. Johnson has said that "A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him, know not his excellence; they who reject him know not his deficiency." The Sketch Book before us would guide one to a similar conclusion. Still, says the great moralist, "By an acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortunes of the physicians." This hint seems to have operated upon the author of the present work, which in certain respects resembles a publication of some notoriety, viz., "The Gold-headed Cane," containing a great variety and still greater number of particulars, chiefly of an anecdotal and amusing kind, relating to and illustrative of the most distinguished physicians, especially practitioners in this country, collected from many sources. The work is therefore essentially a compilation, the materials brought together, we are told, being scattered through four hundred volumes; these materials being thrown into divisions and distinct chapters, but not according to any clear or other than arbitrary arrangement; while many of the facts, illustrations, and stories introduced are thread-bare, from repetitions, while others of them are apocryphal.

A book, however, is to be tried according to its pretensions; and our author has been lucky or rather industrious and skilful enough to produce a series of light sketches and curious anecdotes, that will at any time entertain the general reader at whatever page the work is opened; while to medical students and practitioners many of the particulars will be interesting, some of them useful or suggestive; and this is all that he professes to do.

The title of the first chapter is the "Antiquity of Physic, and Defence of Medical Men," which like the other parts of the work contains biographical notices, along with miscellaneous matters. Next we have an account and anecdotes of "Eccentric Medical Men." Next again "Early Struggles of Eminent Medical Men." In reference to this last mentioned subject, the author tells us in the Preface that he had adduced "several instances of men who have had to contend in early life with difficulties and disappointments of no ordinary character, but who afterwards attained to very high eminence in their respective departments of medical science; and it is hoped that the perusal will encourage and elevate the drooping hopes of many who may, perhaps, at this moment be struggling nearly heart-broken, with adversity." We may remark, however, that where there are so many aspirants and candidates, were every one of them to pluck up, take heart, and gird his loins, on reading the chapter in question, the enthusiasm, and sanguine anticipations, or careering hopes of the majority, would at length be cast down: for a few only can be in the first rank; there is not employment for all; or if there was, how soon would the universal prosperity of the

living race of practitioners have treading upon its heels a host tenfold more numerous ! In this as in other cases there will and must be adversity and drooping spirits ; and it is good that it is so, for it acts as a salutary check, to over-production. Incentives, however, are never on this account to be withheld. Take hope from the majority of men, and what have they left ! while everything that adds to its aspirations helps to elevate the general standard of a profession, and through a profession the general feeling and conduct of society.

There is value and striking truth in the following observations :—"The men who commence their career under the most favourable auspices, and with the most flattering prospects of success, do not always obtain the eminence they seek. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. There is a certain ordeal which all men must undergo in their passage through life ; and it is very questionable whether he succeeds the best who commences under the most apparently advantageous circumstances. There is such a thing as a man depending too much upon his means, and too little upon himself—small certainties, it has been observed, are often the ruin of man." There is nothing original in these observations, but they cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind. The saying of a celebrated English Judge, quoted by our author, puts the important truth in an aphoristic form, when answering the question—"What contributed most success at the bar ?" The answer was, "some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

There is a chapter on "Celebrated Medical Poets ;" and another on "Literary and Scientific Medical Men." The "Sketches and Illustrations of Medical Quackery," might have been more full and instructive, without occupying more space. But a subject which presents an over abundance of proofs and particulars is always perplexing to an illustrator. "How to get a Practice, or the Art of Rising in Physic," is meant as a "satire on the stratagems and unprofessional conduct of a certain class of practitioners, anxious to advance their interests, and not over scrupulous of the means they resort to, in order to effect their purposes." But if all be true which we find in this "Sketch-Book," or if the burden of many of its illustrations be taken as the foundation of a doctrine, strategy as well as chance appears to have done more than talent or praiseworthy industry towards the advancement of many of our medical men.

The "Chronicles of Warwick Hall,"—the old College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, and at the back of the Old Bailey,—and the Medical and Surgical Luminaries of the Olden Time," make a good chapter. "Mad-Doctors, and Mad-Houses," affords materials for many strange and affecting anecdotes. We may instance among the particulars of this section of the work, the case of George the Third ; while the notices of the life of Dr. Willis, who cured His Majesty, form one of the most interesting biographical sketches in the book.

"Medical Emigration," "Army and Navy Surgeons, and East India Company's Medical Service," are good themes, that are, considering the space afforded them, and the prevailing purpose of the author, well and instructively handled. We think that, to his own profit and to the advan-

tage of many young men, he might make these points and peculiar employments the subject of fuller and closer information. In the meanwhile what is here presented ought to be well considered by many a parent and many an ingenuous youth. We quote some of the introductory paragraphs:—

We can hardly anticipate the exclamation of our gracious Queen," says the author "were she to visit many of the schools now established in the metropolis, for the education of medical practitioners: if she did not offer up a prayer for the safety of those over whom she has been called to reign, she would certainly be curious to know how so many doctors could find employment in her dominions.

"At a time when every body is complaining of a redundancy of medical population, when we hear lamentations from one, and sighs from another, on the present crowded state of the profession, it becomes a matter of importance and interest to inquire how far this evil, assuming its existence, admits of being removed by the adoption of the principle of emigration.

"That the medical profession is overstocked there cannot be a doubt; and that many men, highly and expensively educated, are allowed to pine, and droop, for want of public patronage, is equally self-evident. It is useless to stop to investigate the causes of the evil—they have been in operation for a considerable time, and continue to exercise their pernicious influence. The standard of medical education has been fixed too low. Every apothecary's and chemist's assistant has had facilities for entering the profession, which ought never to have been afforded; and in this way the medical ranks have been crowded with recruits; and men, who, if they had been brought up to some honest trade, would have earned a decent livelihood, are compelled, as members of a learned profession, to starve for want of patients. Every tradesman who has been able to establish himself in business, and who has laid up a few thousand pounds, must now have a son a doctor. This seems to be the mania of the age; but how little do they calculate the difficulties and vexations with which the scion of their house will have to contend!

"In one large school in the metropolis, numbering some hundreds of pupils, the principal told us that one hundred and fifty of the students were the sons of tradesmen!

"We do not object to a man, who has advanced himself in life, and acquired opulence by the means of trade, bringing up a favourite son to the profession of physic; but we do not think they would adopt this practice if they were made acquainted with the real state of the profession, and had some notion of the long and dreary journey which most men entering it have to take, before their efforts to establish themselves in anything like decent practice are crowned with success. What is the effect of this crowded condition of the profession? When a man has passed through the ordeal of his examination, unless he has capital to commence business with, he is compelled to seek an assistant's situation; to live with some hard task-master, and to do the drudgery of his business, for a paltry pittance of thirty pounds a-year.

"What a pleasing and gratifying prospect! The question for our consideration is, how is this evil to be remedied? Is there any course, which,

if adopted, would rid the profession of its superabundant numbers, and yet give each a certain amount of employment?

"The Army, the Navy, and the East India Company's service take off a certain number, and yet the evil is not obviated. The only course, then, which occurs to us to suggest, is that of emigration."

We have already alluded to the useful information that is to be found in the pages before us on these various outlets for medical labourers. As to the course of study and the preparation necessary, the pay, the condition, &c. of the Military, Naval, and the Company's Surgeons, carefully collected particulars are given. With regard to the author's hopes of the relief to be afforded by emigration, without venturing or inclining to question their grounds, it may still with good reason be anticipated and feared that our medical schools would continue to be over-crowded. The drain by which emigration would let many medical men pass off, will have its current regulated by a corresponding largeness of the streams of other classes of emigrants. Besides, so long as every profession, mechanical as well as learned, is over-stocked, the appearance of a slackening in the medical, would draw thither an extraordinary pressure. The whole frame, the various classes of the community, must be relieved with something like a contemporaneous progression, before any one section can be sensibly and favourably affected. Nevertheless it is right and proper to direct attention to any land of Promise which may afford immediate relief at home, and offer happiness and prosperity to those who go abroad. This is our author's endeavour, and to his directions and details we recommend medical aspirants and candidates for practice to look, which directions and details he thus introduces,—

"It is now our duty to point out to medical men, who find a difficulty in establishing themselves in practice in this country, those parts of the world where facilities exist for the settlement of members of the medical profession. Having been much abroad, we can speak on some points from personal observation. Our other information may be strictly relied upon, as we have been extremely careful in collecting the most authentic particulars of the countries to which allusion is made."

The two last chapters in the book have for their titles,—*"Sketches of Eminent Living Physicians."*—*"Sketches of Eminent Living Surgeons."* The author has not displayed sound judgment in the adoption of these subjects, nor good taste in his manner of treating them. His praise is offensively laid on in most of his instances; the practitioners whom he selects for adulation are, or have the appearance of being partially selected. There is invidiousness in the very fact that only a few of the living members of the profession figure in these pages, while the references to private history and personal character ought never to have been printed. Why should late rumour concerning Sir James Clark find a place in a two volumed book, which the writer of it must have intended to be something more than an ephemeral production? But our limits forbid us to say more, or to quote more than two specimens of the prevailing style and matter of the work:—

ABERNETHY AND HIS PUPILS."—Mr. Abernethy had occasionally a most fearful practice of thinking aloud. On the day of one of his introductory

lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew was as full as it could possibly be, and the cheering on his entrance had subsided, he was observed to cast his eyes around, seemingly insensible to the applause with which he had been greeted, and he exclaimed with great feeling and pathos, 'God help you all! what is to become of you?' evidently much moved by the appearance of so great a number of medical students, seeking for information to be fitted for practice."

• DR. CADOGAN.—"This physician, who was at one time in indifferent circumstances, married a rich old lady, over whose wealth he had an entire control. Like most mercantile marriages, it was not of the happiest kind. The lady had a suspicion on her mind, that the doctor would one day poison her with his physic in order to get her out of his way; and feeling ill, on one occasion, she exclaimed that she was poisoned. 'Poisoned!' said the doctor to a number of his wife's friends who were present, 'how can that possibly be? Whom do you accuse of the crime?' 'You,' replied the indignant wife. 'Gentlemen,' said the doctor, with considerable *nonchalance*, 'it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny.'"

ART. XX.

1. *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* In 3 Vols. London: Longman. 1839.

2. *Ballot.* By the REV. SYDNEY SMITH. 8th Edition. London: Longman. 1839.

Who but Sydney Smith could venture to republish a series of pamphlets, and what, in one sense, were ephemeral productions suited to and suggested by the passing occurrences of the day, extending over thirty changeful years, with the slightest hope that he should not be a heavy loser, and that the not unponderous amount of three volumes would ever be examined or read from beginning to end by the most persevering book-worm? These volumes, however, will be popular now and hereafter; and for sundry reasons. One is that the author has had the sagacity to select for his themes subjects that have a perennial interest, or he has skilfully contrived to render a temporary topic the occasion for uttering sentiments that convey first principles and that are universal in their nature. A second is, that whatever he expresses has an unwonted pith in it, going directly to the point he wishes to hit, disentangled, undiverted by any surrounding confusion. He strips himself most willingly for the contest, and then handles a smart rifle that tells at every fire. And lastly, even when most quiet, his wit is so graceful, his allusions so close, his illustrations so apt, that one might suppose the polished and keen small-sword to be held in one ready and flexible hand while the feller weapon was in the other. On these and perhaps other accounts, it is with reluctance that one leaves off reading any one of his many separate pieces, even although he must dissent widely in opinion and conclusion from the Rev. gentleman. There is always entertainment, or clear and forcible instruction; each, whenever the subject and occasion can at all admit, striving to keep foremost.

We need not give the titles or occasions of the several contents of these

volumes. Indeed this would be to occupy unnecessarily, and with a bare catalogue, a considerable space in our pages. We only very cursorily mention, that the parentage of *Peter Plymley's* effusions is now acknowledged in the re-publication; that we have presented to us also the *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton*; that on Education, Methodism, Missions, &c. &c., there is such a variety and superiority of thought and expression as must awaken new and brilliant ideas, in the mind of every one who understands what he reads.

In certain Prefatory notices where the author glances at passages in his life, his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, and the discount at which Liberalism, or Whiggery was held down to a comparatively recent date, exposing its bold and consistent advocates to disgrace and danger, will be found an interest and an amusement with which our author alone can invest political topics and differences. For instance, we have the manner and occasion of the establishment of "Blue and Yellow" smartly described. Mr. Smith being unexpectedly landed in the Northern metropolis, when he was making for Germany, war having in that country suddenly displayed its iron and fiery front, he naturally became acquainted with the talents and the rising men of his way of thinking in that city. He adds that,—

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was,

"Tenui musum meditamur avena."

"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal."

The Review began about the beginning of the century; and hear what were the sacrifices to which a staunch Whig of the old school had to submit. From the commencement of the century, we are told, to the—

"Death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain Liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head—reverend renegadoes advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig Administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the

two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life."

The tables are turned :—

To set on foot such a journal in such times, to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate. Strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots: with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our Prime Minister), which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism. Liberality is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made."

All the world by this time is acquainted with the reverend author's opinions about the Ballot. Various attempts have been made to answer and refute him; but he still is unvanquished on some points. How far he may be consistent with what the Edinburgh Reviewers of a former day would have said, in the following and our last extract, we shall not at present venture to surmise. The point is the coercing of Tenants :—

"All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

"In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense: they have no more predilection for whom they vote than organ-pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate is willing to allow that he has lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying: there is lamentation of Liberals in the land, and many groans for the territorial tyrants."

ART. XXI.—*Translations and Sketches of Biography, from the German, Italian, Portuguese and French Languages.* By a LADY. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

A MISCELLANEOUS collection of poetry and prose pieces; very various and rich. The translations are sweet compositions; some of them are highly beautiful specimens of English. Every effort that tends to make us better acquainted with the mind, the taste, and the productions of the choice spirits of foreign countries, deserves a cordial welcome. The present will, we have no doubt, command such a reception.

ART. XXII—*British History, Chronologically arranged.* By JOHN WADE, Author of the “History of the Middle and Working Classes,” &c. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

THE plan of this history is classification as well as chronological arrangement; comprehending, as the title-page announces “Analysis of Events and Occurrences in Church and State;” and of “The Constitutional, Political, Commercial, Intellectual, and Social Progress of the United Kingdom, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria.” In an excellent Preface the Plan is thus further explained, “Each region or historical period is prefaced with an introduction, explanatory of the character of the governing power, or of the prominent features of the time, political, social, or industrial; then follow the events and occurrences, facts, and incidents, in chronological order, upon which the introductory view has been founded; and after these, distinct sections, illustrative of legislation, finance, commerce, science, manners, literature, internal improvements, or whatever else has constituted a leading characteristic of the time, and influenced the state of the Common Wealth.” The scheme is not very dissimilar to that of Dr. Henry, in his History of England; although, of course, the compression necessary in chronological notices presents a baldness, and an abruptness in passing from one fact and state to others, which cannot belong to a continuous and sustained piece of elaborate historical composition. Works of the kind before us, however, have their peculiar uses. They give us the realities by which all disquisition should be supported and guided; they present history in a precise as well as a minute series of dissections, while without a thorough knowledge of each part no historian and no student of history can have any stay or certainty in his progress. As respects the character of nakedness or baldness, we must at the same time state, that Mr. Wade’s work is far from being particularly obnoxious. In fact it will be found, on account of its novel as well as natural arrangement, and combination of reciprocally illustrative varieties of contemporary facts, and also of the fulness as well as spirit and elegance of its connecting, and expository parts, to afford readable and deeply interesting matter, taking any reign, especially the later and more important ones. It is very different from a mere Dictionary. The biographical sketches alone are ample sweeteners to the whole mass. In these, as well as in his political notices, we have discovered nothing like partizanship, although the author speaks out, by no means afraid to utter his sentiments. In this respect he is anything but a compiler. We have remarked that some of his strictures are original as well as strikingly just, even about subjects and persons that have recently engaged the rhetorical pen of Lord Brougham; and this, whether politics, oratory, or literature &c., be the prominent point.

In short we pronounce Mr. Wade’s work to be an excellent, we were about to say an indispensable, assistant to the student of British annals, taking it merely as a book of reference to accompany the reading of any of our standard histories of England. But it contains also a complete and connected body of national events, with appropriate remarks. It is a production which must have occupied years before it was brought to its present state of perfection. The authorities consulted are very numerous and

various. The size of the volume alone will convince any one that the labour bestowed upon it must have been immense; Eleven hundred and fifty-four octavo pages, mostly double-columned and closely printed, are no joke, taking into account the mere transcribing of the composition preparatory to going to the press. We must not forget to mention that there is a copious index to the whole of the contents, by which any historical name or occurrence embraced within the era already named can in a moment be referred to. The work is handsomely got up; and the type is clear and neat.

ART. XXIII.—*A Tour in Connaught*; by the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." Dublin: Currie. 1839.

HERE we have "Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill," by a writer whose former "Sketches in the North and South of Ireland," we well remember. In the present as in the preceding work intimate knowledge of the things described, cordial sympathy with his fellow countrymen, without partisan spirit, and patient research among the traditions and antiquities, as well as the historical pages belonging to the parts of Ireland mentioned in the title-page, are conspicuous features. The production is that of a genuine Irishman, as well as of a very clever and engaging writer. It is calculated to do good in England and for Ireland.

ART. XXIV.—*The Nature and Glory of the Gospel*. By JOSEPH BELLAMY, D. D. London: Ward. 1839.

SINCE we noticed the first publication of "Ward's Library of Standard Divinity," additions have been regularly and rapidly made to the series; a circumstance which we may regard as affording satisfactory evidence that the demand for the pieces is great; otherwise it would be impossible to continue a publication the typographic beauty; and the cheapness of which are equally remarkable. Indeed reprints in any shape, and at any reasonable price, of the choicest productions of the Divines of Great Britain and America, belonging to bygone times, could not fail of being widely sought after in both countries.

The present addition to the "Library," by one of the most eminent and exemplary of the New England Divines, is every way worthy of Dr. Bellamy. It is also worthy of the company into which it is now ushered, which is the highest praise that we can pronounce concerning it. How elevated and fervent are its sentiments, yet how far removed from uncharitableness, exaggeration, and cant!

ART. XXV.—*The Miser's Daughter*, a Comedy; and Miscellaneous Poems. By JOHN PURCHAS, a Rugbeian. London: Whittaker. 1839.

BETWEEN three and four hundred pages, by one who has obviously lent all his endeavours to produce pieces honourable to the place of his nativity: but we dare not encourage him to proceed in the walk he has here chosen.

ART. XXVI.—*The Present State and Condition of the Colony of Western Australia; embodying a Statistical Report.* By His Excellency Sir JAMES STIRLING, Governor. London: Simpkin and Co. 1839.

FROM Sir James's Report; drawn up to the end of June, 1837, we learn that the colony has not been so prosperous as was anticipated; and that even its actual progress had been by no means equal to its apparent growth and increase in numbers. "Very few," he says, "engaged with spirit in their proper avocations, and many left, or talked of leaving, a place in which there was evidently much to be done and borne before success could be attained. The necessaries of life were at enormous prices, and the funds of the settlers were generally exhausted in their own support, instead of being applied to the advancement of their farms and business. The disappointments experienced within the colony affected its reputation in other places, and a stop was put for a time to further emigration. To complete the catalogue of difficulties, conflicts with the natives were continually occurring, and too often ended in the loss of property and life." He continues; "but distressing as these evils were, they prepared and strengthened the colonists for those exertions which necessity imposed upon them. A steadier view was taken of the objects to be gained; want produced frugality and labour; the resources of the colony were tried, and in time the subsistence of the settlers was raised within the settlement. Increasing means gave rise to confidence and to renewed exertion. The returns for the last two or three years afford satisfactory proofs of the steady advancement of the colony, although the scale on which colonization has been attempted here is limited to very narrow bounds, and the whole affair is unimportant in numbers and in means."

We have quoted thus much, not merely to show that the colony of Western Australia is not the Land of Promise, which it was at one time represented to be, but also to afford suggestions and warnings to intending emigrants to any new country. They must not expect to be set down at once in a Paradise, where all is beauty and quietness, and where nothing is required to be done, but to gather the riches which the soil spontaneously provides. Industry, and the wisdom which it brings, must be the principal sources of plenty and peace.

Sir James Stirling is of opinion, agreeably to the latter portion of the passage we have quoted, that the fortunes of the colony are susceptible and are at the time he writes in the course of improvement. He also calculates what may be its condition in 1847, so as to afford considerable encouragement, so far as hope and speculation can authorize him. The increase of sheep, and of the growth of wool, appears to be the chief ground of whatever cheering views he entertains;—a source that can never be supposed to furnish the main stay of a great and flourishing settlement.

ART. XXVII.—*Excerpta of Wit; or, Railway Companion.* London: Richardson. 1839.

A COLLECTION of laconic sentences from a great variety of sources, in which we have discovered nothing that will raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, though hearty laughter will draw tears from the eyes of old and young, who make a companion of this choice assortment of *facetiae*.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Plague and Quarantine.* Second Edition. By JOHN MURRAY, F.R.S. Relfe and Fletcher. 1839.

ANOTHER of Mr. Murray's works, which are already so numerous. In every one of them high scientific attainments, ardent benevolence, and beautiful humanity, are brought to bear on questions which concern the deepest interests of mankind. In support of the present "*Remarks on some Epidemic and Endemic Diseases;—(including the plague of the Levant,) and the Means of Disinfection,*"—(along with which is given "*a Description of the Preservative Phial: also a Postscript on Dr. Bowring's Pamphlet,*") an appeal is fearlessly made to the Phenomena of Chemical Science. Mr. Murray maintains that plague is contagious, and that the quarantine laws therefore were enacted by a wise and enlightened policy. Dr. Bowring's opinion consequently is strongly opposed, and by one who appears to us to be master of his subject, both as to its history and the theory of disease. The observations on Disinfection are particularly striking. The agency of *nascent chlorine* as a specific remedy, even in the case of hydrophobia, is maintained. The well-being of society is vitally concerned in the subjects and the views here set forth. We sincerely hope that medical and scientific authorities will, without delay, either overturn by argument and experiment Mr. Murray's doctrines and conclusions, or give to them the greatest publicity and the warmest countenance.

ART. XXIX.—*Podromus; or, an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning; including an Analysis of the Human Mind.* By Sir G. C. HAUGHTON, K.H., M.A. &c. London: Allen. 1829.

THIS is a very profound work on the subtlest questions of which the human mind can take cognizance. We have no hesitation in saying that it presents a theory as beautiful as it is original, and that the illustrations are as convincing as they are nice and close. It would occupy much more time and space in our journal than we can afford to it were we to attempt to give a condensed view of the volume, and of the system as here in part expounded and in part but indicated and in outline. Neither would the generality of readers much relish the subject, although were its importance and merits understood, in relation to practical results, no such distaste or heedlessness would have to be noticed. By such persons, however, as devote themselves to investigations into the qualities and relations of matter and mind, to such inquirers and philosophers as Mr. Smart, whose work on Language, and Logic we some months back adverted to, the present production will be regarded in its true light; by them its value and beauty will be appreciated. Some idea of the nature of the work may be obtained from the following extract. The author is speaking of *language* as an instrument of thought, and as the representative of things. He says—"Having been long engaged on a work which is intended to demonstrate the necessary connexion, and dependence of Physics, Metaphysics, and Morals, I found the whole of these topics a perfect chaos, from the deceptive character of language; and I felt, accordingly, that there was no chance of giving a profitable direction to my labour, without bestowing a thorough consideration upon that indispensable instrument of thought. The following remarks were accordingly

written by way of preliminary observations. As it may be some time before that work is ready, I have thought it as well to send for this little messenger, to ascertain what degress of chance exists for its meeting with a favourable reception. It is my hope that I shall be able to lead the reader

‘Through Nature up to Nature’s God;’

and bring home to him, with irresistible conviction, the inconsistencies and absurdities of *materialism*. With this view, I have laboured to clear away the rubbish that has been heaped up so high from antiquity to the present time, as scarcely to allow us more than a glimpse of truth. Berkeley has well said, that ‘we first raise a dust, and then complain we cannot see:’ but he neglected to analyse the nature of this dust, or mankind would have been in possession of the means of laying it, whenever it clouded their vision. Should any unforeseen circumstance prevent the accomplishment of my entire plan, I feel I shall not have lived in vain, if the completion of this portion of it shall help to liberate the Human Understanding from some of its strongest bounds of self-delusion and absurdity.”

Let any one look into the volume to the distinctions, definitions, and analysis of what are called abstract terms of the subject, and a very extraordinary example of closeness and precision will be discovered, without the observance of which there can be no certainty in the philosophizings of the strongest and most searching minds; nor can correct notions be propagated on the most vital subjects, among the public. When the author’s entire plan is completed, we hope to have an opportunity of bestowing upon it a much more ample share of notice than this forerunner, so full of promise, has obtained.

ART. XXX.—*The Shunamite*. By the REV. HENRY WOODWARD, A.M.
London: Duncan. 1839.

A SERIES of lectures on that remarkable passage in Second Kings, with which the title of the book at once fills the mind. These discourses are the fruits of a mind deeply imbued with learning and piety. They are affecting, and we may add affectionate. As lectures they are models, a circumstance which seldom characterizes compositions so named. Few are prepared to perform the office of commentator on any portion of Holy Writ, especially if the times be so remote, and the manners described or alluded to in the text so different from those with which Europeans, and the Moderns are acquainted as those when the prophets taught and wrought miracles.

ART. XXXI.—*The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy*. Edited by his Brother, JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. I. London: Smith and Elder. 1839.

THE present portion does not contain any of Sir Humphry’s works, but an indispensable prelude to them, viz., “Memoirs of his Life;” and these too now occupying only one volume. We do not know, within the whole range of modern English literature, any collection of the productions of one mind that more truly merits republication in a compressed form, than the one here promised.

ART. XXXII.—*The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature.* London: Mitchell. 1839.

THIS pamphlet contains the most feasible, the best considered, and the most sensible scheme we have yet heard of for the regeneration of the British drama. The scheme is shortly this,—Do away with all monopoly, let there be no longer patent theatres immense fabrics at best adapted for scenic display, rant, and sturt,—let all restrictions be removed,—let the high tragic and satiric drama decide for herself “what favoured spot she will make her dwelling,” and then we shall have, just as it was before the monopoly of the stage existed. Such a competition of authors and actors,—of authors whose assurance that their pieces are to be submitted to the only proper test of excellence, must mightily stimulate genius,—and will, according to the ordinary course of things, lead to the noblest results within the scope of human agency, in the way of mental and imaginative creations. A few sentences from the very able pamphlet before us, which cannot fail, we think, to produce a powerful effect upon authors, actors, and the admirers of the legitimate drama, will best indicate and explain the writer’s views and manner of enforcing them. He says, “Let the intellectual moral drama be performed any where; let capital have free sway: let the play be considered the first thing, the actors the second, the costume the third, and the scene-painter, the carpenter, the musicians, fourth, fifth, and sixth.” Again, “The only chance remaining to revive the high passionate drama is to do away with the monopoly, and to allow it to be performed wherever speculators choose to attempt it; leaving it to be governed by the natural laws that guide the use of capital; making it amenable of course to the municipal regulations that controul sedition and social irregularity. The freedom would immediately elevate the whole of the drama: and there can be little doubt that we should have at least as many moderate sized theatres as in Shakspeare’s times, where the moral and imaginative drama would be attempted at little risk and expense. At first perhaps not on the highest scale of eminence. But the object at least would be more intellectual; and in time authors and actors would ascend to a loftier aim and nobler results. Good schools would be thus formed for both parties, and the end must be a higher degree of excellence in this noble branch of poetry and art.

“As the intellectual portion of the drama increased the inferior would be separated and discarded. The mechanist, the orchestra, and property-man would be reduced to their proper level, and mind would be left to compete with mine.”

ART. XXXIII.—*Sacred Poems.* By the Late Right Hon. SIR ROBERT GRANT. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THESE effusions of ardent piety, meekness, and humillity,—of a poetic temperament chastened and classical,—as free from cant as from levity,—are published at the instance of Lord Glenelg, brother of the lamented author. Some of them have already appeared in periodical publications, or in collections of sacred poetry. A few are now published for the first time. We must present a specimen. The poet’s tenderness, impressiveness, and

solemnity must make every one feel that the thoughts were heartfelt,—that they were the utterance of experience,—and on this account they reach the reader's heart, carrying with them a kindred power and lesson.

“Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest.”

“O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wand'rings and guided my way,
Ador'd be the pow'r which illumin'd my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to betray.
Enchanted by all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow,—I caught at the toy;—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.
The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;—
The moon-light shone fair, there was light in the beam;—
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of war;—
And bitterness flow'd in the soft-flowing stream.
So, cur'd of my folly, yet cur'd but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity display'd;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.
I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path,—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.
I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown,—
I grasp'd at the triumph which blesses the brave,
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,
I ask'd—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.
Subdu'd and instructed, at length, to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.
There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
By they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy,—but they roll not below;
There is rest,—but it dwells in the presence of God.”

ART. XXXIV.—*Memoirs of a Cadet.* By a BENGALÉE. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THESE Memoirs are by an officer who is familiar with the events and scenes which convey a peculiar colour and interest to Indian and Asiatic life. Besides many entertaining passages there is much in the volume that is to be set down to the score of direct information; other parts are suggestive, and worthy of careful consideration. The favourable reception of fragments of the work as they appeared in the “Metropolitan Magazine,” has, of course, encouraged the author to the present venture.

ART. XXXV.—*The Song of the Bell; and other Poems.* Translated from the German of J. F. C. SCHILLER. Hatchard.

WE believe these poems to be very faithfully, as assuredly they are very vigorously translated. How original are the sentiments and the style of these Lyrics, taking our English standards. Then how unlikely are some of the subjects. But Schiller, and such geniuses as Wordsworth, can evoke anything out of anything. Think of the process of casting a Bell being made the theme of a beautiful and didactic poem! Just listen to its opening,—

“Fast within the immuring Earth
Lies the clay-burnt form inert.
Must to-day The Bell have birth.
Comrades! be at hand alert
Dripping from the brow
Warm the sweat must flow,
Would the Master praise be given:
But the blessing comes from Heaven.”

We shall not quote more of the principal poem, nor say anything of its progress, and moral or sentimental applications; but proceed to extract the whole of a little piece, which, to use the translator's words, “will make the name of Schiller dear to poets, and indeed all who can find in the abstractions of mind a compensation for the absence of the commoner goods of life. The title of the piece is,

“THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE EARTH.”

“‘I'll give (said Jove) yon nether world away,
Take it (he cried) ye Sons of mortal Mothers!
It shall be yours for ever and a day:
But part it fairly 'mong you all, like Brothers'
To share the spoil all ran, with eager hands;
And old and young to the division came:
The Farmer seiz'd upon the fertile lands;
The Squire claim'd the covers and the game.
The Merchant fill'd his magazines with goods;
The rosy Abbot took the generous wine;
The King laid hands on bridges and on roads,
And said—'The tithe of all that pass is mine.'
Now late when all was o'er, of his share left,
The poet came, from far, and poorly stored:
He look'd around: but there was nothing left;
And everything already had its lord.—
'Ah woe! (cried he) shall I be thus alone,
Of all thy race—thy truest Son, forgot?'
He threw him down at Jupiter's dread throne
And loud lamented o'er his hapless lot.
Replied the god, when his complaint he'd heard.—
'If sorrow be thy portion, blame me not.
Where wast thou, then, what time the World was shared?'
'That time (the Poet said) was I by thee.—

My eyes upon thy radiant countenance hung ;
 Upon thy Heavens' sweet melody my ear :
 Forgive the fault, that, brighter worlds among,
 I lost my share of the Terrestrial Sphere.'
 'Alas ! (said Jove) the Earth away is given ;
 No more the fruits, the chase, the mart are mine :
 But, if content to live with me in Heaven,
 Whene'er thou com'st—access shall still be thine.' "

Such a contribution as this to our stock of translations, ought to be cordially hailed, not only as an addition to genuine poetry, but as a mirror, so to speak, in which the German mind may be seen.

ART. XXXV.—*The Dukes of Normandy*. By JONATHAN DUNCAN, Esq. B. A. London : Rickerby. 1839.

MR. DUNCAN has ransacked a number of the best authorities, and produced as the result an exceedingly pleasant and instructive book of the kind, which we recommend to those who have made themselves conversant with the early stages in English History, as well as to juvenile readers and scholars. By the sketches of lives and manners extending from the "Time of Rollo to the Expulsion of King John, by Philip Augustus of France," more of refreshing romance, as well as of lights belonging to events and characters that have left an imperishable stamp, is afforded than will be at first expected. Upon a perusal of this small work, however, in which judicious treatment as well as careful research is obvious, the advantages and the pleasures we have referred to will be realized.

ART. XXXVI.—*Analysis of Savigny's Treatise on the Law of Possession*. By Professor L. A. WARNKÖNIG. Edinburgh : Clark. 1839.

THIS number of the Law Series of Clarke's "Cabinet Library of Scarce and Celebrated Tracts," contains an analysis of what is said to be one of the most remarkable production, in which the labours and discoveries of the modern jurists of continental Europe, in the department of the Roman law, have been turned to practical account. Savigny's treatise was published in 1803, and has gone through five editions, gradually receiving improvements and corrections. The analysis or abridgment of it, the translation of which is here given, is in French, and by one of the editors of the "Themis," this translation having been made, as we understand the Introductory Notice, for the "American Jurist." The notice says, speaking of the Analysis,—
 "It will be found useful, not only to the student of the Roman law, but to the practical lawyer ; and to the latter, more especially, for the reason, that most of the principles which relate to possession must necessarily be the same or similar in every system, and we have no separate treatise on this subject drawn from the fountains of the common law. The analysis is divided into three articles. The *first* contains an exposition of the plan of the work ; the *second* is an abridgment of the system of the law of possession, adopted and developed by Savigny ; and the *third* is devoted to the subject of interdicts, or the remedies for an injury to the possession."

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